

- Word Count: 10903

## Plagiarism Percentage

4%

### sources:

- 1 1% match (Internet from 08-Oct-2018)  
<https://www.scribd.com/document/370497097/Buku-Fertilizer-pdf>
- 2 1% match (Internet from 31-Jul-2018)  
[https://nextstagepress.net/uploads/RoseGarden\\_Preview.pdf](https://nextstagepress.net/uploads/RoseGarden_Preview.pdf)
- 3 1% match (Internet from 25-Nov-2017)  
<http://docplayer.net/48408758-The-red-velvet-cake-war.html>

### paper text:

**Undang-Undang Republik Indonesia Nomor 19 Tahun 2002 tentang Hak Cipta Lingkup Hak Cipta Pasal 2: (1) Hak Cipta merupakan hak eksklusif bagi Pencipta atau Pemegang Hak Cipta untuk mengumumkan atau memperbanyak Ciptaannya, yang timbul secara otomatis setelah suatu ciptaan dilahirkan tanpa mengurangi pembatasan menurut peraturan perundang-undangan yang berlaku. Ketentuan Pidana Pasal 72: 1. Barangsiapa dengan sengaja atau tanpa hak melakukan perbuatan sebagaimana dimaksud dalam Pasal 2 ayat (1) atau Pasal 49 ayat (1) dan ayat (2) dipidana dengan pidana penjara masing-masing paling singkat 1 (satu) bulan dan/atau denda paling sedikit Rp1.000.000,00 (satu juta rupiah), atau pidana penjara paling lama 7 (tujuh) tahun dan/atau denda paling banyak Rp5.000.000.000,00 (lima milyar rupiah). 2. Barangsiapa dengan sengaja menyiarkan, memamerkan, mengedarkan, atau menjual kepada umum suatu Ciptaan atau barang hasil pelanggaran Hak Cipta atau Hak Terkait sebagaimana dimaksud pada ayat (1) dipidana dengan pidana penjara paling lama 5 (lima) tahun dan/atau denda paling banyak Rp500.000.000,00 (lima ratus juta rupiah).**

1

2018, Petra Little Theatre Copyright © 2016, Jessie Monika for book and lyrics as an unpublished dramatic composition Copyright © 2016, Christy Uktolseya for music as an unpublished music composition  
Penyunting: Meilinda & Stefanny Irawan Desain sampul: Nomeliance Delivia Nabubois Penerbit: Nulisbuku Jendela Dunia Publishing Redaksi: Gedung ILP Center Lt.3 / 01 Jl. Raya Pasar Minggu no 39.A Pancoran, Jakarta Selatan 12780 Telp: 021-7981283 Email: admin@nulisbuku.com ISBN: 978-602-XXXX-XX-X  
Cetakan Pertama: Juli 2018 Hak cipta dilindungi undang-undang Dilarang memperbanyak karya tulis ini dalam bentuk dan dengan cara apa pun tanpa ijin tertulis dari penerbit. Isi di luar tanggung jawab percetakan MOTHER, HOW ARE YOU TODAY? Copyright © 2018, Petra Little Theatre Copyright © 2016, Jessie Monika for book and lyrics as an unpublished dramatic composition Copyright © 2016, Christy Uktolseya for music as an unpublished music composition

**CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that performance of MOTHER, HOW ARE YOU TODAY? is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the Republic of**

2

Indonesia

**and of all countries with which the Republic of Indonesia has the reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professionals/amateurs stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other form of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file sharing networks, information storage, and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission for which must be secured from Petra Little Theatre in writing. The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the**

3

Republic of Indonesia and other countries for MOTHER, HOW ARE YOU TODAY? are controlled exclusively by PETRA LITTLE THEATRE, English for Creative Industry Program – Petra Christian University, Jl. Siwalankerto 121-131 Surabaya 60236, Indonesia. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play- with-music may be given without obtaining in advance the written permission of PETRA LITTLE THEATRE, and paying the requisite fee. Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to Petra Little Theatre through [plt@petra.ac.id](mailto:plt@petra.ac.id)

**SPECIAL NOTE Anyone receiving permission to produce MOTHER, HOW ARE YOU TODAY? is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play- with- music on the title page of all programs**

2

**distributed in connection with performances of the play and in all instances in which the title of the Play- with-music appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing, or otherwise exploiting the Play- with-music and/or a production thereof. The name of the Author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and in size of type equal to 50% of the size of the largest, most prominent letter used for the**

6 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika title of the Play-with-music. No person, firm, or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the Author. The following acknowledgment must appear in the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play-with-music: Originally produced by Petra Little Theatre, Surabaya. Petra Little Theatre's New Play Development Program Series 7 ACKNOWLEDGMENT I thank Petra Little Theatre for having its New Play Development program which made Mother, How Are You Today? find the light on the stage and reach the audiences in such a wonderful collaboration of the actors and the production team. It has also been an awesome journey with Stefanny Irawan, Meilinda, and Christy Uktolsey in bearing this piece of writing, so I am forever grateful for that. Thanks to Erwin, my lifetime partner and our little kiddos, Vinn and Luc who had been very supportive when I dedicated my hours in months to finish the play. And to my beloved mom in Heaven, I present this play to her as my apology for not being a good-enough daughter and my gratitude for making me who I am right now. I also thank English for Creative Industry program for giving a newbie playwright like me the opportunity to write Mother, How Are You Today?. Last but not least, I am thanking the cool Big Guy up there who has blessed me with the crazy muses and stayed with me during those ups-and-downs voyages called life. MOTHER, HOW ARE YOU TODAY? is the 3rd production of Petra Little Theatre's New Play Development Program. It was first produced in April 2016 at Petra Little Theatre, Petra Christian University (Meilinda, Artistic Director; Stefanny Irawan, Managing Director) in Surabaya, Indonesia. It was directed by Stefanny Irawan; the set design was by Titien Wahono; the costume design was by Samuelita Dayu, the sound design was by Putra Yuniur Poela, the lighting design was by Meilinda. The cast was as follows: MS. MEIFANG SANTOSO ..... Meilinda IMEL SANTOSO.

..... Francisca Vinybelinda ELLA SANTOSO ..... Jeklien Koraag DANIEL OJONG ..... Daniel Budiana ASTI.....  
 ..... Christine Yunita THE LAWYER..... Putra Yuniur Poela  
 CAMEO 1 ..... Krisandi Henry CAMEO 2 .....  
 ....Regina Natalia The rest of production team was as follows: PRODUCTION MANAGER .....  
 ..... Jessie Monika ASS. DIRECTOR ..... Candy Trisnarningsih STAGE MANAGER ...  
 ..... Yonas Jiwandana Putra ASS. STAGE MANAGER..... Jessica Azalea Hendrike  
 SET & PROPERTY CREW ..... Hapsari Lily Dewanti SET & PROPERTY CREW.....  
 ..... Michella Fellicia SET & PROPERTY CREW..... Krisandi Henry SOUND OPERATOR  
 ..... Daniel Yesaya Gozali LIGHTING OPERATOR ..... Lucky Aditya  
 LIGHTING OPERATOR ..... Samuel A. Suryonugroho MAKE UP & HAIRDO  
 ..... Regina Natalia MAKE UP & HAIRDO..... Magdalena Patricia MAKE  
 UP & HAIRDO..... Marina Anastasia COSTUME .....  
 Samuelita Dayu COSTUME ..... Gracia Purnomo COSTUME  
 ..... Regina Siddharta TREASURER ..... Nomeliance D.  
 Nabubois GRAPHIC DESIGNER ..... Jeklien Koraag MARKETING &  
 SPONSORSHIP..... Kathleen Liuray MARKETING & SPONSORSHIP.....Janice G.

Nugroho MARKETING & SPONSORSHIP..... Jossy Vania MARKETING &  
SPONSORSHIP.....Jocelyn C. Liando FRONT OF HOUSE..... Maria K. Salelatu  
FRONT OF HOUSE..... Jessica Godwin FRONT OF HOUSE.....  
..... Melita Kosasih FRONT OF HOUSE..... Janice G. Nugroho Editors' Preface

When we at Petra Little Theatre (PLT) evaluated our mission in 2013, we decided to create a new initiative which will support young student-playwrights and playwrights who are serious in creating new, original works pertaining to issues relevant to our society. So the New Play Development (NPD) was born. From the beginning, we knew this program would take a lot of energy and time, but we also understand the significance it plays in building our local (and in turn, national) theatre scene, and we are committed to it. Since its inception, NPD has produced 6 exciting, fresh, original works ranging from play to play-with-music: "Evita", "Congratulations, You Get the Job!", "Mother, How Are You Today?", "Listen to Me", "Customer is King", and "Going Home." Theatre should be able to sound real existing issues in the society on the stage, or, in Kenneth Tynan's words, "an umbilical connection between what was happening on the stage and what was happening in the world". Only by then can theatre be accepted by the society and, in the same time, be beneficial for it. Mother, How Are You Today? (MHAYT?), written by one of our passionate resident playwrights: Jessie Monika, pictures the classic and prevalent struggle—which, at times, can take a nasty turn—of daughters to understand their position in their mother's heart in a Chinese- Indonesian family. Wrapped in a thick philosophy of jamu, our herbal medicine, this work drives home the issues of identity, self- worth, and belonging, which I believe are important for everyone, especially youth who are trying to find the meaning in their life. MHAYT? is special for us in some ways. It was our first play with music created with a strong collaborative spirit between the playwright, the composer, and the director. The first production was also special because PLT was working together with Petra Players, a theatre troupe established in 2014 to accommodate and foster the artistic soul among Petra Christian University's alumni. This is a collaborative project between alumni and students. And we could not deny how vibrant and exciting the process was. Does MHAYT? have an umbilical connection with real life? We are positive about it. What about you? Meilinda & Stefanny Irawan CHARACTERS MS. MEIFANG SANTOSO, the late mother, Chinese, 72 yo, a widower, owner of "Toko Jamu Santoso". IMEL SANTOSO, Ms. Santoso's eldest daughter, late 30s, a career and modern-looking woman, a mother, sharp, quick. ELLA SANTOSO, Ms. Santoso's second daughter, mid 30s, a freelance artist and traveler, a little messy look. DANIEL OJONG, Imel's husband, early 40s, an entrepreneur working at home. ASTI, Ms. Santoso's maid's youngest daughter, early 30s, passionate about brewing herbs. THE LAWYER, male, 50-55 yo, formal. CAMEO 1 AND 2, customers of "Toko Jamu Santoso". PLACE A jamu stall in a part of old Surabaya area. Homey and vintage style. TIME The present. Around April – July. Dry Season. SONGS Dear My Beloved Daughter Mother Asked Me Every Morning Marry A Nice Man, Ella A Stranger at Home The Lawyer Imel Santoso Ms. Meifang Santoso Ella Santoso On You I've Wasted My Life/Another Day Ella Santoso & Ms. Meifang Santoso The Feud Ella Santoso, Imel Santoso & Ms. Mei- fang Santoso Ginger and Things Ella Santoso Another Day (Reprise) Ella Santoso Mother Asked Me Every Morning (Reprise) Imel Santoso PROLOGUE Setting: The jamu stall stands at the back center of the stage. Two or three small round table are put in front of the stall. Each table has two or three chairs/stools. The sign at the stall says "Toko Jamu Santoso". Inside the stall is a row jars of colorful powder and some herbs like cinnamon, lemongrass, turmeric, ginger, and tamarin. Behind the row are pairs of pestle and mortar to crush and grind the herbs and other ingredients. Hanging on the wall of the stall are sachets of instant herbs – homemade and branded. The ambience color of this jamu stall is the touch of green tosca, yellow, and red here and there. Next to the stall is a rocking chair by the coffee table. On the coffee table is some kind of altar where a cup of wedang jahe is usually placed. At rise: THE LAWYER appears, the light spots only to him. It is mysterious in some way, and the whole setting won't be seen yet. Dear My Beloved Daughters THE LAWYER. "Dear my beloved daughters, how are you today? I

sincerely hope the two of you are healthy always. I know my time shall come soon and thus I write my last say. Hereby I declare for one of you to manage our jamu café, and to protect our recipes, share it with customers each day. Remember this, I shall not allow you to hand it over nor sell this. It must always belong to the Santoso's, no exception. This last will express my wishes without duress or intimidation.” (BLACK OUT)

(END OF PROLOGUE) SCENE 1 Setting: Toko Jamu Santoso At rise: Inside the stall, ASTI is standing, busy grinding some herbs. DANIEL OJONG is busy with his laptop at one of the table. IMEL SANTOSO is standing at the center of the stage – right in front of the stall. Meanwhile, MS. MEIFANG SANTOSO, is sitting on the rocking chair sipping a cup of wedang jahe. She is, however, invisible to others until the end of the show because she only exists as the memory or imagination of the daughters. At one customer table, a group of customers are chatting with each other and about to leave in a moment. IMEL. You know that life can be so boring? (pause) Like...my life. (The sound of ASTI grinding herbs, DANIEL tapping his laptop, the customers' spoon as they stir/tap their glass fade in. The combination of these particular sounds provides the intro for IMEL's song.) Mother Asked Me Every Morning Mother always told me to be a good girl A good girl makes a good woman A good woman makes a good wife A good wife makes a good mother MS. SANTOSO. You need to drink this every day, Imel. We call this magical liquid: beras kencur. It's good for your body. It's good for your health. A hardworking woman like you needs this, every day. ASTI. (Hands a small glass of beras kencur to IMEL.) IMEL. (Drinks it.) Mother asked me every morning “My girl, how are you today?” and always my heart was crying “I do not want my hair turn grey, not to be a good woman, neither to be a good wife; Spare me from being a good mother, nor being my mother all my life.” ASTI. (Hands a glass of uyup-uyup to IMEL.) MS. SANTOSO. Uyup-uyup. Drink that. It's a traditional-yet-smart start before feeding nonik. IMEL. No, Mother, No. Nonik will be fine. My baby will be alright. MS. SANTOSO. You have to! It is to make sure you have enough breastmilk supply for nonik! Nothing's better than a happy healthy baby! IMEL. (Drinks the uyup-uyup.) If I could, I would want to run away away from my mom and I hope one day, to be away from home, to a place where being me is okay I long for everyone's life but mine, everyone's mother if you don't mind Now she's gone, I'm miserable, as time is unstoppable for me to say to my mother I wish no life like hers (Music stops. The customers are leaving. During DANIEL and IMEL's conversation, ASTI is busy inside the stall– mixing & grinding some herbs.) DANIEL. Really? I didn't know you hate your mother that much. Wait. Actually I did. You've told me...yesterday? No, not yesterday. Last week? No. Not last week. A year ago? No, not a year ago. I think since the moment I knew you, honey. IMEL. Touché. (Sits in front of DANIEL.) So you understand why I don't want her goddamned business, don't you? Can you imagine me running this... (Looks around the store.) place? Or my little sis? DANIEL. A freelancer who travels a lot like her, running this business? Let me think... (Pauses.) I wonder how much she actually earns to spend it on her expensive hobby.... IMEL. (Sarcastically.) You think traveling to some places my sis usually goes to is an expensive hobby? What do you buy at the top of some mountain? A famous branded fabric? A souvenir printed ‘I love Semeru’? Some expensive choco- late? DANIEL. Those stuff she uses and wears are definitely not cheap, Imel. They are made for safety. Safety is expensive. I happen to have a friend who shares the same hobby with your sis, and I once went shopping with him. Guess how much he spent for shoes only. IMEL. (Grumbles.) Tell me about it. DANIEL. One million! Can you believe that? And the bag! IMEL. (Sighs.) Daniel. Please. Unless we can arrange a blind date between this friend of yours and Ella, I'm not interested in talking about him. At least they have the same craziness and maybe we're lucky enough this time to help find the one for her. Maybe— DANIEL. Imel, he's gay. IMEL. Oh. (Pauses.) Well... so...what say you then? Do you actually picture me or her running this business for my DEAR mother? DANIEL. (Beat.) I don't know. It's up to you, Honey. You know I will support you no matter what. IMEL. Oh my God, Daniel, it's not a good time to be a nice guy. And what have you been working on your laptop? Playing some game? DANIEL. No! What is wrong with you? I am not being a nice guy. I was just saying that whichever decision you make, I'll be right behind you. IMEL. No, no, no. We have

talked about this. Sometimes I need you to help me decide on something important like what we have now! DANIEL. Well, let's say I am just not the right person to help you decide on this particular situation, Imel. IMEL. But you are my husband! DANIEL. YOU are your mother's daughter! IMEL. JUST ANSWER THAT FUCKING QUESTION, DAM MIT! DANIEL. Alright, alright. Geez. (Beat.) I think... (Clears his throat.) you should take over this business. I don't think Ella can do it. But you? You are good. There. I said it. Please don't be mad at me. IMEL. (Freaks out.) See? See? You just did what Mother had always done! She spared Ella and let her do anything she wanna do. What about me? I have my own decisions too for my life. Anyone cares to know? Hell, no! DANIEL. Imel, what the— IMEL. And where on earth is Ella now, Daniel? I cancelled my important meeting to see my little sis and discuss what to do after that fucking lawyer gave us such a shock. She should be here by now, for heaven's sake! What time is it? (Checks Daniel's watch.) I am having another meeting with my clients in an hour! If she does not— DANIEL. She'll show up. You know Ella. She probably just got back from some places we don't even know the name of because they don't appear on the map, or from... tsk, you told me last week. Where did she go? Arrogant? Arrow? IMEL. Argopuro. And that one appears on the map. Just Google it. DANIEL. Ah, that's it. That one near Purwokerto, right? IMEL. It's Probolinggo, honey. DANIEL. Well, yeah. That's what I said, right? Purworejo. (IMEL is about to correct him.) ANYWAY, nonik said she wants to go to Bali for vacation with her friends. She needs some money. IMEL. After what she's done last semester? With her decreasing grades? She should be studying every single day during this break! DANIEL. So what will you do? Having a private teacher over, again? IMEL. I think I will, as I remember we want her to get her degree overseas. DANIEL. (Under his breath.) You want her to. IMEL. Excuse me? DANIEL. Ehm. Nothing. IMEL. Besides, I learn from Mother, it's important to be the best at school. People will always be impressed by what our kids achieve from school. Math, Science, English, Economics. Lucky nonik, I won't do what my mother did to me when I was in high school. DANIEL. Sometimes, I wish you do what she did to you. IMEL. (Sarcastically.) Like how she became so nastily snappish, slapped my hand and shut me in my room so I could not go out all day with my friends every time I got bad grades at school? DANIEL. No. Like how she spent all night to accompany you studying before exam and helping you remember those dates and names for your history exam. C'mon, she put up a huge effort on you for you to be who you are right now. IMEL. More like shouting at me whenever I wasn't able to answer whatever she asked from the textbook. And what did you just say? A huge effort? I never wanted her huge effort on me! DANIEL. What you are now is what she has made you, Imel. IMEL. Thank you for your gentle reminder, Dear. I am now wondering why I sometimes hate myself so much. So... YOU WANT ME TO BE MY MOTHER? AND REPEAT MY SO-UNHAPPY CHILDHOOD TO YOUR KIDS? GIVE YOU A LITTLE HELL? DANIEL. Whoa whoa, chill, Honey, chill. You'll do better I'm sure. Just do like your mother did except the part of – well, snapping, slapping, shouting and shutting her in. And I'll appreciate it. (DANIEL and IMEL freeze – leaving the light spotting on MS. SANTOSO who is sitting on her rocking chair sipping a cup of wedang jahe, and ASTI who is still busy with the herbs. While MS. SANTOSO is delivering her monologue, ASTI does exactly what MS. SANTOSO says.) MS. SANTOSO. Two or three pieces of kencur. Ginger. Smell it before you pick one. A fresh ginger will give you a strong aroma. You can also touch the skin to make sure. Choose the smooth and the thick one. Roast it well before thinly slicing it to grind with the others. Then, pick the galanga. This exotic herb will give your drink a sweetly aromatic flavor. It would be lovely to add it in uyup-uyup. And then turmeric, the Java ginger – our dearest temulawak, java chilly or cabe puyang, temu giring and a pinch of sugar. As much as Imel likes it. Don't leave some bangle leaves behind, since it makes an uyup-uyup perfect. Roughly mash these ingredients – (ASTI is about to use the blender to do this.) put that awful thing away, put it away! (ASTI then hastily takes the pestle and the mortar and starts mashing the ingredients.) That thing will definitely ruin everything. An uyup-uyup should be perfectly prepared and served. After that, add some warm water and wrap it in a thin cloth for you to squeeze the water out. A small glass of muddy uyup-uyup will be more than enough for me,

but Imel doesn't like it that way. (Beat.) You see how ridiculously difficult it is to make just one drink like uyup- uyup? That showed how much I would do for Imel. ASTI. (Talks to herself – now is busy making Sinom.) Bu Santoso would never know how Kak Imel does not like her very much. If she had known, she would never have passed down her business to one of her daughters. Kak Ella? (Skeptical tone.) Heaven knows even Bu Santoso never expected much from her. Ibuk said she never got good grades at school. Only drawing here and there all the time. Besides, she's almost always away from home as far as I can recall. Just like her father, only she never gets drunk, just smokes some cigarettes.... She's so much nicer to me than Kak Imel, though. Always gives me some souvenir every time she comes back from out of town. Bu Santoso was lucky to have my ibuk helped her do the chores and look after Kak Imel and Kak Ella, even though it cost her time and energy to be with me, her own daughter. (Beat.) (Sighs and looks around the store.) I love this place so much, though. This is somewhere I can actually call home, especially after my divorce with Mas Dion. And I still don't see where this home of mine is going in Kak Imel or Kak Ella's hands. (Finishes making sinom and drinks it.) Sinom will always be my refuge. Few drops of lemon water into it make perfect. MS. SANTOSO. Yes, Asti. Do not forget to make another glass of Sinom for Imel. She will have her final exam tomorrow. ASTI. I've made two. One for Kak Imel, one for Kak— MS. SANTOSO. (Ignores what ASTI said.) Yes, yes, whatever. Just make sure you serve a glass of perfect sinom for Imel. (LIGHTS FADE OUT) (END OF SCENE 1) SCENE 2 Fade in– DANIEL and IMEL unfreeze, ASTI is busy checking and counting sachets of herbs hanging on the wall of the stall with the book in her left hand. IMEL. Yeah, sure you will appreciate it. But you know I'm too busy for that. Besides, what do we pay those private teachers for? DANIEL. (Shrugs.) If you say so, honey, if you say so. (Ella is entering the stage. She looks tired but ecstatic at the same time. Her outfit is quite dirty, so are her trekking shoes and carrier. As messy as her ponytail hair is her apparel.) ASTI. Kak Ella! (Storms to ELLA and hugs her.) You made it! ELLA. (Hugs ASTI back.) I know, right? ASTI. (Wrinkles her nose.) Ew... what a smell... (Walks away from ELLA.) ELLA. I'm sorry I couldn't clean myself properly. I've been told to go home soon! IMEL. And it was like – well maybe almost two weeks ago? (Gets up.) Before you turned off your cellphone? Why? Worried of me nagging, begging for you to go back when you're— ELLA. It was three-hour-and-a-half dizzy and smelly journey before you called me to go home immediately! Did you know it took three days to hike to the top of Argopuro and another four days to go down to Probolinggo? (To ASTI.) Gosh, and the trek is only for serious walkers, by the way. I'll tell you more later. (To IMEL.) What did you expect me to do? Fly? ASTI. (Enthusiastically.) How was it? ELLA. Like I've told you before, Asti, the sky is always different in the wild. And there is no better way than kissing the day goodbye by laying among trees and wild grass, sleeping under the big fat moon, with a giant scorpion... ASTI & DANIEL. A giant SCORPION? ASTI. Like a REAL scorpion? ELLA. Yes! Did you know— IMEL. (Approaches ASTI impatiently.) Asti, just get back to work. I've been dying to talk to my dear sister since two weeks ago. (To ELLA, sharply.) I wouldn't call you to go home for no reason, little sis. ELLA. Here begins the drama queen's great story... IMEL. I'm serious! ELLA. Duh. DANIEL. (To ASTI.) Asti, please, maybe Ella needs a glass of your superb sinom now after few days in uncivilized area. ELLA. I'm cool, Asti. You know, a glass of fresh water will be more than enough for me. (To IMEL.) So here I am now, Mel. What seems to be the problem? (ELLA sits in front of IMEL and DANIEL. ASTI hands a glass of water to ELLA and goes back to the stall. ELLA drinks the water.) IMEL. The lawyer just released Mother's will two weeks ago. That was the day when— ELLA. You freaked out and screamed at me on the phone, trying to make me go back here. IMEL. I called you and asked you to go home. ELLA. What did I say? IMEL. You don't want to know what Mother wrote in her last will? ELLA. Please. Shoot me the punchline. IMEL. (Hands ELLA a copy of the will.) Just read it by yourself and you will understand why I — ELLA. Was such a drama queen. Do I look surprised? (Quickly reads the will.) IMEL. So? What do you think? ELLA. (Puts the will on the table.) She meant you. IMEL. Excuse me? ELLA. This will. She is talking about you. Her dearest next Ms. Santoso. DANIEL. Well, she's technically Ms. Ojong after marrying me.

ELLA. (To DANIEL.) I am sorry, Ko, but I'd rather put 'Santoso' behind my first name than 'Ojong'. You know, 'Santoso' sounds much better, right? (To IMEL.) Right? IMEL. (Ignores what ELLA just said to DANIEL.) You said Mother is talking about me in her will because you don't like the idea of being trapped in this goddamned place for the rest of your life, do you? ELLA. Not exactly. But I meant what I said. Mother implied you when writing this. You know it, but you don't want to admit it. IMEL. Of course I don't! Mother does not mention my name at all in her will! She just made it clear that this business must be handed over to one of us. ELLA. Yeah. One of us. You. IMEL. This is ridiculous! ELLA. No, you are. Do admit it. It's always you on her mind. IMEL. Because... because it was always me giving a mile to her! Where were you when she needed you? Where were you? In the middle of nowhere, having fun with your freaking friends, leaving me and only me to take care of mother all the time! ELLA. Mother never wanted me around her. IMEL. Bullshit. ELLA. All she wanted from me was just me getting married to some man before she was gone, which I still couldn't make it until now. (END OF SCENE 2) SCENE 3 Light changing color fades in. Melancholic moment. Marry A Nice Man, Ella MS. SANTOSO. (Sits on her rocking chair.) Marry a nice man, Ella Marry a nice man Like what your sis did, Ella No better plan ELLA. (To IMEL.) I'm not sure marriage suits me like it does you. IMEL. You just don't want your feet tied up and stay in one place! DANIEL. Imel, please. IMEL. But she's out of her mind! MS. SANTOSO. Before I'm gone, Ella Before I'm gone for once Think not for you only Think about your name Think about your family and what people think about them Think about your sister, and her noble triumph becoming a dear mother ELLA. (Slightly deeper and wondering.) She never let me sip your magic essence Didn't I deserve it? Or something about my presence that before her, I never fit? IMEL. You're talking nonsense! ELLA. (To IMEL and DANIEL.) And how could she want me to go marry someone? After what I have witnessed in these past thirty years? Between her and father? And how she barely loved him and he her. How she was mad at him almost every single day because he was not interested at all to be a good husband and a dedicated father. I certainly will not repeat her mistake. Sure I can look for a nice man like Ko Daniel, but like hiking to the top of a mountain, not everyone is down with catching the beautiful sunrise. IMEL. You really don't want to do what she wanted you to do, I suppose? ELLA. (Beat.) On the contrary. I'll do it. DANIEL. W-what? To whom? IMEL. Wait, what? ELLA. Running this place. I'll do it. DANIEL. Oh, I thought.... Are... are you sure? You don't even... I mean you are away most of the time.... ELLA. I'll manage. I still have Asti to help me taking care of this business anyway. IMEL. Are you really fucking serious? ELLA. I'm really fucking serious, Mel. DANIEL. It's not something for fun, Ella. This is serious. ELLA. So am I. If this is the one thing that can make mother proud, I'll do it. It might be the time for me to reclaim my position as her daughter and it is much easier than getting married anyhow. DANIEL. You know you still can legally refuse to agree to take this business, right? (IMEL gives a squint at DANIEL. ELLA moves behind IMEL.) DANIEL. What? I just read it on the internet. What do you think I have been doing since we got here? Playing Angry Birds? ELLA. (Grabs her carrier, ready to leave.) I'll see the lawyer soon. It can wait, I guess? DANIEL. Well, probably? IMEL. Daniel! DANIEL. But, the sooner the better, Ella. For sure. IMEL. (To ELLA.) You're joking, right? ELLA. To see the lawyer? I am not. Just maybe not tomorrow. IMEL. (Takes one step to stop ELLA.) To take over this business. And FINALLY to be a GOOD daughter. ELLA. Well, apparently. Nope. That is not a joke either. Can I go now? Because I really need a loooong nap. (Yawns.) (ELLA enters to the house.) IMEL. (To ELLA.) Ella! Wait! (To herself.) Oh, gosh, she's gotta be JOKING! (To DANIEL.) SHE'S GOTTA BE JOKING! (Runs after ELLA.) That crazy little bitch must be up to something! (IMEL follows ELLA.) DANIEL. Imel! (Collects his and her belongings.) That crazy little bitch is definitely not the only one. Imel! Your sister said she's not joking! (DANIEL follows IMEL. ASTI is closing the stall. ASTI takes off her jacket, hesitates, stares to the spot where ELLA left, wonders.) (BLACK OUT) (END OF SCENE 3) SCENE 4 Later in the evening. The same setting, except the chairs are now overturned on the table. The 'closed' sign hangs on the upper corner of the stall. The rocking chair is now empty. (ELLA enters the stage. She looks tired and sleepy at the same



time but she cannot sleep. Something disturbs her, and it's not just the fact that her sister has been calling her many times. She takes one of the chairs on the table and sits.) ELLA. (ELLA's cellphone rings, looks at the caller, looks bored, rejects. The phone keeps ringing, and she mocks it.) Sassy sissy on the phone, nasty lady to the bone. (Takes a pack of cigarettes out of her pocket. Then to herself.) Last one. Tsk. Should have bought one yesterday. (Looks for her zippo.) Crap. I left it at the lake. (ELLA throws her cigarette onto the table.) (ASTI enters silently. ELLA does not know her presence yet.) ASTI. Need some match? ELLA. (Jumps.) Asti! Shit! I didn't see you coming! ASTI. I'm sorry. ELLA. Going home? ASTI. (Beat.) I AM home. ELLA. Right, yeah. I mean, to... you know... the place you actually live, sleep, brush your teeth... ASTI. I know what you mean. ELLA. Come, sit here with me. Don't ask me how, but I can tell that you need a company, which is good because I think I need one too. ASTI. Still need a match? I can head down to the kitchen and get some for you. ELLA. No, no, no, don't bother. I lost my appetite anyway. Sit here and we can talk about shits. ASTI. (Eventually takes a chair on the same table and sits.) Look, I'm sorry but I have to ask— ELLA. Did Kak Imel make you? ASTI. No, no. I'm here on my own wish. I wish to talk to you about the will. And the jamu store of...yours. ELLA. What about that? ASTI. Are you really sure you're going to do that? ELLA. Do what? Shitting this place the way my dear Mother did? Yes and no. ASTI. Yes and no? ELLA. Yeah. You don't expect me to do exactly the way she did, right? I'm not her, for one thing. ASTI. Any plan already? ELLA. I'm not sure just yet. ASTI. Anyone you will fire... perhaps? ELLA. Should I? The business is running well, isn't it? ASTI. (Half yells.) I just don't want you to mess this place up! (She closes her mouth and looks shocked and very sorry at the same time after yelling at ELLA.) ELLA. (Surprised.) Excuse me? ASTI. I'm sorry, Kak Ella. Really, really sorry. I don't know why I am being such a fool. ELLA. (Stunned.) You think I will mess this place up? ASTI. Well... ELLA. (Laughs so hard.) Why do you think so? ASTI. (Doubtful.) You... you... don't drink jamu. ELLA. I don't. And? ASTI. You are away too often. ELLA. I am. I said I'll manage. ASTI. You... don't like Bu Santoso. ELLA. (Beat.) (Looks up to ASTI, stares at her.) Well, that... probably. ASTI. I... I'm afraid you w-won't give your all for... for this. ELLA. (Laughs bitterly.) Right. So you are now telling me that you don't trust me. ASTI. I... I just want to m-make sure you... you don't let go of it. Your mother had sacrificed her life for this store. ELLA. Do you really believe I have no idea about it at all? Do you actually think I still need you talk to me like you're the one who knows everything about my mother and this store that she sacrificed her life for? Ha-ha-ha. I've had enough of it from my big sister already, thank you very much! Yes, Asti, I know! Dammit, I KNOW! The whole fucking story of my life is full of my mother's sacrifice for this place and... and for... (Beat.) ... my sister.... She got a lot of 'how-are-you's from Mother, you know? I kept waiting for her 'how-are-you's for me... I guess until now. ASTI. Kak Ella... ELLA. Listen, I got an idea. Are you free tomorrow morning? ASTI. I will be here as usual. I still work at the store, remember? ELLA. Yeah, right. Well, what about you teach me how to serve a perfect jamu, at least for me? I'll be a good trainee, I promise. What do you say? ASTI. (Hesitates.) You want me to teach you how...? ELLA. Yeah. I do. Who knows, this way I will have a better look at everything and do what I really need to do, not what I am supposed to do. I don't feel like myself recently. And maybe, I can change your mind and then you'll think I am more than willing to run my mother's business. ASTI. Like what? ELLA. Pardon? ASTI. What do you think you are supposed to do now? ELLA. (Beat.) To be my Mother's daughter. Right? ASTI. You think? A Stranger at Home ELLA. (Rises.) A stranger at home That's me A stranger at home ASTI. No, you are not, Kak Ella. ELLA. No one forced you No one made you do anything you should do No one pushed you No one favored you ASTI. You're wrong, Kak Ella. ELLA. A stranger at home That's me, yes, that's me A stranger at home What's worse than to be a stranger at home? ASTI. Please, Kak Ella. Bu Santoso loved you. Both of you. ELLA. Obviously. Well, Asti, I think I'm going to bed now. See you tomorrow? ASTI. I'll be here, Kak Ella. As usual. ELLA. Good. (About to leave.) ASTI. Kak Ella? ELLA. Hm? ASTI. You said you kept waiting for Bu Santoso's 'how-are-you's to you. Till now. (Beat.) Perhaps, she did the same thing. From her daughters. From you. And as to you, I'm pretty sure she didn't want you to end up

like her. She used to say to me, she believed in you – that you would somehow survive in this crappy world no matter how hard people trick you. A confidence she didn't have in your sister. (BLACK OUT) (END OF SCENE 4) SCENE 5 Next morning. The same setting as it is at the very first scene. (ASTI is back inside the stall, busily preparing the ingredi- ents to teach ELLA. ELLA enters the stage from the other side of it. During the conversation of ASTI and ELLA, ELLA's cellphones keeps vibrating on the table – to show IMEL keeps trying to reach her.) ELLA. Morning! ASTI. Good morning, Kak Ella. Please give me a little more time to prepare everything. ELLA. (Sits at one of the customer tables.) Be my guest and take your time. I'm not going anywhere. ASTI. Been out already? So early. ELLA. Just grabbed some stuffs. (Puts her cigarette pack, a zippo and her cellphone on the table. The cellphone vibrates.) Good God, did you know that Imel still bugged me all night? Calling me like some maniac. I guess I am still a black sheep in this family. For her. ASTI. She's gotta do what she's gotta do. ELLA. I'm used to it anyway. ASTI. Well. I'm ready when you are, Kak Ella. ELLA. (Moves into the stall.) And I'm all yours this morning. ASTI. Okay. Now, what we are about to serve is a glass of beras kencur. ELLA. Why beras kencur? ASTI. Why... not? (Laughs.) Because a perfect beras kencur takes a long process. If you nail this, you can do the oth- ers. And beras kencur is good for our body. Like, very good. If you drink beras kencur every day, you'll be ready to take on everything coming your way. ELLA. Impressive. Will it also work when I go hiking? ASTI. You can try. This is the one Bu Santoso used to make every day for Kak Imel as well. ELLA. (Beat.) Glad to know that. ASTI. First of all, I have soaked the rice, because it takes three to four hours to do it. ELLA. Four hours? Three to four hours just for the rice? That's insane! ASTI. And you need to pick the best rice for it – do not get it wrong with the fragrant rice and its pretty look. In fact, you need no aromatic rice. Like what we have here. (Shows a pinch of rice to ELLA.) Wash it carefully to make sure it is clean before soaking it in plain water. ELLA. You've done that part, right? ASTI. I have. Next time, you can do it by yourself. Now, we are preparing the other ingredients. This is kencur. Turmeric. Ginger. Cloves. Cinnamon. And brown sugar. ELLA. Now hang on there just a second! I am not following you! ASTI. Relax, Kak Ella. It's really nothing compared to your ad ventures in the wild. ELLA. So. This is kencur? (ASTI nods.) And this one... ginger? ASTI. (Laughs.) That one is turmeric, Kak Ella. This one is gin- ger. It looks similar but slightly different, see? ELLA. Right. So this one, cloves and that one cinnamon? I can tell from its aroma. (ASTI nods.) Gosh. This is much more difficult than I thought it would be! And this one is... brown sugar? What's the difference between white sugar and this? ASTI. White sugar is... white, and brown sugar is— ELLA. Brown. Yeah, how stupid of me! ASTI. (Laughs.) It will taste different, Kak Ella. Personally, I choose brown sugar over white sugar. It strengthens the taste of beras kencur. Some of our customers ask for white sugar, though. That's also fine. Sometimes honey, too. ELLA. Well, brown sugar it is! Let's do this! ASTI. (Switches place with ELLA.) Now, let's proceed. I am boiling some water here and then we're going to roughly chop the brown sugar and toss them into the boiling water. Keep the fire low. ELLA. (Chops the brown sugar.) Is this good? ASTI. That will do. (Tosses the brown sugar to the boiling water.) Then, we are about to mash and grind the other ingredi- ents. Including the soaked rice. Please wait here, Kak Ella, let me fetch the rice from the kitchen. You may chop all of them so it will be easier for us to mash them together. ELLA. Can I use the blender? It will have the same result, right? ASTI. (Hastily.) No! Bu Santoso wouldn't like us to prepare ev- erything with food processors. She said it would destroy the sensation of the first sip. ELLA. Did she? So weird. ASTI. Yes. Please, stay away from it. Just do it one by one, take your time. I don't want you cut your fingers. I'll be right back. (ASTI exits.) (END OF SCENE 5) SCENE 6 (ELLA is chopping the other ingredients very carefully and awk- wardly; she cut her finger.) ELLA. Shit! Geez... (Sucks the finger. Looks around the stall and eventually stares at the entrance door where MS. SAN- TOSO usually appears. MS. SANTOSO walks in.) Were you actually happy with your life, Mother? With these ridiculous stuffs to deal with.... With father not around.... (MS. SANTOSO sits on her rocking chair and starts knit- ting.) Let's talk, Mother, since I'm alone here and no one will think I'm crazy talking to you as if you still live in this place when actually it's just me imagining

it's all real, though it's not. MS. SANTOSO. (Eventually rises from her rocking chair, approaching ELLA.) Thank you for asking that, Ella. And thank you too for having me in your head, especially when you're making one of the things I used to. ELLA. (Has difficulties in mashing and grinding the ingredients. She cannot bear to think her mother used to make it for her sister only.) It takes a great deal just for this one drink, yeah, Mother? This was how much you would do for Imel. In fact, you gave all of you to her, right? (Abruptly stops doing the ingredients.) I can't do it. (Goes back to the table where she puts her cigarette pack, makes a gesture of strong will to lit one of the cigarettes, puts it back on the table.) MS. SANTOSO. Giving up already? It's not you, Ella. ELLA. Yeah, Mother. Not me. I won't give up. This is the only way for me to be your daughter. That's also what you always said to Asti, right? That you believed in me – that somehow I will be a survivor, blah blah blah.... (About to lit one of her cigarettes.) MS. SANTOSO. How many times should I tell you, Ella, cigarette is no good for your health. You'll die young wasting your life... On You I've Wasted My Life/Another Day ELLA. (Puts down the cigarette, feels somewhat frustrated.) Oh, Mother... On you I've wasted my life, don't you think? No storytelling for me before bed No 'how are you' in my early mornings Little girl needs mom, little girl needs dad What if no daddy, no mommy with you No dad to pat your back for something good When you need it, no mom to stay all night with you Though you had asked, you begged, you protested How do I know you loved me, Mother, if everything I did, you ignored? The good, the bad, and the better You didn't care, Mother, you didn't care What should have I done to be your daughter? My life had been wasted, Mother, on you MS. SANTOSO. Maybe down in your heart, you see Loving you is to set you free ELLA. Why, Mother, why? (Confronts.) Why can't I see the blue sky in your eyes? MS. SANTOSO. (To correct.) Only dark deep ocean. ELLA. (As a little girl, excited.) Look, Mother, I got an A for my English class! MS. SANTOSO. Ella, you're strong as a bull You don't need me like a fool Imel, come down, your beras kencur is served! (Beat.) IMEL! ELLA. (As a little girl.) Mother, I won an art competition at school! Look at my painting! (Shows an imaginary paper of her painting.) It's me, you, and.... MS. SANTOSO. Ella, you're strong as a bull You don't need me like a fool Imel, hurry up! You're almost late for your piano lesson! ELLA. (Confronts.) Another day, another try Another moment, another broken Though you may reckon... MS. SANTOSO. (Convinces.) Ella, you're strong as a bull You don't need me like a fool ELLA. (Confronts) You're wrong, mother I need you more than the other more than ever MS. SANTOSO. Tell me now, Ella, tell me now Let me know your mind, let me know As that is just where I live now ELLA. It's too late, Mother You have left me Nothing but bitter Nothing but a shutter Nothing but a loser! Am I your daughter?! Mother?! (Beat.) (ELLA goes back to the stall, tries hard to resume what she has done with the ingredients.) MS. SANTOSO. (More like to herself.) My love to Ella is surreal My love to Imel is a battle But, these loves are a great deal These loves are not to settle ELLA. So were you actually happy with your life, Mother? MS. SANTOSO. (Smile vaguely. Walks to the stall, stands next to ELLA.) Have you any idea how to prepare beras kencur in a proper way? ELLA. Like what I AM doing now? I TOLD you. It will be a messy business for people like me to make just one drink like this one! MS. SANTOSO. (Helps chopping the ingredients.) Why do you think I never used food processor to do this bit? ELLA. (Hesitates.) Maybe..., just maybe... because... MS. SANTOSO. (Continues.) Because everything good does not always come naturally. Some need a long process to become perfection. Like this one. If you take a shortcut for the process, the output will no longer perfect. Easier, but it's rudely flawed. Flawlessness knows no instant way. ELLA. And... that is actually the answer I have been waiting for from Mother... (MS. SANTOSO is back to her chair leaving ELLA in her contemplation. ASTI enters the stage carrying the rice and wedang jahe.) ASTI. Here you go, Kak Ella. This is our star of the day. ELLA. (No reply) ASTI. Kak Ella? ELLA. Y-yes? ASTI. Are you alright? O my God, you cut your finger! ELLA. No, no. I'm okay. I'm alright. It's nothing. Gimme that. (Snatches the rice.) So we mash them together, like this, right? (Mashes and grinds all the ingredients, emotionally.) (Tense music to accompany ELLA mashing and grinding the ingredients emotionally.) ASTI. I... I think that will do. Now, put all of them into the boiling water. ELLA. (Puts all the

ingredients into the boiling water.) ASTI. Stir and smell its fragrance before serving it in your glass. It smells good, doesn't it? ELLA. It does! Strange, I thought I wouldn't even like the aroma. ASTI. Wait till you feel the first sensation in one sip. Just take your moment because it only happens once. ELLA. To feel? This juice is to feel? ASTI. Yeah. Bu Santoso used to say: beras kencur is made by pieces of happiness. A piece like ginger itself, for example, is already strong the way it is. Bu Santoso always asked me to make a cup of wedang jahe for her at night after we called the day off and you two were in bed and she finally had her own time. ELLA. Really? ASTI. Yes, if there is one drink that may represent Bu Santoso, Kak Ella, it will be Wedang Jahe. It's simple, strong and warm at the same time. Ibuk told me this, you know, because Bu Santoso often said you are just like this wedang jahe.... ELLA. I beg your pardon? Me? Like this drink? ASTI. That's what I remember. Bu Santoso said to Ibuk- (ASTI mouths the words MS. SANTOSO said.) MS. SANTOSO. Stubborn. Stubborn like a bull, my Ella. I knew it when Ella's born with her legs out first. She nearly killed me during that labor and her first cry was way stronger than her sister. That's when I knew she would be as tough as... me. Imel was unfortunately the opposite. And I absolutely would not want her to end up like her father – running away from his responsibility of raising his two daughters and carrying his parents' legacy. This jamu cafe. ELLA. Did she? ASTI. Meifang. That's how they called Ms. Santoso when she was just a girl - before she became Ms. Santoso. I was told that to her, love is sacrifice. Loving her parents, she sacrificed herself to be a part of the Santoso's – ended up with handling this business alone – while Pak Santoso's family sneered at her for only giving girls to carry on the name of Santoso's. ELLA. Yeah, I used to wonder why emak didn't like us very much. Anyway. You know my mother very well, Asti. I should say, even more than we – her daughters – do. ASTI. Now, I have made this cup of wedang jahe for Bu Santoso, and I will put it at the usual place. Kak Imel told me to do so, since well Pak Santoso's family said so, but she seemed reluctant to do it. They actually told me to put some fruits and food, but... well, I talked to Kak Imel why can't we just put her favorite ones, like wedang jahe? And she said she's okay with it. (ASTI puts a cup of wedang jahe on MS. SANTOSO's coffee table.) ELLA. Yeah. That actually makes sense. (IMEL rushes into the stage.) IMEL. (To ELLA.) There you are! I've been calling you since last night! Where were you? ELLA. I was here all night – sleeping. Duh. Where else? IMEL. What about this morning? You didn't even pick up your cellphone! ELLA. What do you want? IMEL. (To ASTI.) Asti, can you leave us for a moment? I really need to talk to my little sister. (ASTI nods and leaves the stage.) The Feud ELLA. No need to say a word I know what's inside your head IMEL. How dare you? No, you don't know, Sis Obviously in my head, this madness I was not mother's dearest Instead, she gave you life at best ELLA. It's not in your head that matters It's in my heart that's never better On my own, all the time All alone, hey sister, every time IMEL. That's been my wish all those years! And everything I wanted mother to hear! On my own all the time All alone, hey sister, I don't mind ELLA. Being me is never enough I tried and I tried to be tough but Being you was a dream and to mother I screamed Begging her in any way not just you, but to me to say "Ella, how are you today?" IMEL. You're lying, you just never bothered All along you just weren't alert Running away, that's what you used to do Leaving me, with mother and her fucking prompts too I wish... ELLA. She gave more time with me! Not just with you, I'm sorry! I wish I were you to be, all about you she carried! All this time! MS. SANTOSO. Imel, how are you today? Study hard for exam the other day Imel, how are you today? You have to be a good mother one day. Imel, how are you today? Find a man, to love you more day by day Imel, how are you today? Daniel is a fine lad, he's yours, I may say. (Pause.) IMEL. All this time... you wish you were me? ELLA. And you just knew? IMEL. I thought... MS. SANTOSO. Imel, don't forget your glass of beras kencur. It will give you strength and health every day. ELLA. You thought I was happy to be free. I wasn't free, Imel. Never. Mother imprisoned me in a cage of questions I never had the answers to. (Goes back into the stall, turns off the stove, spoons the beras kencur and put it into a glass. ELLA hands the beras kencur to IMEL.) Have you had one today? IMEL. I... Is that what I think it...? ELLA. Beras kencur. It is. The one mother used to give you every day. Remember? I made this, you know. MS. SANTOSO. Drink it, Ella.

Feel it. With your heart. It's your turn to feel the way your sister once felt every day. IMEL. Why don't you have it this time, Ella? Go, try it. Step in my shoes just this once. ELLA. (Hesitates, drinks.) MS. SANTOSO. What do you feel, Ella? IMEL. Well? ELLA. I... feel... happy. It's a strange feeling. But that's what I really feel. Happy. IMEL. Oh, Ella. (IMEL has a strong feeling to touch her sister. ELLA stares back to IMEL with confused look. IMEL awkwardly rushes out.) ELLA. (Contemplating) This beras kencur might be the answer I have been seeking from Mother! - that my sister is perhaps like what I just sipped. To be perfectly served, it takes a really great deal. Right? I mean, I have to do this first, then do that. I need to process the rice first and wait, then I do the next step. And it indeed takes a long process to be good. Probably, right? Or... it does? Then... for Mother... sacrifice is the new happiness. To lose something. And to pursue one, you have to make sacrifices. Your time. Your energy. Your money. Even... your dreams. You sacrificed your dreams to make us the way we are now, right, Mother? (MS. SANTOSO rises from her rocking chair. She is about to leave. Before she actually leaves, she smiles at ELLA. MS. SANTOSO exits.) Ginger and Things ELLA. And I am... (Takes a long look at her mother's corner with a cup of wedang jahe on the table.) Ginger and sugar and water The spice, the sweet, the plain Ginger and lemon and water The spice, the sour, the plain Ginger and coffee and water The spice, the tart, the plain Ginger and the others, to be finer It may be me, just like mother Life as tough as it is As painful as it is as thrilling as it is as dreary as it is Even if life throws me ev'rything Like mother, I'll be surviving Ginger and things, to be something (BLACK OUT) (END OF SCENE 6) SCENE 7 Next day, in the morning, ASTI is busy at the stall as usual. IMEL is sitting at one of the table. She is sipping a glass of beras ken- cur. No more MS. SANTOSO at the rocking chair, but the cup of wedang jahe is at the usual place. IMEL. Have you told Ella I'm here already? ASTI. I have, Kak Imel. But I'm afraid she's... (ELLA enters the stage. Her outfit looks like she is going to do another trip, she wears her trekking shoes. Her car- rier hangs on her back.) ELLA. Good morning, sister. IMEL. Are you going somewhere today? ELLA. I'm heading to Situbondo. IMEL. Situbondo? What are you doing there? ELLA. Giving a more proper farewell to mother, since I don't recall one during her funeral service. I only remembered I finished one pack of cigarettes that night. IMEL. What? (DANIEL enters the stage.) ELLA. Good morning, Ko Daniel. DANIEL. Morning. (To IMEL.) Have you talked to her? (To ELLA.) Where are you going? IMEL. She's going to Situbondo. ELLA. To Pasir Putih actually. DANIEL. May I ask why? ELLA. Because that was the place where we said goodbye to mother for the last time? DANIEL. Oh. Yeah. We scattered her ash there. And? IMEL. She'd like to have a more proper farewell with mother. Some kind of... having a pep talk, maybe, Ella? DANIEL. (Puzzled.) A pep talk? To whom? ELLA. Mother. DANIEL. (To IMEL.) Did lightning strike her? ELLA. Don't worry. Bayu will drive me there. DANIEL. (To ELLA.) Who is Bayu? ELLA. A friend. IMEL. What kind of talk, Ella? Tell us. ELLA. About this jamu store. About her. About me. About us. You especially. I'm going to tell her that many times, I wished I were you and I wished I heard her ask me "Ella, how are you today?" as many times as she did to you. But, I promise I will do it in a more truthful way – out of my healing heart – IMEL. Ella... ELLA. Maybe you will forever be Mother's 'how-are-you', Mel. I, on the other hand, have to be satisfied with her 'I-am- sorry'. Even that will happen only in my imagination. (Music intro fades in.) Another Day (Reprise) ELLA. Another day, a brand new day Another moment, for one last say I might not be as strong as a bull Yet no longer like a fool It's not too late, mother You have left me to rediscover Nothing but to recover Nothing but a sister I am your daughter, Mother. IMEL. (Hugs ELLA abruptly.) ELLA. (Hugs IMEL back. Her cellphone vibrates. She releases her sister. Looks at her cellphone.) Bayu is here already. DANIEL. (To IMEL) You won't let her leave just like that, will you, honey? ELLA. (ELLA is about to leave, but stops for a moment.) Imel, I'm giving this stall to you. I think Mother will be glad to know the store she's so proud of is in good hand like yours. Not to worry! This time, I will be around. (ELLA's cellphone is vibrating again. ELLA looks at her cell- phone.) Bayu's been waiting. I'm off. See you soon, guys. (ELLA exits.) DANIEL. Who on earth is Bayu, Imel? Her boyfriend? (To ASTI.) She has a boyfriend? (IMEL does not say anything.) Imel? (Beat.) Mother Asked Me Every Morning (Reprise)

IMEL. Mother asked me every morning “My girl, how are you today?” now if again she were asking, I probably would say “Being a wife is not a curse, and being a mother is nothing worse. though she’s gone, she lives in me, and time will prove it, you’ll see. I am not yet a good mother, but I’m trying hard to be....” (Small weep.) (DANIEL hugs IMEL.) IMEL. (To DANIEL.) If Mother was still here, I think I am going to ask her one question I never did. DANIEL. What is it? IMEL. (Beat.) “Mother, how are you today?” (SOOTHING MUSIC FADES IN) (LIGHT FADES OUT) (THE END) Media coverage <http://bit.ly/MotherSS> <http://bit.ly/MotherGenta> Audience comments Gallery Francisca Vinybelinda as Imel Santoso (left) and Jeklien Koorag as Ella Santoso (right) Meilinda as Mrs. Santoso (left) and Jeklien Koorag as Ella Santoso (right) About the Author Born just a week before Valentine Day in 1981 and raised in Batik City, Jessie has grown her love to literature since she was in elementary school. She wrote her very first script in her 8th grade for the group project of her Bahasa Indonesia class. When she moved to Surabaya 18 years later to study English Letters in Petra Christian University, she eventually fell in love with theatre and actually starts learning to write scripts for theatre production through numerous trials and errors. Her first work with Petra Little Theatre, “Mother, How Are You Today?”, was produced in 2016. About Petra Little Theatre Petra Little Theatre is an educational theatre that enables students to make fresh, quality theatre performances and an engine for development of new plays in Indonesia that makes connections to contemporary audiences for a global society. Artistry, Professionalism, Collaboration, Diversity, and Education are our core values. Petra Little Theatre produces at least one play every semester. For the latest information, check: <http://petralittletheatre.wixsite.com/petralittletheatre> Instagram / Twitter / Facebook: [petraliltheatre](#) 8 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 9 10 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 11 12 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 13 14 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 15 16 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 17 18 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 19 20 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 21 22 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 23 24 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 25 26 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 27 28 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 29 30 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 31 32 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 33 34 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 35 36 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 37 38 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 39 40 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 41 42 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 43 44 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 45 46 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 47 48 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 49 50 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 51 52 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 53 54 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s New Play Development Program Series 55 56 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre’s

New Play Development Program Series 57 58 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre's New Play Development Program Series 59 60 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre's New Play Development Program Series 61 62 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre's New Play Development Program Series 63 64 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre's New Play Development Program Series 65 66 Mother, How Are You Today? by Jessie Monika Petra Little Theatre's New Play Development Program Series 67