UTUY TATANG SONTANI

The Flower of the Restaurant

TRANSLATED by John M. Echols and Patricia M. Pilling



Kacabenggala Editions

Publisher Note

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Introduction

Utuy Tatang Sontani, playwright and short story writer, was born in Cianjur, West Java, May 13, 1920. His formal schooling appears to have been slight, although he left Cianjur in 1938 to attend a Taman Siswa school in Bandung. When he left this school, he served as a clerk in the office of the Bandung residency until the arrival of the Japanese in 1942. During the Occupation he was employed in the cultural section of the Priangan branch of Putera (Pusat Tenaga Rakjat), and it was then that he translated into Indonesian his historical novel, Tambera, which he had written and published originally in Sundanese. Laid on Banda, the Moluccas , at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, Tambera is generally considered one of the finer historical novels in modern Indonesian literature. At this time, too, Sontani wrote part of his allegorical play Suling, also his first.

In the early stage of the Revolution he was editor of the short-lived periodical Berontak, published in Magelang, and later served as chief editor for news in Sundanese for the Republican Army in Bandung until the first Dutch Military Action in 1947.

Sontani moved to Jakarta in 1948, and in that year his plays Suling and Bunga Rumah Makan were published by Balai Pustaka. At the time he was working for this publishing house and at a later point was employed in the Sundanese section of the Indonesian Ministry of Education and Cul-

ture. In 1951 Balai Pustaka also brought out his collection of short stories, Orang-Orang Sial, and his play-novelette titled Awal dan Mira, for which Badan Musjawarat Kebudajaan Nasional awarded him first prize in 1952. This same body gave Sontani second prize in 1956 for his play Sa'at Jang Genting.

1954 saw the publication of Sontani's version of the Sundanese myth Sangkuriang in Indonesian and Sundanese. Three years later, in 1957, he was invited to the People's Republic of China and the following year to Tashkent to attend the First Conference of Afro-Asian Writers. His play Si Kabajan appeared in 1959 and two novelettes, Si Sapar and Si Kampeng in 1961, all issued by LEKRA (Lembaga Kebudajaan Rakjat—a cultural association increasingly affiliated with the PKI)—or associated publishers. The title of the first work was taken from folk tradition and adapted to a modern situation.

Beginning in 1961 Sontani served as an assistant to H. B. Jassin at Lembaga Bahasa dan Kesusasteraan in Jakarta.

According to some historians of Indonesian literature, from 1959 Sontani became more closely associated with LEKRA as a member of its Central Committee, and shortly before the September 30, 1965 coup, he departed Indonesia for the People's Republic of China for medical treatment. At some point after his visit to China he went to Moscow and there taught (Bahasa Indonesia?) at the Institute of Oriental Languages. He never returned to his homeland and a news item in Kompas (Sept. 19, 1979) reported that he died in

Moscow of a heart attack on September 17, 1979.

It has been said that Sontani received little, if any, Western education and certainly his Sundanese background is almost always in evidence in some fashion, be it his use of Sundanese words and expressions in his writings, the employment of Sundanese mythology and folk traditions, or composing in the Sundanese language. Although there has been some doubt about his knowledge of Western languages, the Italian Indonesianist, Luigi Santa Maria, states that "Sontani is well acquainted with Dutch and English."[1] My sole contact with Sontani occurred at the annual meeting of the Sundanese Writers' Association in Bandung, Christmas Day, 1959 and I thus never learned to know him, except through his works.

He possessed a biting, sarcastic wit, and a sardonic view of Indonesian society is pervasive in his writings. The "little man," the misfit, the social outcast, receive his sympathetic understanding, but Sontani seems to despair of any future for them in his country. Such an attitude grows steadily in his later publications. Sontani's advocacy of individualism, freedom of the individual, is a basic theme throughout his works and this to such an extent that it makes it difficult to associate him, philosophically, with a Marxist-Leninist approach.

Utuy Tatang Sontani is Indonesia's most prolific playwright,

[1]"Sontani conosce bene l'olandese e l'inglese." "Significate e problematico dell'opera di Utuy Tatang Sontani," Annali, Istituto Universitario Orientale di Napoli, 15 (1965), p. 237, n. 3.

having published fifteen plays between 1948 and 1964, and Pramoedya Ananta Toer has declared him to be Indonesia's premier dramatist.

The play Bunga Rumah Makan (The Flower of the Restaurant), offered here in translation as an example of Sontani's oeuvre, was translated first by Mrs. Pilling and revised by me some years ago. It is based on the first edition of the Indonesian original, which appeared in 1948.

John M. Echols

The Flower of The Restaurant

The Characters

1. Ani, a waitress at the Sambara Restaurant
2. Iskandar, a layabout pemuda[1]
3. Sudarma, the owner of the Sambara Restaurant
4. Karnaen, a pemuda, Sudarma's son
5. Usman, a *Kyai*[2] and friend of Sudarma
6. A policeman
7. Suherman, an army captain pemuda
8. Rukayah, a friend of Ani
9. A woman shopper
10. A beggar
11. Two office worker pemuda

The stage forms the interior of a restaurant equipped with three sets of chairs for customers, a cupboard in which to store drinks, glass shelves for cakes, a desk with telephone, a radio, and a refrigerator. The door into the house is at the back, while the door out of the restaurant is at left front.

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[1]Youth; also politicized youth; freedom fighter.
[2]Religious teacher.

Scene 1

Karnaen : *(sits at the desk, busily writing)*

Iskandar : *(enters with unkempt hair, both hands in his jacket pockets; he glances in the direction of Karnaen, remains standing, and then heads back toward the outer door)*

Karnaen : *(looks up at Iskandar who is already at the door)* Can I do anything for you?

Iskandar : *(continues on his way out)* No!

Karnaen : *(continues to write and, after finishing, stands up)* An! Ani!

Ani : *(from inside the house)* Yes, Mas[3]?

Karnaen : Have you finished changing?

Ani : *(appearing on the stage)* I finished long ago, Mas.

Karnaen : Then why do you stay in the back?

Ani : I was helping the cook.

Karnaen : Huh? Are you helping to cook too?

[3]Title used by females to their husbands, to men of status equal to their husbands, and to men older than themselves.

Ani : No, Mas, I was juts preparing rice. Rather than just sit around with nothing to do... so I wouldn't get bored.

Karnaen : *(stoops over to fold up the papers)* But I too like to see you cooking, Ani, especially since in doing so you show yourself more clearly a woman who will some day become the queen of household.

Ani : *(goes to get a dust cloth from a hook)* Ah, Mas, when I hear the word "household" I shudder. I still like working as I'm doing now. *(dusting the radio)*

Karnaen : *(stands up straight and looks at Ani)* How much longer are you going to think like that, Ani?

Ani : *(continues to dust the radio, keeping her back to Karnaen)* I'm not God, Mas. I can't set the time. *(look at Karnaen)*. Let's turn on the radio, ok, Mas?

Karnaen : Oh, there's nothing good on this early. *(slowly strides over towards Ani)* I'd rather hear you talk than listen to the radio.

Ani : *(stop dusting, but still keeps her back turned to Karnaen)*

Karnaen : Would you really rahter be a waitress than keep house, An?

Ani : *(walks slowly toward the cupboard)* I don't say that I'd rather be a waitress than keep house, Mas, but *(turning her face to Karnaen)* right now I don't want to think about having my own home because I still enjoy working.

Karnaen : *(seriously)* But, An, when I brought you here, it wasn't just to see you working as a waitress. I wanted to see you become a real woman. And the woman I had in mind was one who was good at running a household.

Ani : *(bows hear head)* Mas, I can't find the words to thank you for your generosity in bringing me here. But when I came here I wanted nothing more than to be a waitress, an employee able to earn her keep, like any poor person.

(Karnaes turns his face. The telephone rings. Ani looks at it. The phone rings again.)

Karnaen : I'm sure it's Captain Suherman for you, An.

Ani : *(takes two steps toward the desk, then stops)* It may be for you, Mas.

Karnaen : *(looks at Ani, then reluctantly goes toward the desk and picks up the receiver)* Yes, this is the Sambara Restaurant. Mr. Sudarma hasn't come in yet. This is his son speaking. Yes. *(he puts down the receiver).*

Ani : *(slowly walkes over to the radio, turning her back on Karnaen)*

Karnaen : *(stands looking outside)*

Scene 2

A woman shopper : *(enters carrying a big bag of goods)*

Ani : *(a little startled)* Oh, Ma'am. Please come in. *(approaches and runs her hands over the woman's shopping bag)* You must have just come back from the market. Oh! You bought sandals too! How much are the sandals like these, Ma'am?

Woman shopper : Three rupiah. Pretty expensive, Miss. I bought them because I need them, *(takes the sandals out of the bag and shows them to Ani)*

Ani : But they are sturdy and beautiful, Ma'am. I for one would be willing to pay three rupiah for them, *(she hands them back)*

Woman : I chose these because I am an old woman. There are much nicer ones that would suit your feet. Yes, I saw some which would go very well with your pretty face.

Ani : *(after a moment of silence)* Uh, would you like coffee with milk or would you prefer cocoa, Ma'am?

Woman : I'd like some sugared belimbing[4], Miss. You have any left?

Ani : Oh, yes, Ma'am. How many do you want?

Woman : Just twenty; I couldn't afford any more.

[4]Fruits of this tree is used to make pickles which are sometimes sweetened.

Ani : *(goes to the cake shelves, counts out and wraps up the sugared belimbing)*

Woman : *(looks at the cake)*

Karnaen : *(walks toward the outer door)*

Ani : Where are you going, Mas?

Karnaen : I have to go out for a moment. *(exit)*

Ani : *(gives the package to the woman)* will this be all, Ma'am?

Woman : *(hands over the money)* Yes, this is all. Is one rupiah right?

Ani : That's right, Ma'am. *(takes the money)* Thank you.

Woman : You're welcome. *(puts the package inside her bag)*

Ani : Are you going home right away, Ma'am?

Woman : Yes, I am. *(stands up straight and looks at Ani)* Oh, why did my son have to die?

Ani : Why, Ma'am?

Woman : *(smiling)* Oh, if he were still alive, I would pick you for my daughter-in-law!

Ani : *(smiles)* Oh!

Woman : Well, I must go. *(exit)*

Ani : Good day, Ma'am. *(accompanies her as far as the door)*

Scene 3

Ani : *(goes to the rear, singing softly)*

Beggar : *(enters slowly, limping, and once inside looks from left to right at the cake shelves; then goes toward them, walking normally, and lifts the top off a glass jar to take some cakes)*

Ani : *(comes in from the rear)* Hey!

Beggar : *(quickly withdraws his hand)*

Ani : *(approaching)* You were going to steal them, weren't you?

Beggar : *(bows his head)*

Ani : Almost every time you come here I give you money. I never dreamed that you'd dare come here now to steal.

Beggar : Forgive me, Miss, forgive me.

Ani : Are you going to steal ever again?

Beggar : I wouldn't steal if I had money.

Ani : That's a lie.

Beggar : Honestly, Miss, I haven't eaten since yesterday.

Ani : Will you swear you won't steal ever again?

Beggar : So help me God, I won't steal again, Miss. Unless...

Ani : No, I won't give you any more money.

Beggar : *(sadly)* Ah, Miss, have pity.

Ani : But why did you try to steal just now?

Beggar : *(sadly)* Miss, I won't do it again. And I've sworn. Yes, I've sworn.

Ani : *(takes some money from the desk drawer)* I warn you, if you ever steal again!

Scene 4

Sudarma : *(enters, carrying a leather briefcase, and looks at the beggar)* What are you doing here? Go on, clear out!

Beggar : *(bows his head in silence)*

Sudarma : *(to Ani)* Why did you let him in, Ani?

Ani : I wanted to give him some money.

Sudarma : You don't need to. Let that lazy good-for-nothing starve to death. When he comes here he just dirties up the place.

Ani : *(throws money to the beggar)* Here! Now go away.

Beggar : Thank you, Miss. May you have a long life.

Sudarma : Get out this minute and don't you ever come back here again!

Beggar : *(goes out limping)*

Sudarma : Another time chase such people out, An. Don't let them dirty up our restaurant. *(in a different tone)* No one asked for me?

Ani : Someone did, but I don't know who it was because Karnaen took the call.

Sudarma : My son is forgetful as usual. We met on the street just now but he never mentioned it. *(lifts the receiver)* Nine eight three.

Ani : *(dusts off a chair)*

Sudarma : *(to Ani)* This table is still dirty, Ani.

Ani : *(cleans the table)*

Sudarma : *(on the phone)* Is the boss there?—Fine, fine.—*(waits)* Well, now, when you're in the money we never hear from you. Right? This is Sudarma.—Ha, ha, ha, right, right.—The usual, lie low awhile and then come back to switch to something else, *(laughs)* But tell me, how about the cloth you promised?—Oh, is that so?—Good, the sooner the better. Yes, I'll be there right away. Fine, *(puts down the receiver; to Ani)* I'm going to the textile mill office. If anyone asks for me, either by telephone or in person, ask them what they want and make a note of it, will you, Ani? *(walks away)*

Ani : Yes.

Sudarma : Oh, if Usman comes here, tell him to join me at the textille mill office. And don't go out.

Ani : Al right.

Sudarma : *(exit)*

Scene 5

Ani : *(turns on the radio, opens a magazine, and looks at its contents)*

Radio : *(play Western music: waltz)*

Usman : *(enters)* Where is Mr. Sudarma, An?

Ani : *(turns the radio down)* He just left for the textile mill ofice.

Usman : What? He said he'd wait for me here.

Ani : But he also left a message with me that Paman[5] should follow him to the textile mill office.

Usman : *(ponders for a moment)* That's just like him. Let him out of sight for one minute and he disappears.

Ani : How long have you been trying to get hold of him?

[5]Lit. Uncle, form of respect used to older or higher-ranking male.

Usman : We left his house together, but on the way he went off saying he'd wait for me here. That's your father-in-law all right, An!

Ani : *(stands up)* My father-in-law?

Usman : I mean, your future father-in-law.

Ani : Paman, where ever did you get that idea?

Usman : Not from where ever, An; simply from fit and habit. As for fit, who'd dare say you're unfit to become Karnaen's wife? As for habit, you and Karnaen have been close for a good while now, no?

Ani : *(turns off the radio)* But, Paman...

Usman : Come, come, you shouldn't argue with your elders, An. But *(changing the the subject)* are you sure Mr. Sudarma told me to join him?

Ani : Yes.

Usman : At the textile mill office, you said?

Ani : That's right.

Usman : The I'll follow him there. *(exit)*

Ani : *(stares at Usman... the falls into a reverie)*

Scene 6

Ani : *(takes a deep breath, pounds her right fist into her left palm as she steps toward the door. Stands at the door and looks out. After taking another deep breath, returns to the desk. Sits down in the chair; a moment or two later stands up again and muses; quickly glances at the phone, stretches out her hand, about to pick up the receiver. Yet she does not pick it up right away, but thinks it over, biting her lip. It is some time before she picks up the receiver and presses it to her ear.)* Please connect me with 3359. *(waits)* Is this Battalion 5 Barracks?—I'd like to speak with Captain Suherman.—He's gone out?—Oh, no, nothing important. Just tell him that Ani at Sambara Restaurant called.—Yes.—Thank you. *(puts the receiver back)*

Scene 7

Ani : *(muses, leaning on the desk)*

Office worker pemuda	:	*(enter together)*
1st Pemuda	:	Good morning!
Ani	:	Good morning.
1st P	:	*(to his friend)* What do you want to drink?
2nd P	:	Do we want a drink? We won't be late for the office if we do?
1st P	:	Oh, it's still early. *(sits down in a chair)* Just milk, O. K.?
2nd P	:	Up to you. *(sits down in a chair)*
1st P	:	*(to Ani)* Two glaess of milk, please, Miss.
Ani	:	*(goes to the rear)*
2nd P	:	You said she's so lively. What's so lively about her?
1st P	:	I don't understand either why she's so chilly now. Yesterday she was quite different.
2nd P	:	Looks like we'll hae to break the ice.
1st P	:	But I can't when she's as cold as that!

2nd P : She's shy, still a kid.

1st P : How can anyone her age be a kid?

Scene 8

Iskandar : *(enters, glances at the guests, then sits down)*

Ani : *(comes forward, carrying a tray with two glasses of milk, glances at Iskandar, then quickens her steps in the direction of the table at which the two pemuda are sitting)* Which of these cakes do you want? Tarts or a piece of layer cake?

1st P : *(looking at Ani)* Which taste best?

Ani : *(lively)* The ones that cost more, of course. *(putting the glasses on the table)*

1st P : But oddly enough I don't like what's tasty.

Ani : *(smiling)* Why not?

2nd P : Because he is not an ordinary person, Miss. The extraordinary thing about him is that when you get to know him, Miss, he...

1st P : Yes, I'll call you later, Miss, if you'll give me your name and your phone number here.

Ani : But I only answer if the call is really important.

2nd P : She has her odd taste, too! All you have to do now is ask the young lady what she means by "important."

Iskandar : *(exit)*

1st P : *(to Ani)* Yes, what do you mean by "important"?

Ani : Oh, I don't know. *(withdraws to the rear)*

2nd P : She's cute, but she's got a mind of her own.

1st P : That's just what I like.

2nd P : Are you going to call her here later?

1st P : Oh, there's no rush.

2nd P : You're still afraid.

1st P : *(drinks happily)*

Scene 9

Suherman : *(enters, stands at the threshold of the door)* An!

The Pemudas : *(look at the newcomer)*

Ani : *(reappears)* Oh, Mas Herman. *(happy to find him)* I just called you at the barracks.

Suherman : *(goes to sit down)* Oh yes?

Ani : I just couldn't wait any longer, Mas; especially as I've had the milk ready for you for some time. I was afraid you wouldn't come.

Suherman : *(smiles, putting a hand on Ani's shoulder)* When have I ever lied to you, my sweet?

Ani : So far, never.

Suherman : *(sits down)* But now that I'm here, aren't you going to give me something to drink so I'll feel refreshed in your presence?

Ani : Oh, I'm sorry, Mas, I was so happy I almost forgot. But since I got it ready a while ago you won't have to wait long. *(goes to the rear)*

1st P : *(signals his friend to finish his milk quickly)*

2nd P : *(drinks his milk down)*

Suherman : *(takes a cigarette and matches from his jacket pocket)*

1st P : *(gets up and takes some money from his wallet)*

Ani : *(comes forward carrying a tray with a glass of milk)*

1st P : *(stops her)* How much do we owe you, Miss?

Ani : Oh, what did you have?

1st P : Just two glasses of milk.

Ani : One rupiah.

1st P : *(gives her the money)*

Ani : *(takes the money)* Thank you.

1st P : You're welcome. *(to his friend)* Let's go!

2nd P : *(exit, accompanying his friend)*

Scene 10

Ani : *(goes tu Suherman)* This I made myself, Mas, not the cook.

Suherman : Great!

Ani	:	*(puts the glass of milk on the table)*
Suherman	:	*(is about to light his cigarette)*
Ani	:	May I give you a light?
Suherman	:	Of course, my flower.
Ani	:	*(strikes the match and stoops to light the cigarette between Suherman's lips)*
Suherman	:	*(calmly looks at Ani)*
Ani	:	*(bites her lips)*
Suherman	:	I never tire of looking at your face.
Ani	:	But when will you keep your promise and invite me out?
Suherman	:	*(drinks while looking at Ani's face)* A soldier's promise is no empty promise. But I haven't had time yet, my flower.
Ani	:	Do you have much work to do, Mas?
Suherman	:	Yes. And military duties make tight discipline.

Ani : But you enjoy it, don't you? Perhaps because you've seen so much. *(sits down opposite Suherman)* If you've had no chance to take me out yet, could you tell me a story now instead?

Suherman : Tell you a story? About what?

Ani : About places you've visited that you liked. So I can share your pleasure as I listen.

Suherman : *(puffing cigarette smoke)* I've been North as far as the coast, South to the jungle, to the West and to the East. And the most enjoyable place I found was... Guess where?

Ani : Where?

Suherman : Here, because you are here!

Ani : If so, I won't need to quit then?

Suherman : Quit? What do you mean?

Ani : Oh, Mas, I've often wanted to quit here because I often feel depressed. *(lowers her head)* What can I do so I won't feel that way?

Suherman : *(holds Ani's chin and lifts her face)* Are you also downhearted now, with me here?

Ani : *(gazes at Suherman's face)* No.

Suherman : *(looks at her and smiles)* Smile so I won't be depressed when I look at you.

Ani : *(smiles)*

Suherman : *(erect, drawing a deep breath)* Beautiful!

Ani : Will you come and see me often?

Suherman : Of course I will, my flower.

Ani : And a soldier's promise is...

Suherman : *(stands up)* No empty promise.

Ani : I believe you.

Suherman : But a soldier is always under discipline, too, so right now I can't stay here long. *(drinks up his milk)*

Ani : Will you come back again later?

Suherman : *(gives her some money)* Of course.

Ani : What time?

Suherman : In an hour or less. If I can finish my duties right away I'll be back again and here before you.

Ani : And a soldier's promise is...

Suherman : *(takes hold of Ani's hand)* No empty promise.

Ani : *(smiles)*

Suherman : Beautiful! *(walks until he reaches the door and then stands looking at Ani)* I leave you, my sweet flower. Spread your fragrance about, to welcome the light of a new day. *(exit)*

Ani : *(follows him to the door)*

Scene 11

Ani : *(takes the empty glasses to the rear and comes out again to clean off the tables and chairs, singing softly all the while)*

Rukayah : *(enters)* You're very cheerful this morning, An!

Ani : Shouldn't people be happy when they've hope?

Rukayah : Looks like you're asking me to philosophize. But hope from where, Ani?

Ani : From someone, Ruk, from a man who understands what I want.

Rukayah : Oh, yes? Who in the world is this person?

Ani : You don't need to know.

Rukayah : My goodness, you always want your own way, even if you are nice about it.

Ani : Whether I do or not, I won't tell you his name. But even so I very much need your advice as a friend.

Rukayah : What sort of advice?

Ani : What does it mean, Ruk, when a girl wants to give herself body and soul to a man?

Rukayah : Oh, so you've reached that stage! It's as clear as two and two make four. When a woman wants to give herself body and soul to a man, that's love with a capital "L." No wonder I see you blushing!

Ani : Am I really blushing?

Rukayah : Do you think you can hide what is in your heart?

Ani : Oh, I thought my happines was only a dream, and wouldn't be visible to other people.

Rukayah : Who is the man, An?

Ani : I won't tell you his name. It isn't the time yet...

Rukayah : Is he cute? Or is a he-man?

Ani : I don't care about that. What makes me happy is that he understands what I want.

Rukayah : I envy you. But...

Ani : But what?

Rukayah : Oh, nothing.

Ani : Tell me, Ruk, tell me!

Rukayah : I'd like to ask whether your mind as well as your heart tells you to give yourself body and soul to that man. In my opinion, love is true love only when the mind has a say in it, too. Of course, this is merely my opinion, An, the opinion of a woman who doesn't want to be looked down on by men who mostly look at life rationally. If I face a man with nothing but feelings, it's a sign of disaster for me as a woman.

Ani : The, the way you see it, men are...

Rukayah : Enemies and yet friends!

Ani : I haven't reached the point yet, Ruk.

Rukayah : Don't, otherwise you'll be like me, still having trouble getting engaged... yes, I envy you now. Really, I do envy you, An, and I'm afraid that from now on you won't be my friend anymore.

Ani : Oh, come now, Ruk. I'm just the same me as I was yesterday.

Rukayah : That's not true! You've become the possession of that man. *(starts walking)* That's enough for now. We'll get together later.

Ani : Wait a minute! Where are you going? What's the big hurry?

Rukayah : I want to have a look at the place for our meetting later.

Ani : Will you be back here again?

Rukayah : As long as you're here and that man hasn't carried you off yet, of course I'll be here. *(walks off)*

Scene 12

Ani : *(muses)*

Iskandar : *(staggers in, his hair tousled, stands close by the door looking at Ani, and then approaches)*

Ani : *(startled, looks at Iskandar)* Oh, it's you who always come in here, but not to buy anything.

Iskandar : *(sits on the arm of a chair)* Yes, I come here not to buy anything but to... visit, and look at you.

Ani : To frighten me!

Iskandar : *(with a bitter smile)* Thanks.

Ani : Thanks for what?

Iskandar : For being afraid of me. Because I'm certainly not like most men.

Ani : Yes, you're not like most of them, you don't have any manners, sitting where you shouldn't.

Iskandar : I'm a free human being.

Ani : But this is a restaurant, not a place for bums to do anything they like.

Iskandar : People can call me a bum, but I'd rather be a bum than stay here like you, trading on your beauty and tricking men into spending their money here.

Ani : How dare you insult me!

Iskandar : *(mockingly)* So all you want is praise?

Ani : *(angry)* What business is it of yours?

Iskandar : You think I'm like the others, that I come here to drink because I'm deceived by your beauty?

Ani : *(angrier)* Shut your mouth!

Iskandar : No, as long as my lips are attached to my body I have the right to speak to you.

Ani : Right? What right do you have? Do you think I'm a kinsman you can insult? Is this restaurant your home where you can speak to and treat other people as you please? Yes, I know, you want revenge because you love me, but you can't win over other men, because the only work you do is pace the streets.

Iskandar : *(stands up)* What? I love you? Huh, do you think I am blind? You think I like to look at your beauty? *(angrily)* What do I care about your looks?

Ani : *(trembling with anger)* Get out! I don't want to see your face. What can you expect of a bum? You don't have any manners. So it's easy for you to open your mouth.

Iskandar : *(infuriated)* You are the one who finds it.easy to open your mouth and flirt with your lips. You think everyone admires your lips.

Ani : Get out! Go!

Telephone : *(rings)*

Ani : *(quickly picks up the receiver and presses it to her ear)* Yes, this is the Sambara Restaurant. He isn't here, he hasn't come in yet. *(puts the receiver back)*

Iskandar : *(gives Ani a sharp look)*

Ani : Go on, get out! I hate the sight of you!

Iskandar : *(keep looking)*

Ani : *(furious)* Won't you get out?

Iskandar : No, not until I feel like it.

Ani : You're not only a bum, but crazy as well. Who do you think is in charge here, you or I?

Iskandar : Ha! Just because you're a waitress you want to claim to be in charge here. But you're not. You're shackled here, enslaved. Bah. Man is free, she says, but it's just words. She doesn't realize that her own beauty enslaves her, commanding her to be here as a cheat.

Karnaen : *(enters)* What's going on, An? Sounds like a row.

Ani : This man is mad, Mas. He came here to insult and ridicule me.

Karnaen : Tell him to get out.

Ani : I have, but he won't go.

Karnaen : *(to Iskandar)* I urgently request that you leave this place.

Iskandar : What are you interfering for?

Karnaen : This is my place.

Iskandar : But I have no business with you. My business is with her.

Karnaen : If you've business with her, it means you've business with me, since I'm her protector.

Iskandar : That fits!

Karnaen : What?

Iskandar : It fits that you're her protector since your face is an eyesore.

Karnaen : *(getting angry)* You're obviously here looking for a quarrel, aren't you? In that case, in the name of public order in this restaurant, I'm kicking you out. Leave this very moment. If you don't, I'll call the police.

Iskandar : Call the police, so it will be still clearer that the people here are in chains and dependent upon others.

Karnaen : Once more I ask you, are you going or aren't you?

Iskandar : No!

Karnaen : *(quickly picks up the receiver)* Give me the police station!—Is this the police station? This is the Sambara Restaurant. I want the police to come quickly. There is someone here disturbing the peace. He came here looking for trouble. He's been insulting us. He's probably crazy.—We did, but he won't go.—Yes, he's still here.—Thank you! *(puts down the receiver)*

Iskandar : Is that your courage, the courage of a protector?

Karnaen : I'm a civilized person, and I know the rules. It's not because I'm afraid of you.

Iskandar : Hah! Just because he wears fine clothes, he doesn't know that his heart is filthier than a sewer. *(heads out of the room)*

Karnaen : *(approaches, clenching his fist)* Don't run, you coward!

Iskandar : I'm a free man. No one has the right to order me around or stop me. *(keeps on going)*

Karnaen : *(reaches for Iskandar's shoulder)* Shut up.

Iskandar : *(quickly turns and hits Karnaen)* You bastard! What do you want with me?

Karnaen : *(falls to the ground, face up)*

Iskandar : *(picks up a chair and is about to flatten Karnaen with it)* You beast! Here's something else you're going to get!

Ani : *(screams)*

Iskandar : *(put the chair down and runs outside)*

Ani : *(quickly goes to Karnaen and helps him get up)*

Karnaen : *(rises, massaging his left hand)*

Ani : Are you hurt, Mas?

Karnaen : *(looks at Ani)* Yes.

Ani : Is there anything I can do?

Karnaen : Pull with both hands, *(holds out his left hand)*

Ani : *(seizes Karnaen's hand and pulls)*

Karnaen : *(making a face)* Ouch! That's it, An, that's enough.

Ani : *(lets go of Karnaen's hand)*

Karnaen : *(looks at Ani and rubs his hand)* Could you always give me your hands in answer to the voice in my heart, Ani?

Ani : *(looks at Karnaen's face)* I don't understand, Mas. *(moves backward)*

Karnaen : *(swallowing)* Yes, you've never loved me—*(walks slowly)*—only if I were wearing an army uniform would you pay any attention to my love.

Ani : Oh, Mas, I understand less and less.

Karnaen : *(sits down on a chair, with his back to Ani)* Isn't it people like Suherman that you admire and regard as the kind of man worthy of your devotion?

Ani : *(with bowed head)* What makes you think so? *(speaking slowly)* I'm fond of you, Mas, as a younger sister's fond of an older brother. I had no idea that you regarded Suherman as a rival.

Karnaen : *(says nothing, frowns and rubs his hand)*

Ani : *(hangs her hand)*

Scene 15

Policeman : *(enters)* Someone here called the police station.

Karnaen : *(gets up)* That's right, I was the one who phoned.

Policeman : Where's the person who has been causing all the trouble?

Karnaen : After hitting me, he left. But if you look for him he can't have run far. And he must be arrested. He must, since my hand hurts badly.

Policeman : Before he hit you, sir, what did he do here that made you phone us?

Karnaen : He insulted that girl, *(pointing to Ani)* I don't know how he insulted her, but when I came in they were quarreling. As someone who belongs here, I ordered him to leave the premises immediately. But he was obstinate, so I was forced to call the police.

Policeman : *(to Ani)* How did this man insult you?

Ani : To tell the truth, the man has often come here, but not always to buy something. So a while ago he came in just to sit on the arm of a chair. When I scolded him for that, he started to criticize my work just as though he were in his own home talking to a servant, saying things no one should say. Besides, I don't even know him that well.

Policeman : What did he say to you?

Ani : He said I sell my charm here, that I cheat people. Besides, he spoke in an angry tone.

Policeman : You didn't react at all to him, Miss?

Ani : I told him to go but he wouldn't.

Policeman : Didn't you think he might be a lunatic?

Karnaen : It's possible that he's a bit cracked since his clothes are a mess, his hair is uncombed, and he has a sullen look.

Policeman : Isn't he the one who wears black trousers and a white shirt that's dirty at the back?

Karnaen : Yes, that's him.

Policeman : Tall and thin?

Karnaen : Yes.

Policeman : The bum! But we can find him easily enough.

Scene 16

Sudarma : *(enters accompanied by Usman)* Good Lord, what's going on?

Karnaen : A bum was just making trouble here.

Sudarma : Well?

Karnaen : This policeman is going to take care of matter.

Sudarma : Where's the man now? How dare he make a disturbance in my restau rant? What did he do here?

Karnaen : He insulted Ani, punched me, and then ran away. So *(to the police man)* you'll look for him, won't you? Because I'm not satisfied.

Policeman : If it's the man I described just now, I'm sure I'll be able to find him. We police know where he often hangs out.

Karnaen : There's no mistake, I'm sure he's the one.

Policeman : Good, I'll be off to do my duty. If I find him, I'll bring him here, of course. Sir, Miss, don't leave for the next hour because, whatever happens, I'll be back here by then to report. *(starts to leave)*

Sudarma : Wait a moment! As the owner of the restaurant, I want to add to the complaint lodged by my son, since someone who causes trouble here in effect damages my business, isn't that so?

Policeman : Correct.

Sudarma : That's why I very much hope he's arrested soon. I want to see his ugly face immediately.

Policeman : *(exit)*

Sudarma : *(walks toward the desk)* Never a dull moment, my restaurant being turned into a boxing ring, *(to Karnaen)* But you aren't the one at fault?

Karnaen : If I'd been at fault, I wouldn't have dared phone the police.

Usman : How did it start anyway?

Karnaen : He is a bit cracked, Paman. It started when he came here to see Ani while I was out. When I arrived, I found Ani and him in the middle of a quarrel.

Usman : Ah, so? *(to Ani)* What was the quarrel about, An?

Ani : He insulted me and bothered me.

Usman : But it'll always be like that as long as you aren't married, An. You'll always be bothered by men and you'll always feel unsafe. So I advise you to get married as soon as possible. Everyone knows that by mar riage people approach security and steer clear of misfortune. It's not for nothing that God established the rule of marriage for his people.

Ani : But, it wasn't because I'm not married, Paman. The man just doesn't have any manners; he may just be a bit off.

Usman : Once you have a husband, you know other men won't bother you.

Sudarma : *(counting money at the desk)* But if she gets married it means she'll leave her job here. I won't permit that.

Usman : What's wrong with her continuing to work here after she's married? In fact, her marriage will bring some sanctity to the restaurant because men won't come here any more just to flirt with Ani. Isn't that true, Ani?

Ani : That's true, Paman.

Usman : Well, then, get married! Don't go far to look for a man. Marry Karnaen.

Karnaen : No, Paman. She already has the young man of her dreams.

Usman : Really? Who?

Karnaen : Suherman, an army captain.

Usman : And I thought she was going to marry you.

Sudarma : Just because you're a kyai, you go around everywhere urging marriage on people who're still single. It's as though you're the one who'll pay for the upkeep of each couple's household.

Usman : I speak in the name of the protection of well-being.

Sudarma : Wait a moment, don't discuss marriage. Marriage is an easy matter provided the man has money. One just goes ahead with it. *(to Ani)* But, An, did anyone call me?

Ani : Yes, there was a call.

Sudarma : Who was it?

Ani : I forgot to ask.

Sudarma : What do you mean, forgot? Didn't I give you explicit instructions that if anyone phoned you were to note it down and ask what the call was about? If you don't do it, I'm paying you here for nothing.

Ani : *(silent)*

Sudarma : That means passing up profits. Because the person who called surely did so to do business.

Ani : Just now I... I was all confused.

Sudarma : Confused! Only those who are mentally ill are confused.

Usman : I always say, a confused mind is a typical disease of people who aren't yet married.

Ani : *(bows her face and wipes her eyes)*

Usman : Ah, why are you crying, Ani? *(coming up to her)*

Ani : I... I keep thinking of fate.

Usman : But why all at once now?

Ani : I'm all alone in the world. I have no mother, no father, *(sadly)* And now I find that the people who I thought could provide me with a home don't love me. *(sobbing)*

Usman : *(stroking Ani's hair)* Calm yourself, child, calm yourself.

Karnaen : *(goes to the door)*

Sudarma : *(stares at Ani with amazement)*

Scene 17

Suherman : *(enters with a surprised look)*

Karnaen : *(looks at Ani, then looks at Suherman)* She's waiting for you, Captain Suherman.

Ani : *(stands up)*

Suherman : Waiting for me? What do you mean? What's happened here? What's been going on, An?

Ani : *(wiping her eyes)* Nothing... nothing at all.

Suherman : I don't understand, *(to Karnaen)* What do you mean she's been wait ing for me?

Karnaen : Don't you love her?

Suherman : *(stands)* But what's wrong with my loving her?

Karnaen : *(after a long pause)* Your love is certainly not just love.

Suherman : Of course no. so?

Karnaen : *(silent)*

Usman : It's like this, young man. According to tradition, love is the flower of marriage. So. . .

Ani : *(hides her face in her hands)* Please! Please! Don't go on and on about me. *(sobs)*

Suherman : I seem to have picked a bad time to come. Even more so because for the first time in my life I now hear people trying to interfere with my love. I came here hoping to find some, but it turns out that I'm being welcomed with an attempt to dictate to me, indeed, it seems, to order me to get married. I reject the platitude that love is the flower of marriage. I further challenge your patronizing opinion of me, putting me on the level of a little child who has to swallow everything fed to him.

Usman : Oh, we aren't patronizing you at all.

Suherman : Isn't someone telling me to get married patronizing me? Doesn't he think I'm a stupid fool who doesn't know the meaning of love for a woman? No, I strongly dislike your platitude. In fact, I feel highly insulted.

Usman : I have no intention of ordering anyone to get married.

Suherman : Have you finished? Do you think I love a woman just to get married?

Usman : That wasn't what we had in mind, but...

Ani : Please, please! I know that people only like my smiles, not my tears. *(goes to the back, crying)*

Suherman : No doubt about it, it was bad luck for me to come here. *(takes a step)*

Sudarma : Wait a moment, sir. Please sit down for a moment. Would you like coffee with milk or hot chocolate? Ani will serve you.

Suherman : No, I don't want anything to drink and I won't come here again. Good-bye! *(exit)*

Sudarma : *(to Usman)* It is really you who made a mess of it. You wanted well being, but your attitude upset everything and harmed my restaurant.

Usman : *(does not answer)*

Karnaen : *(sits on a chair, frowning)*

Sudarma : *(takes some papers out of his briefcase and sits at the desk)* Make my restaurant into a joint, will they? As if there were no more important problems than marriage! *(arranges his papers)*

Scene 18

Policeman : *(enters escorting Iskandar)*

Karnaen : *(stands up to receive them)*

Policeman : *(to Karnaen)* Is this the one?

Karnaen : Yes, that's the one.

Policeman : But where is the young lady who was here?

Karnaen : She's inside. *(to Usman)* Please call her, Paman,

Usman : Ani! The police are here! Come here for a moment.

Ani : *(enters in a state of confusion)*

Policeman : *(to Ani)* Is this the man who insulted you, Miss?

Ani : *(barely audibel)* Yes.

Policeman : *(to Iskandar)* You came here and created a disturbance... you in sulted that girl and punched this man... Isn't that true?

Iskandar : I punched him because he tried to hold me here.

Policeman : Hold you? What do you mean?

Iskandar : I was leaving here when for some reason he grabbed my shoulder.

Karnaen : I grabbed him because he was trying to run off without paying for his accusation–he sneered at me for phoning the police. He said my heart was filthier than a sewer.

Policeman : *(to Iskandar)* Did you really say that?

Iskandar : Yes, because I was disgusted. After he butted in on something between the girl and me, why did he have to bring the police in too?

Karnaen : But I phoned the police only when he refused to leave when I warned him that if he didn't go I'd ask for help from the police. I phoned the police because I didn't want to pick a quarrel, even though he more or less challenged me to a fight by ridiculing me, saying it made him sick to look at my face.

Policeman : *(to Iskandar)* You admit you said these insults?

Iskandar : Yes.

Policeman : Why?

Iskandar : I was disgusted at him for interfering in my relations with that girl.

Policeman : Well, what kind of relationship is there between you and her?

Iskandar : That's my business, and no one else has the right to interfere.

Karnaen : I interfered because the girl said she was insulted. I certainly wouldn't have interfered if I hadn't heard her say she'd been insulted. Besides, it was my right to interfere because I belong here and I'm responsible for order in this restaurant. It was my job to throw him out because he was disturbing the peace.

Iskandar : Disturbing the peace? Hah! If a man laughs and flirts with her here, wouldn't you call that disturbing the peace?

Policeman : Just a moment. What sort of business did you have with that girl? Do you love her?

Iskandar : Do I love her? I wouldn't love a cheat.

Policeman : What do you mean, a cheat?

Iskandar : She entices men here to make this restaurant do well by selling her charm.

Sudarma : That's all very well for you to say. She's regularly employed and she's well taken care of, salaried. She's not like you, without position, loaf ing about here and there. You're the one who should really be under suspicion as a swindler, *(to the police)* There's no point in asking any more questions. The fact that he's a bum is enough reason to put him under arrest.

Policeman : As a policeman, I need more details before I can hold him. But for some time now the police department has been aware that he's a vagrant. *(to Iskandar)* Why won't you work?

Iskandar : Why should I work if working means fooling and cheating other people like this girl?

Policeman : To me that's an indication that you're just lazy.

Iskandar : Let other people think what they want. Everyone is free to regard others according to his own opinion.

Policeman : But don't forget that my opinion is the opinion of the police, who have the duty of keeping watch over society. We're keeping an eye on your laziness too.

Iskandar : Thank you for your attention.

Policeman : But why are you lazy and refuse to work?

Iskandar : *(after a long pause)* Because I am alone in the world.

Policeman : Don't try to make fun of the police. You shouldn't give me an answer like that.

Iskandar : As far as I know, the police are supposed to use their intelligence in their work. My answer needs thinking over.

Policeman : Fine, I'll accept your reply and think it over. And my thinking tells me you should be under arrest because your mind is not all there. You created a disturbance here, *(to Karnaen)* I'll continue this affair in court. During the hearing both of you will be called.

Sudarma : Don't forget that as the owner of this restaurant I'm also involved in the prosecution.

Policeman : *(to Iskandar)* Come on, follow me!

Iskandar : Where!

Policeman : To jail.

Iskandar : *(looking sharply at the policeman)* You're going to lock me up?

Policeman : Yes.

Iskandar : *(to himself)* That's what I get for getting mixed up with a woman... a cheat.

Policeman : Stop your grumbling. Come on, let's go!

Ani : *(gets up from where she's been sitting)* Wait a moment!

Policeman : Is there anything else?

Ani : What's he accused of?

Policeman : Well, didn't you say he insulted you? That's one of the accusations.

Ani : No! *(stepping forward)* He isn't guilty. I'm the one who's in the wrong. If you have to arrest someone it should be me. Not him, since he hasn't done anything wrong.

Policeman : How did you do something wrong?

Ani : I was stupid and didn't understand myself. I didn't realize that he actually... actually he didn't insult me. On the contrary, I insulted him.

Iskandar : *(looks to Ani)*

Policeman : *(looks at the others)* Then... what you said earlier about his insulting you isn't true?

Ani : No, it isn't.

Policeman : It isn't true that he ridiculed and humiliated you, calling you a cheat and so on?

Ani : It's true he said these things but I was the one who was stupid in refusing to accept the truth of his words.

Policeman : So now you feel satisfied and are willing to drop the whole thing?

Ani : Yes.

Karnaen : But I'm not satisfied, and I want the case continued.

Ani : Go ahead! I'm ready to go to prison.

Policeman : *(to Karnaen)* This has become a minor matter and needn't be carried on any further, provided you and he *(pointing to Iskandar)* no longer have any ill-feelings. Do you still have a grievance against this gentleman?

Iskandar : Why should I?—Why should I be bothered by a yelping dog at my heels?

Policeman : I mean, are you two willing to forgive each other?

Iskandar : I've forgiven him ever since I left him a while ago.

Policeman : *(to Karnaen)* You've heard him. What do you say?

Karnaen : *(doesn't answer)*

Policeman : Will you forgive him or not?

Karnaen : *(slowly)* Yes, all right, I forgive him.

Rukayah : *(enters, stands in amazement)*

Policeman : The matter is settled then, *(to Iskandar)* You may go, but the police will keep a closer watch on you now. As long as you don't change your ways as a bum and a loafer, the police will continue to keep you under surveillance.

Sudarma : I warn you! From now on I forbid you to come back here again. If you dare to hang around here again and accost this girl, you'll suffer the consequences.

Iskandar : *(steps toward the exit)*

Ani : Wait a moment!

Iskandar : *(stands looking at Ani)*

Policeman : What does she have mind?

Sudarma : *(astonished)* I don't know.

Rukayah : *(approaching Usman)* What's going on, Paman?

Usman : We'll see.

Scene 19

Ani : *(appears, carrying a suitcase)*

Usman : Where are you going, Ani?

Ani	:	I want to quit.
Sudarma	:	Wait a moment! Just a moment. Don't be in such a hurry, Ani. Who told you to quit? I'm very fond of you, and I promise to raise your pay if you don't leave.
Ani	:	No! I don't want to be tied down again. I want to lead a free life.
Sudarma	:	Ah, freedom, what sort of freedom will it be if you have difficulty in getting another job and finding the happiness you had here?
Ani	:	I'm not happy here, and that's why I want to quit. I want to go far away from all the falseness in this restaurant and I'm going with an honest man.
Sudarma	:	An honest man? Who?
Ani	:	*(points to Iskandar)* He's honest.
Iskandar	:	*(looks straight to Ani)*
Sudarma	:	He's honest, you say? He's a bum, An. Don't keep your eyes open and still be blind!

Ani : My eyes are open, and I can see that the truth is with him. It's true he doesn't work, but *(to Iskandar)* if you don't feel yourself alone in the world any more you'll want to work, won't you?

Iskandar : Yes, of course.

Ani : Do you want to live with me?

Iskandar : Why not?

Ani : *(to Sudarma)* The wages you haven't paid me yet I'm asking you to turn over to the poor, *(to Karnaen)* I pray you'll soon find a wife who's capable of taking care of a household, *(to Rukayah)* Ruk, I'm going.

Rukayah : *(holding Ani's hand)* I don't think I was wrong in what I said a while ago, An.

Ani : No, Ruk, the present me is not the same one you criticized. I'm going with my enemy-but-friend, and will be his companion as a woman who will fight by his side.

Rukayah : Wonderful, you're talking differently from the way you did earlier. And if I said I was jealous of you merely to make fun of you, now I'm honest-to-goodness jealous of you.

Ani : What are you jealous of?

Rukayah : You've experienced in practice, An, how a spiritual change in a human being reveals the majesty of man's estate as that part of the universe which most clearly represents God—while I'm still at the level of theory. But if you're no longer here, An, will you still be my friend?

Ani : Always, Ruk. Let's leave together. *(strides off)*

Iskandar : Isn't you bag heavy?

Ani : Do you want to carry it?

Iskandar : *(reaches out to carry the bag)*

Ani : *(hands it to Iskandar)*

Policeman : Well, if that's the case, you're not lazy, and the police don't need to be suspicious of you any more.

Usman : Wait a moment! Are you two going to get married?

Ani : Perhaps, Paman.

Usman : When you do, I pray you both may always be protected and blessed by God.

Ani : Come on, Ruk, let's go! *(walks out with Ruk and accompanied by Iskandar)*

Scene 20

Policeman : *(slaps his brow)* My head still whirls when I think about them.

Sudarma : To get rid of your confusion, let's have some whisky, *(takes a bottle of whisky and glasses and fills them)* Come, let's drink. Tomorrow you won't be able to drink here anymore.

Policeman : Why's that?

Sudarma : Because I'm closing this unlucky restaurant for a while, *(to Usman)* No need for you to drink. Aside from not liking whisky, you were the one who caused my misfortune.

Usman : I caused it?

Sudarma : Yes, you were the one who kept suggesting that she get married.

Usman : The reason that I did was that I wanted to help your son.

Sudarma : Bah! Help in what way?

Usman : Earlier, when we were on our way here, I left you when I met your son. He asked me to discuss with him a plan he'd long been thinking over. He wanted to marry Ani. He had asked my help in persuading Ani to marry him.

Sudarma : *(to Karnaen)* Is that true?

Karnaen : Yes, I'm the cause of all the bad luck.

Scene 21

Beggar : *(who's been standing for a long time behind the door, comes forward and is about to reach for cakes in the jar)*

Usman : Hey, thief!

Policeman : *(quickly grabbing the beggar by the hair)* How dare you do this before my very eyes?

Sudarma : You want to ruin my restaurant too, don't you? You scoundrel!!

Karnaen : Go on and hit him!

Beggar : Forgive me, Officer, forgive me.

End