

論壇劇場專業人才工作坊暨排練計畫

<論壇劇場編劇法> 工作坊

<丑客的藝術> 工作坊

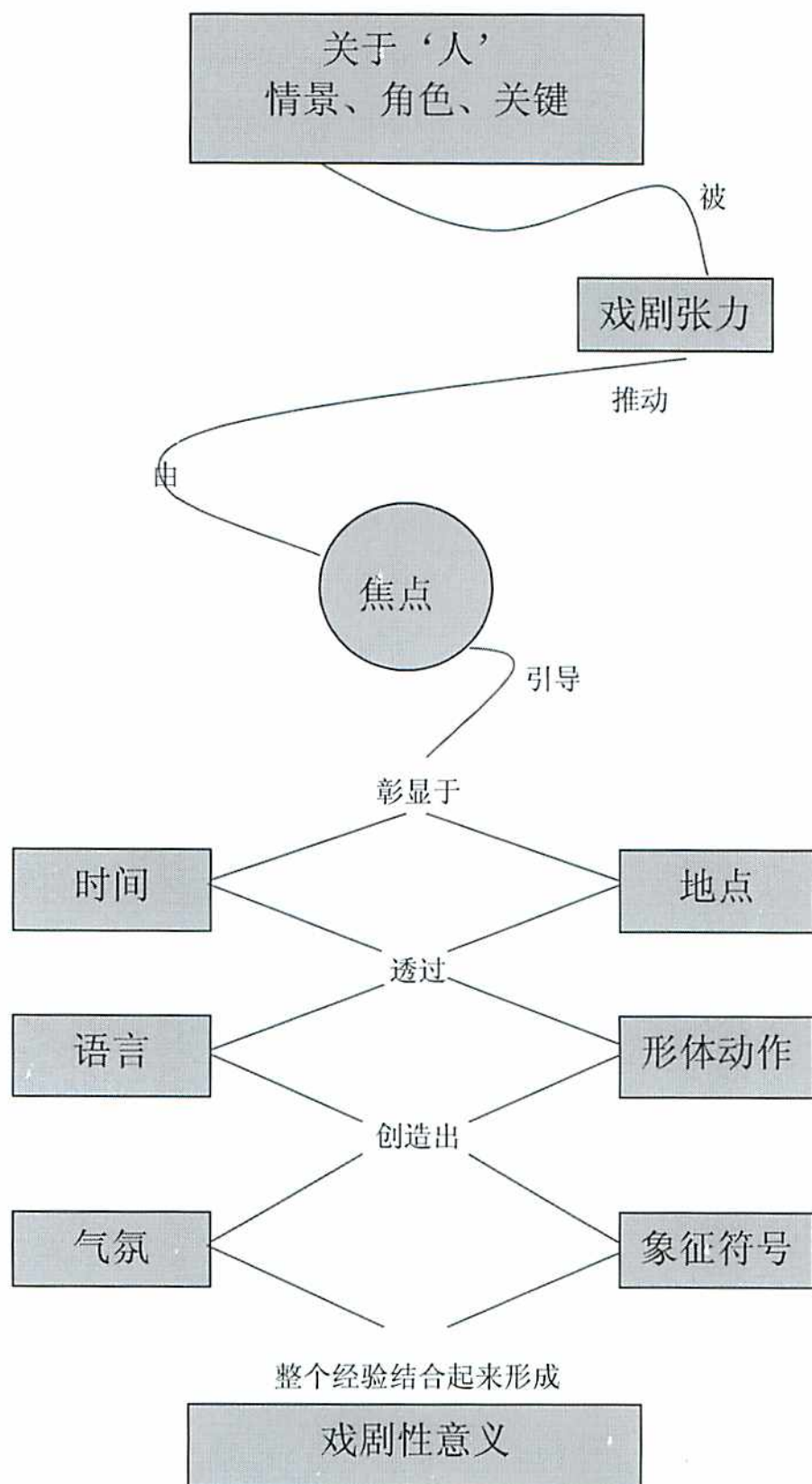
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主辦單位：  台灣應用劇場發展中心
Centre for Applied Theatre, Taiwan

贊助單位：  財團法人|國家文化藝術|基金會

姓 名： _____

戏剧的元素



家

人物（按出場順序排列）：

MARIA DA GRACIA（妹妹）
MARIA DA GLORIA（姐姐）
SEBASTIANA（母親）
BETO（GLORIA 和 GRACA 的哥哥）
ORLANDO（父親）
GRANDPA（祖父）

陳設：

舞臺展示的是一個中低層家庭：佈景簡單，包括一個餐桌，餐桌旁邊的一台電視機，隔壁是一間臥室。室內裝飾著全家福照片。這是一個星期天的午餐時間。在桌旁，GLORIA 在做功課，GRACA 在看電視。

GRACA：哇。FERNANDA 竟逃出診所。她把護士毒暈後就逃跑了。她太厲害了！你有沒有看到她哭的樣子？

GLORIA：（眼睛不離書本）誰？

GRACA：FERNANDA。昨天她穿了一件全是繡花的婚紗，她看起來像仙女一樣。

【安靜】

GRACA：GLORIA，我需要跟你談談——我很亂，我不知道該怎麼辦。

GLORIA：（眼睛不離書本）什麼事？

GRACA：我出了些問題，我想你能幫我。

GLORIA：（抬起頭）我明天有考試，有一大堆東西要復習。如果我是你的話，也會做些功課。你去年已經不及格了，如果還這樣繼續下去，你今天又會不及格。

GRACA：我就是學不來那些東西。

【GLORIA 繼續讀書】

GRACA：這個禮拜我寫了些東西，但我又撕掉了，因為我想他們不會喜歡的。我喜歡寫作，但我總是找不到恰當的字句。我想寫作應該就是內心的抒發，我寫我說不出的話。學校裏的人都說我寫的很糟。我真的很想寫一個電視劇本。

GLORIA：GRACA，親愛的，你在打擾我。

GRACA：打擾你，打擾你做你最重視的功課。你只在乎你自己。

GLORIA：不要任性。去看你的電視劇，給我點清靜。

GRACA：（笑）你如果知道我寫的電視劇本有多真實的話……

GLORIA：（認真的看著妹妹）我知道的比你想像的多，小姐。（又低下頭看書）

【SEBASTIANA 進場】

SEBASTIANA：你們兩個，快來幫我把食物和餐桌準備好。

GLORIA：媽媽，我在讀書，叫 GRACA 幫你。

GRACA：為什麼是我？我在看電視。每次都是我在幫忙。

GLORIA：我做的可比你多，今天的床單是誰燙的？

GRACA：是，今天而已，其他幾天呢？你就只會學習，永遠都在發明考試。

GLORIA：我沒有發明考試，我在讀書。你只燙過一次床單就裝得好像你做了一整天的家務似的。你只會去夜店，從沙灘去電影院，再從電影院去夜店，然後半夜回家向媽媽撒謊。

GRACA：你嫉妒！

GLORIA：嫉妒？我？管好你自己吧！

SEBASTIANA：好了！GLORIA，你去準備餐桌。GRACA，你來廚房裏幫我。

GLORIA：遵命！

GRACA：真是的！

【GRACA 與母親走進廚房，GLORIA 把餐桌放好後繼續做功課。】

GRACA：（從廚房裏喊）喂！午餐準備好了，快來吃。

【BETO 進場】

BETO：怎麼了？我餓了，晚餐吃什麼？

GLORIA：BETO，你不要滿身沙就坐下來。

BETO：又是星期天常做的通心粉？我已經吃到膩了！

GLORIA：有飯吃你就應該謝天謝地了！

BETO：我跟你打賭，就連義大利人都沒有吃這麼多的通心粉！

【BETO 轉臺】

GLORIA：不要轉臺，我在看呢！

【BETO 向妹妹吐舌頭。SEBASTIANA 端著盤子進場。】

BETO：（反復地）媽媽，媽媽，媽媽！

SEBASTIANA：去洗你那髒兮兮的手，飯已經好了。

【GRANDPA 進場】

GRANDPA：食物呢？

【他坐下來】

GRANDPA：（對 GLORIA）你是要一邊吃一邊讀嗎？你可不能一心二用。

GLORIA：我就要讀完這本了，祖父。我明天有考試。

GRANDPA：BETO，你呢？你什麼時候要做點有用的事？

BETO：做點有用的事？我寧願再喝瓶啤酒。講到這個，那你呢？你什麼時候要娶 DONA OFELIA？

GRANDPA：你在說什麼啊，夥計？笑點在哪里？

BETO：她是個寡婦，你是個驕夫，加起來剛好。她這個歲數，樣子已經算不錯的了。他們說她曾經是第一本聖經的封面女郎呢……

GLORIA：你真是個笨蛋，BETO。

BETO：而我最喜歡講的就是你，親愛的。

【ORLANDO 進場】

ORLANDO：TIANA！

【母親跑去拿丈夫的拖鞋】

SEBASTIANA：午餐準備好了，ORLANDO。

【母親走進廚房，GRACA 坐在桌旁。】

ORLANDO：手腳快點，TIANA，我都快餓扁了。

GRANDPA：ORLANDO，你有沒有跟 MANUEL 先生談關於銷售、關於筆記本生意的事？

ORLANDO：都安排好了。我已經跟他都處理好了，老頭子。

AVO：我並不在乎他昨天的裝模作樣。（向 BETO）喂小子！去穿件上衣可以嗎？你不知道半裸的坐在餐桌前是很沒禮貌的嗎？

BETO：半裸？真有你的，祖父！（他做了個鬼臉，去拿他的衣服）

【SEBASTIANA 開始盛飯】

GRACA：媽，我不餓。

SEBASTIANA：怎麼會？至少吃一點。

GRACA：我不餓！

SEBASTIANA：別用那樣的語氣跟我說話，你不知道挨餓是什麼滋味。如果你不想吃飯，就說你沒有胃口，不要說你不餓。

ORLANDO：TIANA，別再寵著她。如果你不想吃，就別吃。這孩子不知道這些食物有多貴，不知道有多少人沒有飯吃，沒有神的愛……

GLORIA：她的心不在這個上面！

GRACA：GLORIA，我不用你管！

BETO：（向 GLORIA）你不要一直針對她！你這只豬！

GLORIA：她整晚都在哭。

ORLANDO：快來坐，TIANA。

SEBASTIANA：你怎麼了，孩子？

GRACA：沒事，媽媽。我只是不舒服。

【他們一起安靜的畫了個十字。】

GRANDPA：感謝神，感謝我們的主耶穌，等我過完這輩子後，可不要忘了帶我去天國。

【眾笑】

SEBASTIANA：有那麼容易就好了。

【眾用餐】

SEBASTIANA：今天早上我去買牛奶，結果到了雜貨店時已經有人在排隊了。

ORLANDO：我真不知道這一切什麼時候才會結束。

GLORIA：家裏都沒有人喝牛奶，我不知道你為什麼還要去。

SEBASTIANA：你哥哥喝牛奶，記得嗎，ORLANDO？BETO 直到 7 歲時才斷奶，我的母乳多到一直往外流。小 GRACA 和 GLORIA 也一樣，我得在我的乳頭上放胡椒她們才停。

【GRACA 看起來不舒服，離開了餐桌，SEBASTIANA 跟在她後面。】

GLORIA：我說的吧。

【他們繼續吃飯。焦點轉去客廳，GRACA 和 SEBASTIANA 談話。】

SEBASTIANA：怎麼了，孩子？

GRACA：沒事，媽媽。

SEBASTIANA：還說沒事，你的臉色這麼蒼白。

GRACA：我只是不舒服。

SEBASTIANA：GLORIA 說你整晚都在哭。

GRACA：她亂講的。

【安靜】

SEBASTIANA：GRACA，我的寶貝女兒，你是不是肚子痛？

GRACA： 沒有，媽媽。我沒事，我只是最近感覺不舒服。

SEBASTIANA： 是不是你交了個男朋友，不敢跟媽媽講？

GRACA： 是的，媽媽，我慚愧，我羞恥極了！

SEBASTIANA： 為什麼羞恥？

GRACA： 我想我做了件蠢事，媽媽！

SEBASTIANA： 什麼蠢事？

GRACA： 我已經 2 個月沒有來月事了。

SEBASTIANA： 你是說……

GRACA： 我想我懷孕了！

SEBASTIANA： 你怎麼什麼都沒說呢？你不相信媽媽嗎？

GRACA： 我以爲你不會理解我，我很害怕，媽媽！

SEBASTIANA： 你害怕，那我呢？我該怎麼辦？這是哪一個混蛋做的？

GRACA： 你不認識他。

SEBASTIANA： 你沒帶過他來見我？你在學校裏都學些什麼？

GRACA： 媽媽，你從來不向我解釋這些事情。你從來不教我關於愛情的事、或男女之間的事。

SEBASTIANA： 我在你這麼大，17 歲時，雖然我什麼都不知道，但我不會犯這麼大的錯，我不會讓我的母親這麼傷心。

GRACA： 可我不是你，媽媽。

SEBASTIANA： 你什麼都還不懂！

GRACA： 你才什麼都不懂。你不懂外面的世界，你這輩子就只在家裏勞作、受苦，你連門都不出。

SEBASTIANA： 你現在有什麼打算？

GRACA： 我想要跟現在不一樣的東西，我不要這一生都困在房子裏，我有夢想，我不要這樣生活下去，我要不一樣的生活。

SEBASTIANA： 為什麼？現在的生活對你來說不夠好嗎？你缺什麼？我們努力打拼就是爲了給你一個像樣的家。你爸爸爲了帶東西回家還差點丟了命！你爲什麼要這樣，你可會傷了我的心！

GRACA： 我知道，媽媽，很對不起，當時感覺對了……

SEBASTIANA： GLORIA 說的沒錯，她是家裏唯一的聰明人。你爸爸會殺了你，還有我。

GRACA： 我知道，我知道。

SEBASTIANA： 現在你要去跟他講，我可沒有膽子。

GRACA： 但是，媽媽，幫幫我，看在神的份上幫幫我！

【焦點轉回到餐廳】

ORLANDO： TIANA，GRACA！

【SEBASTIANA 進場】

GLORIA： GRACA，爸爸在叫你！

ORLANDO： 看到了沒，老頭子，你爲了讓每個人溫飽拼了命的工作，可換來的就是這種一廢物！（指盤子）GRACA 呢？

SEBASTIANA： 沒事，她不舒服。

【他們安靜地吃飯】

BETO： 蚯蚓掉進通心粉裏後，會說什麼？

GLORIA： 什麼？

BETO： 哇塞！性派對！

【眾笑，除了 SEBASTIANA】

GRANDPA： 我喝過一杯很沒勁的咖啡，沒勁到都流不出咖啡杯！

【眾再次大笑，除了 SEBASTIANA。】

ORLANDO： 這個笑話都老到長白頭髮了。

BETO： 這個好笑，爸！

【眾笑，SEBASTIANA 緊張的開始收拾碗碟。】

GLORIA： 我還沒吃完呢，媽媽。

【SEBASTIANA 不安的收拾其他碗碟。】

GLORIA： 我聽說如果不想消化不良的話，一口食物可是要嚼 3 次。

【GRANDPA 開電視，SEBASTIANA 遞上咖啡，他們一起看電視。GLORIA 把她的盤子拿出去又走回來。GRACA 從門口走出來並叫 BETO。】

GRACA： BETO！

BETO： 幹嘛？

GRACA： 過來一下。

BETO： 你過來。

ORLANDO： 去看你妹妹要什麼。

GRANDPA：這小子真是個懶骨頭！

【BETO 去找 GRACA，焦點轉向客廳。

BETO：什麼事？

GRACA：餐桌上發生了什麼事嗎？

BETO：什麼什麼事？

GRACA：氣氛是怎樣的？媽媽說了什麼嗎？

BETO：沒有，她看起來像剛看到鬼一樣，但她沒說什麼，天知道她怎麼了。她應該要說什麼嗎？

GRACA：沒有，沒事。爸爸呢？

BETO：爸爸只是說你沒吃飯，不過還好。他看起來應該是喝了一點。

GRACA：其他人都做了什麼？

BETO：（笑）我們的 MARIA DA GLORIA 把她的臉埋在書裏，爲了成爲一個有知識的家庭主婦。祖父盯著電視裏的嬰兒流口水，媽媽拚了命的一直在工作，爸爸正在一天的工作後輕鬆一下（做喝酒的動作）。你只想知道這些是嗎？

【BETO 正要走

GRACA：不，BETO...我想問你件事.....

BETO：GRACA，你知道我沒錢，爸爸也什麼錢都沒有。如果我走運，我們就有得笑了。

GRACA：BETO，我是認真的。

BETO：我也是。所以我禱告讓我中樂透，你一定會是第一個聽到好消息的人，你知道到時我一定不會虧待你的。

【BETO 要走

GRACA：等一下，BETO，再陪我一下。

BETO：看在老天的份上！我要錯過這部電影了，拜託你好不好。

【BETO 離開，焦點轉到餐廳

ORLANDO：她幹嘛？

BETO：沒事。

GLORIA：沒事？才怪！

ORLANDO：TIANA！你在做什麼？

SEBASTIANA：我在洗碗盤！

ORLANDO：哦 TIANA！今天是禮拜天，你幹嘛不叫女兒們幫你？

SEBASTIANA：我還好，不用煩她們。

ORLANDO：不用煩她們？沒門！你在這裏埋頭苦幹，她們卻一個在躺著，一個看電視？

GLORIA：我在讀書。

ORLANDO：GRACA！GRACA！

【GRACA 走出來，看起來十分驚慌。SEBASTIANA 也走出來。

ORLANDO：GRACA，去幫忙你媽媽。

SEBASTIANA：她不能。

ORLANDO：什麼不能？她就只在那躺著。

SEBASTIANA：讓她去躺，她今天不舒服。

ORLANDO：她當然不舒服，她什麼都沒吃。

GLORIA：嗯，爸爸，她最近一直不舒服。她有個問題一直解決不了...

ORLANDO：什麼問題？TIANA，這孩子已經多久沒吃東西了？

GLORIA：不是那樣的，爸爸...

SEBASTIANA：你給我閉嘴，不要把事情越弄越糟！

ORLANDO：TIANA，什麼東西越弄越糟？到底發生了什麼事？

【GRACA 突然抱著媽媽大哭了起來

SEBASTIANA：ORLANDO，MARIA DA GRACA 懷孕了。

ORLANDO：什麼？

GRANDPA：懷孕了？

BETO：我的天！

ORLANDO：搞什麼鬼，TIANA？

SEBASTIANA：ORLANDO，這不是我的錯，我也是剛剛才知道。

GLORIA：我不是告訴你要跟媽媽講嗎？？？

GRACA：你這個笨蛋給我閉嘴！

ORLANDO：你給我閉嘴！你怎麼能做出這種事？你有想過我嗎？你有想過你媽媽嗎？

GRACA：對不起，爸爸！

ORLANDO：對不起個屁！

SEBASTIANA：我不知道該說什麼，ORLANDO，我和你一樣震驚！

ORLANDO： 你是她媽，這都是你的錯！

SEBASTIANA： 我知道，ORLANDO，我以爲她們都好好的。這孩子不小心，可憐的孩子！

GRANDPA： 不小心？什麼叫不小心？沒有人“不小心”和別人上床！

GLORIA： 現在怎麼辦？我在學校會丟臉死的。我要怎麼跟別人說？

BETO： 什麼別人？事情發生了就是發生了，又不是世界末日！

ORLANDO： 你這死孩子給我閉嘴！我要把那個混蛋給殺了！

GRANDPA： 唯一的辦法就是讓他們結婚！

GRACA： 可他已經結婚了！

ORLANDO： 你這個賤貨！

【他走到 GRACA 前，打了她一巴掌。SEBASTIANA 和 BETO 上前阻止。

眾： 冷靜點，冷靜點！

SEBASTIANA： 我的天啊！

【ORLANDO 坐下，震驚。

GRANDPA： 冷靜下來，ORLANDO，暴力解決不了問題。

ORLANDO： 得了吧，老頭子。你想想看，又要多養活一個人，他媽的！

GRANDPA： 孩子，你怎麼做出這種事呢？你可是家裏最小的，你是你媽媽的寶貝，我們全家的寶貝。這種事可是從來沒在我們家發生過，從來沒有！我們是窮，但我們是體面的人，我們的名譽從來都是清清白白的。你讀的書都跑去哪里了？我們教你的品德、基督的戒律都跑去哪里了？這是完全不負責任的行爲，得寸進尺！我跟你媽媽說要看住你，你常出門，那天一輛車停在家門前，你們都沒注意到，她一直在等著那輛車，車一來她就跳進去了。我們不是常說女孩子不能隨隨便便上男人的車……

BETO： 真是廢話連篇！她有她自己的生活，事情發生就是發生了。我們應該想想現在應該怎麼辦，應該問她想不想要這個孩子！

ORLANDO： MARIA DA GRACA！你不再是我的女兒！從今天開始，你不許住在這。你去當妓女我也不管！

SEBASTIANA： 看在神的份上，ORLANDO，不要把她趕出去！可憐的孩子，不要對她這麼殘忍。我知道這傻孩子犯了錯，但不需要這麼過分！

BETO： 我可以講點道理嗎？

GLORIA： 道理？就你？

GRANDPA： 他說的沒錯——

ORLANDO： 不，我沒有在聽，我不允許她留在我們家多一秒種。

GRANDPA： 等一下，等一下，我們不能就這麼把孩子丟到街上去。但從今天開始事情必須得改——她今後不可以隨便出門。是時候節制了！

SEBASTIANA： 是的，父親。

GRANDPA： 不然的話，她的名譽會掃地。從現在開始她的生活必須改變。如果你學著變點檢，哪一天走運的話，說不定還會遇到一個誠實、體面的男人——一個工人，那時你還可以嫁給他，然後好好生活。

GLORIA： 至少還有 DONA IGNEZ 家的 OCTAVIO 傻到願意娶她。

GRANDPA： 所以？

GRACA： 可我不喜歡他！

SEBASTIANA： 你喜不喜歡有什麼關係呢？一個願意娶不清白的女孩的男人可不是滿街都有，更別說是一個已經有小孩的！

GLORIA： 誰知道呢？OCTAVIO 可能會蠢到以爲自己是孩子的爸爸！

BETO： 你們在說什麼？她可以把孩子打掉的啊！墮胎不就沒事了？

SEBASTIANA： 什麼？墮掉孩子？那可是犯罪的！

BETO： 什麼是罪？這是完全合情理的做法，很多女孩都做過。

ORLANDO： 夠了！從現在開始，GRACA 必須被鎖在她的房間裏！

GRACA： 我的天啊……

SEBASTIANA： 可是 ORLANDO……

ORLANDO： 不用再說了！（在門口）TIANA，晚餐不用等我了。

【ORLANDO 離場，GRACA 流著淚走回她的房間，SEBASTIANA 走回廚房，GRANDPA 倒在椅子上，GLORIA 繼續學習

BETO： 狗屁家人。

【他拿了電視機離場

【劇終

15 Family

A playscript used during the mandate as a basis for Forum Sessions

CHARACTERS (IN ORDER OF ENTRY)

MARIA DA GRAÇA (the younger daughter)
MARIA DA GLORIA (the elder daughter)
SEBASTIANA (the mother)
BETO (the brother of Gloria and Graça)
ORLANDO (the father)
GRANDPA (the grandfather of Gloria and Graça)

Setting:

The scene takes place in a lower-middle-class household. A single set contains a dining table and, close to it, a television; a bedroom adjoins this room. Everything very simple, decorated with family pictures. Sunday, lunch time. Seated at table, Gloria is doing her homework and Graça is watching TV.

GRAÇA: Wow, Fernanda's managed to escape from the clinic. She doped up the nurse with a whole heap of drugs and ran for it. She's the best! Did you see the way she cried?

GLORIA: (*Without taking her eyes off the book*) Who?

GRAÇA: Fernanda. Yesterday she had this amazing wedding dress, all embroidered, she looked like a saint.

(*Silence*)

GRAÇA: Gloria, I need to talk to you about something – I'm in a bit of a mess, see? I've got problems and I don't know what to do.

GLORIA: (*Without taking her eyes off her book*) What?

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THE 'NO-ONE HERE IS AN ASSI' BOOK

GRAÇA: I've got problems. I thought you might be able to help.

GLORIA: (*Looking at her sister*) I've got an exam tomorrow, I've got loads of revision to do. And if I was you, I'd get down to some homework too. They failed you last year and if you carry on like this you're going to fail again this year.

GRAÇA: I haven't got the brains for that stuff.

(*Gloria goes back to reading her book*)

GRAÇA: I wrote something this week, but then I tore it up 'cos I knew they wouldn't like it. I like writing, but I can never find the right words. I reckon writing is a way of getting stuff of your chest. I write things I can't say. In school everyone says that my writing is awful – what I'd really like to do is write a TV soap.

GLORIA: Graça my love, you're distracting me.

GRAÇA: Distracting you, distracting you from your precious work... you never think of anyone but yourself.

GLORIA: Don't be a brat. Stick to your soap and leave me in peace.

GRAÇA: (*Laughing*) If you only knew how true to life my soap is...

GLORIA: (*Looking seriously at her sister*) I know more than you think, madam. (*She returns to her book*)

(*Enter Sebastiana*)

SEBASTIANA: Girls, come and help me finish the food and lay the table.

GLORIA: Mum, I can't, I'm studying. Get Graça to help.

GRAÇA: Why me? I'm watching TV. It's always me who helps.

GLORIA: I do more than you. Who ironed the sheets today?

GRAÇA: Oh sure – today. What about all the rest of the week? You spend your whole life studying. You're always inventing exams.

GLORIA: I don't invent them. I am studying. You iron the sheets once and it's like you've done a whole day's work. All you care about is going clubbing, you go from the beach to the cinema, from the cinema to a club, and then you get home late and spin some yarn to Mum.

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GRAÇA: You're jealous!

GLORIA: Jealous? Me? Get a life!

SEBASTIANA: Enough bickering! Gloria, lay the table. Graça, come and help me in the kitchen.

GLORIA: Yes, maam!

GRAÇA: Oh shit!

(Graça goes into the kitchen with her mother. Gloria lays the table and gets back to her homework)

GRAÇA: *(Shouting from the kitchen)* Hey! Lunch's ready, come and eat.

(Enter Beto)

BETO: What's happening? I'm starving. What's for supper?

GLORIA: Beto, don't sit down at table covered in sand!

BETO: Sunday's old macaroni? I can't handle any more macaroni.

GLORIA: You should thank God you've got food on your plate.

BETO: I bet you even the Italians don't eat as much macaroni as we do.

(Beto changes the TV channel)

GLORIA: Don't turn over, I was watching that!

(Beto blows a raspberry at his sister. Enter Sebastiana carrying the plates.)

BETO: *(Chanting)* Mum, mum, mum!

SEBASTIANA: Take those grubby hands out of here. Go and wash, the food's ready.

(Enter Grandpa)

GRANDPA: Where's the food?

(He sits)

GRANDPA: *(To Gloria)* Are you going to read and eat at the same time, child? You can't whistle and suck sugar cane at the same time.

GLORIA: I'm just finishing this book, Grandpa – I've got an exam tomorrow.

GRANDPA: What about you, Beto? When are you going to do something useful with your life?

BETO: Do something useful? I'd rather have another beer. And while we're on the subject, what about you? When are you going to make an honest woman of Dona Orélia?

GRANDPA: What are you on about, lad? What's the big joke?

BETO: Eh? She's a widow, you're a widower – put two and two together. And she's still in good nick, considering how many miles she's got on the clock. They say that she was a cover girl on the first Bible...

GLORIA: You really are the king of the blockheads, aren't you, Beto?

BETO: And you're my favourite subject, darling.

(Enter Orlando)

ORLANDO: Tiana!

(Mother runs and gets her husband's slippers)

SEBASTIANA: Lunch's ready, Orlando.

(While her mother goes into the kitchen, Graça sits at table)

ORLANDO: Get a move on, I'm starving, Tiana.

GRANDPA: So, Orlando, did you talk to Mr Manuel about the sale, about the notebook business?

ORLANDO: It's all sorted, I've already fixed it up with him, old man.

AVO: I didn't much care for the airs he was putting on, yesterday. *(To Beto)* Oi half-pint! Go and put a shirt on, don't you know it's bad manners to sit at table half-naked?

BETO: Half-naked! Honestly, Grandpa! *(He makes a face and gets his shirt)*

(Sebastiana starts serving the food)

GRAÇA: I'm not hungry, Mum.

SEBASTIANA: What's this, Graça? Have a few mouthfuls at least.

GRAÇA: I'm not hungry!

SEBASTIANA: Don't use that tone with me, my girl. You don't know

what hunger is. If you don't want to eat, say that you've got no appetite, don't say you're not hungry.

ORLANDO: Stop pampering the girl, Tiana. If you don't want to eat, don't eat. If she had any idea how much food costs. So many people in the world desperate for a plate of food, begging for the love of God...

GLORIA: Her mind's on other things, folks!

GRAÇA: Leave me alone, Gloria!

BETO: (*To Gloria*) Stop getting at her, girl! What a poisonous little cow you are!

GLORIA: She spent the whole night crying her eyes out.

ORLANDO: Come and sit down, Tiana!

SEBASTIANA: What's up with you, my girl?

GRAÇA: Nothing Mum, I'm just not feeling well.

(*They all silently make the sign of the cross*)

GRANDPA: Praise be to God, and our Lord Jesus Christ – and don't forget to let me into heaven when I'm done with all this.

(*They all laugh*)

SEBASTIANA: If only it was as easy as that.

(*They eat*)

SEBASTIANA: I got up at three in the morning to buy milk today. When I got to the grocery, there were already people queuing.

ORLANDO: Where's it all going to end? I don't know.

GLORIA: I don't know why you bother, no-one in this house ever drinks milk.

SEBASTIANA: Your brother drinks milk. Remember, Orlando? Beto was on the breast till he was 7 years old. I had so much milk that it started leaking out of me. Little Graça and Gloria were the same; I had to put pepper on my nipples to get them to let go.

(*Graça looks ill and gets up from the table. Sebastiana follows her*)

GLORIA: What did I tell you?

(*They all go on eating. The focus moves to the living room, where Graça and Sebastiana talk*)

SEBASTIANA: What's up, child?

GRAÇA: Nothing, Mum.

SEBASTIANA: How can it be nothing? You're white as a sheet!

GRAÇA: I'm just feeling sick.

SEBASTIANA: Gloria said you were crying all night.

GRAÇA: Well, she was fibbing.

(*Silence*)

SEBASTIANA: Graça, my girl, tell me. Have you got tummy-ache?

GRAÇA: No mum. There's nothing wrong with me. I just haven't been feeling well.

SEBASTIANA: Is it something to do with a boyfriend and you're ashamed to tell me?

GRAÇA: Yes it is, Mum. I'm ashamed. I'm so ashamed!

SEBASTIANA: Ashamed of what? Tell me!

GRAÇA: I think I've done something stupid, Mum!

SEBASTIANA: What sort of stupid?

GRAÇA: I haven't had my period for two months now.

SEBASTIANA: You mean...

GRAÇA: I think I'm pregnant!

SEBASTIANA: Why didn't you say anything? Don't you trust your mum?

GRAÇA: I didn't think you'd understand. I was frightened, Mum!

SEBASTIANA: You were frightened? What about me? What am I supposed to do? Which little wretch did this to you?

GRAÇA: You don't know him.

SEBASTIANA: You didn't bring him here to our home and show him to me? Don't you learn anything at school?

GRAÇA: Mum, Mum. You never explained anything to me. You never taught me anything about love, anything about what happens with men and women.

SEBASTIANA: When I was your age, when I was seventeen, I didn't know anything about the world, but I could never have made a mistake like this, I would never have brought this heartbreak on my mother.

GRAÇA: I am different from you, Mum.

SEBASTIANA: You don't know anything about life!

GRAÇA: You're the one who doesn't know anything about the outside world. You spend your whole life slaving away indoors, suffering – you hardly go out.

SEBASTIANA: And what do you think is going to happen now?

GRAÇA: I wanted something different from all this – I don't want to spend my whole life stuck indoors, I've got dreams, I don't want to live like this, I want to live a different kind of life.

SEBASTIANA: Why? Isn't this good enough for you, my girl? What do you lack? We've struggled to bring you up in a decent home, your father almost kills himself to bring things into the home. Why have you done this? You'll break my heart!

GRAÇA: I knew it, Mum, I'm so sorry. It felt right at the time . . .

SEBASTIANA: Gloria was right, she's the only one with any brains in this place. Your father will kill you, and me.

GRAÇA: I knew it, I knew it.

SEBASTIANA: Now I want to see you talk to him, because I haven't got the guts.

GRAÇA: But Mum, help me, for the love of God, help me!

(The focus moves to the dining room)

ORLANDO: Tiana! Graça!

(Enter Sebastiana)

GLORIA: Graça, Daddy is calling you!

ORLANDO: See that, old man! You work your fingers to the bone to

make sure no-one goes short at home and that's what you get – waste!
(Pointing at the plate) What's up with Graça?

SEBASTIANA: Nothing. She's poorly.

(They eat in silence)

BETO: What did the earthworm shout when he fell into the plate of macaroni?

GLORIA: What?

BETO: Whoopee – an orgy!

(They all laugh, except Sebastiana)

GRANDPA: I once had a cup of coffee that was so weak, it was so weak, that it wasn't strong enough to flow out of the pot.

(They all laugh, except Sebastiana)

ORLANDO: That one's so old it's got grey hairs.

BETO: Good one, Dad!

(They all laugh. Sebastiana gets up nervously and starts clearing the plates quickly)

GLORIA: I haven't finished yet, Mum.

(Sebastiana agitatedly gets the other plates)

GLORIA: I was taught that you were supposed to chew each mouthful three times if you don't want to get indigestion.

(Grandpa turns on the TV. Sebastiana brings the coffee. They watch TV. Gloria takes her plate out and comes back. Graça appears in the doorway and calls Beto)

GRAÇA: Beto!

BETO: What?

GRAÇA: Come here a minute.

BETO: You come here.

ORLANDO: Go and see what your sister wants.

GRANDPA: He's bone idle, that boy!

(Beto goes to Graça. Focus on the living room)

BETO: What is it?

GRAÇA: Did anything happen in there?

BETO: Like what?

GRAÇA: What's the atmosphere like? Did Mum say anything?

BETO: No. She looked like she'd seen a ghost, but she didn't say anything, Lord knows what's up with her. Was she supposed to say something?

GRAÇA: No, nothing. What about Dad?

BETO: Dad complained that you didn't eat anything, but it's OK, it looks like he's had a drop to drink.

GRAÇA: What's everyone doing?

BETO: *(Laughs)* Our Maria da Gloria has got her face stuck in a book, as part of her efforts to become an intellectual housewife. Gramps is drooling over the babes on the TV. Mum is working away like there's no tomorrow. Dad *(making a gesture of drinking)* is relaxing after a hard day at work. Is that all you wanted?

(Beto is on the brink of going)

GRAÇA: No, Beto . . . I wanted to ask you something . . .

BETO: Hey, Graça, you know I'm broke, and Dad hasn't got a sou. Now if I have a decent run of luck, we'll all be laughing.

GRAÇA: Beto, I'm serious.

BETO: Me too – so pray for me to have a winner on the Lotto and you'll be the first to hear about it – you know I'll see you right.

(Beto starts to go)

GRAÇA: Wait, Beto, stay here with me for a moment.

BETO: Oh, for Christ's sake, I'm missing this great film, give us a break.

(Beto leaves. Focus on the dining room)

ORLANDO: What did she want?

BETO: Nothing!

GLORIA: Nothing? I doubt it!

ORLANDO: Tianna! What are you doing?

SEBASTIANA: I'm doing the dishes!

ORLANDO: Oh Tiana! It's Sunday, why don't you call one of these girls to help you, poor soul?

SEBASTIANA: I'm alright, leave the children be.

ORLANDO: Leave them be? No way! There you are working yourself to death while one of them is lying down and the other is watching TV.

GLORIA: I am studying.

ORLANDO: Graça! Graça!

(Graça comes in, looking terrified, and Sebastiana also appears)

ORLANDO: Graça, go and help your mother.

SEBASTIANA: She can't.

ORLANDO: What do you mean she can't? She was just lying down.

SEBASTIANA: Leave the girl, she's not well today.

ORLANDO: I can see that she's not well, she hasn't eaten a thing.

GLORIA: Um, Dad, she's not been well for a while, she's got a problem and it's not going to go away . . .

ORLANDO: What sort of problem? How long has this child not been eating, Tiana?

GLORIA: It's not that, Dad . . .

SEBASTIANA: Shut your mouth, child, don't make things worse!

ORLANDO: Make what worse, Tiana? What on earth is happening in this house?

(Graça bursts into tears and hugs her mother)

SEBASTIANA: Orlando, Maria da Graça is expecting a child.

ORLANDO: You what?

GRANDPA: A child?

BETO: Christ alive!

ORLANDO: What on earth? Tiana?

SEBASTIANA: It's not my fault, Orlando. I didn't know anything about it, I've only just heard myself.

GLORIA: Didn't I say that it wasn't right to keep lying to Mum????

GRAÇA: Shut your mouth, you idiot!

ORLANDO: You shut your mouth! How could you do this to me? Did you give a single thought to me? Or your mother?

GRAÇA: Sorry, Dad!

ORLANDO: Sorry my arse!

SEBASTIANA: I don't know what to say, I am just as shocked as you, Orlando!

ORLANDO: You're her mother, you're to blame!

SEBASTIANA: I know, Orlando, but I thought that everything was fine with the kids. She made a mistake, the poor thing!

GRANDPA: Made a mistake – how? No-one falls into bed with someone else by mistake . . . How can you fall into bed with someone by mistake . . .!

GLORIA: What now? I'll die of shame in school. What am I going to say to people?

BETO: What people? It happened, it's not the end of the world, is it!

ORLANDO: Shut your mouth, you wretch! I am going to kill that little bugger!

GRANDPA: The only thing to do is get them married!

GRAÇA: But he is already married!

ORLANDO: You little tart!

(He advances on Graça, slapping her. Sebastiana and Beto rescue her)

ALL: Calm down, calm down!

SEBASTIANA: Ai, Mary Mother of God!

(Orlando sits, in shock)

GRANDPA: Calm down, Orlando, calm down. Violence won't solve anything.

ORLANDO: Oh give it a rest, old man. Think about it. One more mouth to feed, fucking hell!

GRANDPA: My girl, how could you do this? You of all people, the youngest, the apple of your mother's eye, of all people. This has never happened in our family, never! We are poor, yes, but we are decent people. Our name has never been dragged through the mud. What happened to all the education you had? All the morality, Christian values we taught you? This is an act of complete irresponsibility. Give an inch and you take a bloody mile! I said to your mother, 'watch that girl', 'that girl goes out a lot'. Just the other day, a car hooted here in front of the house, none of you took any notice; she was just waiting for that car and she jumps in, just like that. Didn't we always say that a girl should never get into a car with a man . . .

BETO: What a sermon! What a load of rubbish! She had her own life to live. It happened – what's done's done. We should be thinking about what she is going to do now. Whether she wants to have this child or not!

ORLANDO: Maria da Graça! You are no longer my daughter! From this day on, you do not live here. You can go and walk the streets for all I care!

SEBASTIANA: For the love of God, Orlando, don't throw her out! Poor child, don't be so hard on her. I know that the little fool has done wrong, but that is going too far!

BETO: Can I inject a little sense into this conversation?

GLORIA: Sense? You?

GRANDPA: The boy is right –

ORLANDO: No, I'm not listening – I will not have her stay in this house a moment longer.

GRANDPA: Hold on, hold on – we can't throw the child out into the street. But from now on things are going to have to change round here – she will no longer be free to come and go as she pleases! Enough is enough!

SEBASTIANA: That's right, Dad.

GRANDPA: Otherwise, her name will be dirt. From now on her life changes. If you learn how to behave yourself, you never know, you might be lucky, someone might still come along, an honest, clean-living man, a worker; then you get married and sort your life out.

GLORIA: There is always Dona Inês's Octavio – he's mad enough to marry her.

GRANDPA: Well?

GRAÇA: But I don't like him!

SEBASTIANA: What does it matter if you like him or not? Men who want to marry a fallen woman don't grow on trees. Still less one with a nipper hanging onto her apron-strings...

GLORIA: Well, who knows? Octavio is stupid enough – he'll probably think he's the father!

BETO: What are you on about? She can abort. Take out the baby and that's that!

SEBASTIANA: What – abort the child? It's a mortal sin!

BETO: What sin? It's perfectly normal in these situations. Loads of girls do it.

ORLANDO: That's enough! Enough of this foolishness! From now on, Graça stays locked in her room.

GRAÇA: Oh, my God!

SEBASTIANA: But... Orlando!

ORLANDO: We will say no more about it! *(At the door)* Tiana, don't expect me for dinner.

(Orlando leaves, Graça goes to her room in tears, Sebastiana goes into the kitchen, Grandpa falls prostrate on the chair, Gloria goes on studying)

BETO: Families are shit.

(He leaves the stage with the TV under his arm)

THE END

**DRAMA BOX'S COMMUNITY PERFORMANCE
FORUM THEATRE
TRICK OR THREAT!**

PERFORMANCE DATES

21 NOVEMBER 2010 (SUNDAY) - 10.30 A.M. & 2 P.M.
27 NOVEMBER 2010 (SATURDAY) - 2 P.M.
20 FEBRUARY 2011 (SUNDAY) - 10.30 A.M. & 2 P.M.
27 FEBRUARY 2011 (SUNDAY) - 10.30 A.M. & 2 P.M.

PERFORMANCE VENUE

PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION (AUDITORIUM)
9 KING GEORGE'S AVENUE
(BESIDE JALAN BESAR STADIUM; MRT: LAVENDER)

DIRECTOR

KOK HENG LEUN

CASTS

MUHAMMAD NAJIB BIN SOIMAN
KHAIRUL AFWAN BIN ROHIZAN
MOLIZAH BTE MOHD MOHTER
MICHAEL CHENG SEOW WEE (NOVEMBER SHOWS)
REI POH CHENG LEONG (FEBRUARY SHOWS)
DOREEN TOH KWEE KEE

FACILITATORS

KOK HENG LEUN
ALIN MOSBIT

CHARACTERS

BLACK BAG MAN (BBM)
POLICEMEN (CHINESE POLICE / MALAY POLICE)
FAIZAL
MRS. LIM
DAVID
SHANTI
MRT DRIVER

PROLOGUE

[LIGHTS]

[BLACK BAG MAN is on the phone talking to his wife]

BBM: (IN MALAY)

Ju, Abang baru sampai kat City Hall ni... Tak tau kenapa, ada ramai orang! Tak lambat... interview kerja tu pukul 10 pagi. Sekarang baru pukul 9.43pagi. Insya Allah kali ni Abang dapatlah kerja security tu... masuk ni dah sebulan setengah cari kerja masih tak dapat. Ju, jaga anak-anak... nanti Abang balik lah! Assalamualaikum!

(Ju, I have just reached City Hall... Don't know why, but got a lot of people! No, I'm not late, the interview is at 10 a.m. now is only 9.43 a.m. God willing, this time I will get the job as security guard... Already one and a half month, I've been looking and still nothing. Ju, take care of our children... I'll be back soon! Peace be upon you!)

[Two policemen (Malay and Chinese) are standing at the entrance]

CP: Where are you going? You cannot enter here.

BBM: Huh?

MP: Sorry, Bang! Tempat ni kita dah tutup, jadi tak boleh masuk!

BBM: Tak boleh masuk? Kenapa pulak?

MP: He asks why?

CP: Tell him something happened and tell him to go away from here!

MP: Ada sesuatu yang dah berlaku, Bang... Encik saya ni, suruh Abang pergi dari sini.

BBM: Tapi, saya ada interview kerja kejam lagi...

CP: Ask him to take out his IC!

MP: Bang, boleh kasi IC?

[BBM gives his IC]

[MP gives it to CP]

[CP goes to a corner and does screening]

BBM: Saya ada interview kerja, tolonglah kasi saya masuk dalam bangunan ni...

MP: Masalahnya, Bang... Satu building ni dah kena cordon. Office yang Abang nak pergi pun mesti kena tutup!

[BBM shifts his bag onto the other shoulder]

CP: Check his bag...

MP: Bang, maaf, boleh saya check beg Abang?
[BBM gives his bag to MP]
[MP places the bag on the floor and slowly unzips it]

MP: Nothing. Just sarong and newspapers...

[CP takes the bag and pours out the contents inside, and then throws the bag onto the floor]

BBM: Jadi, pukul berapa saya boleh masuk sini?

[MP picks up the contents and the bag and returns the bag to BBM]

MP: He asks what time he can come in?

[BBM snatches the bag from MP]
[CP reacts to BBM's action]

CP: Ask him to step aside and follow us!

[MP looks at BBM, troubled...]
[CP walks over and pushes BBM into the building]

[LIGHTS]

[VIDEO: "KEEPING SINGAPORE SAFE FROM TERRORISM"]

DANCE

[LIGHTS]

[The actors enter with a dance]
[The dance is abruptly cut off midway, and the actors slowly come to a stop]

ACTOR: Two weeks ago, everybody in Singapore was so scared.
(AFWAN)

ACTOR: They found a bomb at City Link.
(DOREEN)

ACTOR: The police arrested many people.
(NAJIB)

ACTOR: Two weeks ago, when they found the bomb, there was panic.
(MOLI)

ACTOR: Life here is not the same anymore.
(REI)

FAIZAL: Ever since that day,

MRS. LIM: We live in worry and anxiety.
BBM: I know people who got arrested.

SHANTI: Everyone is scared.

DAVID: Maybe another bomb is just around the corner.

[SOUND: MRT Door Opening]

[Three people enter the carriage]

[BBM takes a corner seat]

[MRS. LIM rushes in for the seats and FAIZAL stands next to her]

[MRS. LIM talks on her mobile phone]

MRS. LIM: (IN MANDARIN)

Thank you so much, Kelvin. I'll make the changes for you. The price is okay for you? I know, it's a bit high... Oh, really... No problem, I try to rework the budget. Yes, he's here with me. No lah, I think he doesn't care about the decision... Alright, thank you. Bye!

FAIZAL: You were talking to Kelvin?

MRS. LIM: Yah... He wants to meet me to discuss about my design.

FAIZAL: Oh, no wonder must speak in Mandarin. Must be confidential matter, right? (Laughs)

MRS. LIM: Pasal, why? You don't want to sit down, ah?

FAIZAL: Never mind, it's okay... Mrs. Lim, my name is Faizal...

MRS. LIM: Pasal... Correct, what? Eh, sit down lah... Later this train reach Outram Park, sure very full one!

[FAIZAL takes the seat opposite of MRS. LIM]

[BLACK BAG MAN reads Berita Harian]

FAIZAL: So, happy or not, Mrs. Lim? Kelvin choose your design for the upcoming project...

MRS. LIM: Must be happy, what! I work on this for three weeks...

FAIZAL: I work on mine for two months!

MRS. LIM: Really, ah? But I always see you very relax... No stress all the time...

FAIZAL: Actually, life is already very stressful... So no need to be *kan cheong* all the time! (Laughs sarcastically)

MRS. LIM: I'm the only breadwinner at home. Not like you, your wife working as well. Am I right?

FAIZAL: Not working anymore. She is attending religious classes and doing full-time volunteer work with the mosque. Mrs. Lim, why do you think Kelvin chose your design?

MRS. LIM: You know, ah, I also not sure why Kelvin choose my design... Maybe because my design is more... more...

FAIZAL: Chinese? Yah... that's because Kelvin is very Chinese. And Mr. Tan, our client, is very Chinese too!

MRS. LIM: Hmmm... I never see that, you know...

FAIZAL: Mrs. Lim... I ask you one question, you don't angry with me, can? How long have you been with the company?

MRS. LIM: Three years...

FAIZAL: I've been in the company for five and a half years and after two long years, I've been promoted to where I am now! But if I remember correctly, you got the same post as I am when you came in. So I'm wondering, how much is your pay now ah?

MRS. LIM: Pasal... This kind of thing not nice to ask lah! This kind of thing we don't discuss openly...

[SOUND: MRS. LIM's mobile phone rings]
[MRS. LIM answers the phone]

MRS. LIM: Hello... Kang Kang ah ...
(IN MANDARIN)
Mummy coming home already. Where is Grandma? You bathe already? Tonight we go... Okay, Mummy take you go out and eat nice food... Yes, your favourite! You wait for Mummy, okay? What go to shopping centre to eat? What? You want to join your school's soccer team? Don't want la. There's a lot of Malays in there. Hah? I come back then we talk again?

MRS. LIM: My 6-year-old son waiting for me... I'm taking him out for supper tonight.

FAIZAL: That's nice.

MRS. LIM: But he wants to go to the shopping centre.

FAIZAL: Then go la.

MRS. LIM: Aiyo, I scared. After what happened two weeks ago...

FAIZAL: Mrs Lim, life must go on right?

MRS. LIM: Ya, I know. But I still scared. What if those JI people want to bomb the shopping centre again? Like two weeks ago?

FAIZAL: The police also haven't found out the culprit yet!

[SOUND: MRT Door Opening]

[A young couple (SHANTI and DAVID) enters the carriage. SHANTI is Indian and DAVID is Chinese. SHANTI is having MacDonald's fries and Coke. They are busy talking]

DAVID: Your mother cooking curry again for dinner?

SHANTI: Yah. Why? You don't like?

DAVID: No... Just getting a bit tired of curry lah...

SHANTI: I never complained about your Mum's bad cooking!

DAVID: (Laughs) You stopped complaining because you can't stand my Mum. Period.

SHANTI: David, it's been five years and she still tells everyone Shanti is just David's friend.

DAVID: But she thinks highly of you... She said you're educated, successful and modern... comes from a good family... She said you're not like the other Indians.

SHANTI: Not like the other Indians? How many types and kinds does she know, ah? And tell me, what is that whole thing about spraying air freshener into the rooms after I've been into them?

DAVID: Shanti... You know my Mum's a bit obsessive-compulsive! She does this to everyone, okay?

[Throughout this conversation, BBM has been watching SHANTI and DAVID. He gives them a disapproving look]

SHANTI: (Looking at BBM) Why? Never see Indian before, ah?

[BBM looks away and resumes reading his papers]

[Suddenly, the train stops jerkily]

MRS. LIM: What happened?

[MRS. LIM grabs FAIZAL's arm]

[FAIZAL looks at her, and then pulls his arm away]

FAIZAL: SMRT lah. Service getting worst. Just last week, the same thing. Stuck in the MRT for about twenty minutes. Technical fault, they say.

SHANTI: Now we are going to be late.

DAVID: Then we can skip the curry.

SHANTI: I dare you.

[Silence]

[MRS. LIM notices BBM again. She feels uncomfortable and sits closer to her colleague]

[Silence]

MRS. LIM: Very quiet hor? Even the other carriage also very quiet.

[Silence]

MRS. LIM: Could it be another bomb?

SHANTI: Auntie, can you stop spreading rumours? Don't you read the newspaper? In this kind of time we all must be calm. This is just a technical fault. Everything will resume as per normal.

DAVID: Leave her alone, Shanti. People are still having jitters after what happened.

[Silence]

[SOUND: Loud SMS ring tone]

[Everyone is shocked, except for BBM]

DAVID: Damn it.

SHANTI: What is it?

[DAVID and SHANTI look at DAVID's handphone]

SHANTI: Bomb!

DAVID: Shh.....

MRS. LIM: What bomb?

SHANTI: Nothing.

[DAVID calls his friend]

DAVID: What? I am on the train. Ha... you received SMS... shopping centre was cordon off... MRT service also stop... maybe got bomb threat in MRT and shopping centre!!! Hello...

[By this time everyone had heard about the bomb threat]

DAVID: Hello! Hello...

SHANTI: What happened?

DAVID: No signal!

MRS. LIM: (IN MANDARIN)

What did your friend say? Is it the Malay terrorists?

DAVID: (IN MANDARIN)

He says think got bomb in the MRT.

SHANTI: Can you be calm? What did your friend say?

DAVID: Got bomb threat.

FAIZAL: Hey! How true is it?

DAVID: I don't know! How I know!

FAIZAL: This is just a regular technical fault okay.

SHANTI: Yes, this is just regular technical fault. Everything will resume as per normal.

[LIGHTS DIM]

MRS. LIM: Must be a real one. I don't want to die. I got a son at home!

FAIZAL: I also have okay! I got more than you! I got four!

MRS. LIM: But I got no husband to take care of him.

SHANTI: I also want to get married. I want to have kids also, more than you ok. We keep calm okay. Maybe this is just technical fault. Everything will resume as normal.

DAVID: Stupid terrorists! What do they want?

FAIZAL: Can you don't shout!

[BBM brings up his black bag on the floor and holds it on his lap]

[He unzips his bag]

[The other passengers jumps at the sound of the unzipping of the bag]

[BBM puts his newspapers inside and slowly zips his bag]

[MRS. LIM notices]

MRS. LIM: It's very hot here. I think I better sit on the other side.

[MRS. LIM rushes to the seat furthest away from BBM]

[DAVID and SHANTI quickly shift their seats, so that MRS. LIM has to sit on the seat nearest to BBM]

DAVID: Maybe we should ask the train driver what is happening.

[LIGHTS BECOME DIMMER]

MRS. LIM: (IN MANDARIN)
Die! Sure Die! How?

[BBM stands up, leaving his bag on the seat]

DAVID: What are you doing?

SHANTI: Where are you going? Why did you leave your black bag there?

[BBM is dumbfounded. He decides to go back to his seat]

DAVID: You don't move! Stay there. What is inside the bag?

SHANTI: Ya, what is inside the black bag?

MRS. LIM: (IN MANDARIN)

DAVID: Really got bomb inside ah?
(IN MANDARIN)
I don't know. But he looks suspicious.

MRS. LIM: (IN MANDARIN)
You look at him, he seem so calm. What is he thinking?

DAVID: (IN MANDARIN)
I also don't know.

FAIZAL: Can both of you shut up?

[DAVID, SHANTI, and MRS. LIM return to their seats]

DAVID: (IN MANDARIN)
Do they know each other?

MRS. LIM: (IN MANDARIN)
I hope not.

DAVID: (TO FAIZAL)
You! You ask him! What is inside the bag?

FAIZAL: You ask him la! Why must I ask him?

DAVID: You both Malay, you ask him what is inside the bag!

FAIZAL: Can you Chinese just shut up!

[SHANTI attempts to stand up]

FAIZAL: And you Indian, sit down. Don't get so agitated can!

FAIZAL: (IN MALAY)
Peace be upon you. Brother, they asked what is in the bag.

BBM: (IN MALAY)
Why they need to know?

DAVID: Ask him to open it up and show us!

FAIZAL: Can you don't shout?

BBM: (IN MALAY)
Why is he shouting?

FAIZAL: (IN MALAY)
Can you open it up and show them what is inside?

BBM: (IN MALAY)
Why should I?

FAIZAL: (IN MALAY)
Why should you? Please? They just want to know...

MRS. LIM: What are they talking about?

SHANTI: I'm not Malay, I'm Indian.

BBM: (IN MALAY)
Brother, are you afraid of me?

FAIZAL: (IN MALAY)
No, I am not.... Yes I am, a little.

BBM: (IN MALAY)
Why?

FAIZAL: (IN MALAY)
Why? You ask me why now?

BBM: (IN MALAY)
Because of my beard? My dressing? How I look? Because of my dressing I can't even find a job.

FAIZAL: (IN MALAY)

Please! You know what it is like? People just get scared!

DAVID: Tell me, what did he say?

FAIZAL: Nothing!

DAVID: Nothing? What nothing? You have been talking about so many things! I will call the driver up, I tell you.

MRS. LIM: I am going to another carriage.

FAIZAL: Mrs. Lim, don't go! Please. Don't make matter worst!

SHANTI: David, go and call the driver!

[DAVID moves towards the emergency button]
[BBM moves towards David and tries to stop him]
[ALL run away from BBM]
[The black bag remains on the seat]
[FAIZAL remains on his seat]

BBM: No, no, no...

DAVID: What is inside your bag?

[DAVID moves towards the bag]

SHANTI: David! Do not touch the bag. Don't you read the newspapers? Just call the police or inform the driver.

MRS. LIM: I am going away... I don't want to stay in this carriage...

[MRS. LIM leaves]

BBM: (IN MALAY)
Why she leave? She really think I am terrorist?

FAIZAL: (IN MALAY)
Brother, please! Everyone is scared. Scared of death.

BBM: (IN MALAY)
Are you scared of me? Even if there's a bomb, you should not be afraid of death.

DAVID: What is he talking now?

FAIZAL: Death and bomb.

SHANTI: So you are real, for real. A terrorist!

[MRT DRIVER enters]

DRIVER: What is the commotion?

DAVID: (IN MANDARIN)
We suspect he is terrorist. Look at that black bag!

DRIVER: (IN MANDARIN)
There's already a lot of troubles in these two weeks, can you don't cause panic?

DAVID: (IN MANDARIN)
Really, he talked about death and bomb.

DRIVER: (IN MANDARIN)
Really?

DAVID: (IN MANDARIN)
You ask him (Pointing to FAIZAL).

DRIVER: What did he say? He talked about Death and bomb?

FAIZAL: I don't know!

SHANTI: What you don't know! Your colleague so scared she ran away already!

[BBM tries to explain]

DRIVER: (Pointing the flashlight at BBM)
Don't move. Put your hand behind your head! Squat down!

[BBM does not understand the DRIVER's instructions]
[FAIZAL helps to translate the instructions]
[BBM slowly puts his hands behind his head, and squats down]

BBM: (IN MALAY)
Brother, please help to explain.

FAIZAL: (IN MALAY)
Sorry, brother.

DRIVER: The rest of you go to the other carriage.

[DAVID, SHANTI, and FAIZAL quickly leave the carriage]

DRIVER: (On walkie talkie)
Got commotion here. Suspect someone with black bag. The passengers quite sure... ya... The fault rectified already?
Can the train move already? Okay.

[ANNOUNCEMENT: The technical fault has been rectify. The train will resume service immediately. Sorry for the inconvenience]

[LIGHTS COME BACK]

DRIVER: (On walkie talkie)
Call the police can? Ya... the black bag lah... ya...

[LIGHTS]