

# PAK PANDIR

## A Malaysian Adventure

An Interactive Choice - Based Gambook and Puppet Theater Show

HELENA FOO

Illustrated by ANISSA RAZALI

This script was first performed as an interactive puppet theatre performance by SIAPA Theatre at Twenty20Two, PJ.

### **CAST ENSEMBLE**

PAK PANDIR	Robin Khor
MAT JENIN	Tatiana Chew
BADANG	Charles Robert
TUN FATIMAH	Nik Waheeda
MARKOSA	Nisya Aziz
MAK ANDEH	Tharwa Zainal
SHADOW ARMY	Ensemble
ROYAL GUARDS	Ensemble
TIMOR	Ensemble
BANDIT #2	Ensemble
ENSEMBLE OF VILLAGERS	Ensemble



## INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Pak Pandir: A Malaysian Adventure and welcome to the 1st ever interactive choice-based, puppet theatre show! Do note that this book DOES NOT read from cover to cover like any normal book. Each chapter you read takes you to a different page depending on the path you've chosen. You, and you alone will have the power to decide how this story ends. Your choices will be presented to you as the story unfolds and each choice will make a difference between the success or failures of our heroes

So choose well, storytellers; and may our adventure begin.

*Continue to the next page.*

COCKA-DOODLE-DOO!

A rooster crows in the background.

Pak Pandir's eyes flutter open. He sits up on the floor, rubs his temples and stretches out his aching body with a satisfying groan. To his left is a note from Mak Andeh telling him she'll be back home in the evening after work at the orchard. It is now 9:00am. He stands up and bumbles around the house trying to think of things to do today.

*Should he...*

*do a good deed today? He could clean up around the house, do a few chores and cook dinner for Mak Andeh to surprise her when she returns. Turn to page 2 and continue there.*

*Or should he do nothing? Just enjoy a lazy day around the house. Maybe he could even have a round of chess with Mamat, the rooster? If so, turn to page 3 instead.*

Pak Pandir decides to do something nice today for Mak Andeh. After a late breakfast, he makes a checklist of things he needs to clean around the house thoroughly. He grabs the broom and sweeps up all the dust from inside the house. Then he mops the floors, wipes the windows and table surfaces and throws away the dirty garbage. After putting all the scattered books and house slippers in order, he rests on a chair for a minute to catch his breath.

Guess it's time to pick some mushrooms and cook a delicious meal for Mak Andeh. Pak Pandir gets up, grabs his belongings and heads off.

*When you are ready, turn to page 22 to leave for the forest.*



### 3

"Mamat? Want to play some chess?"

Pak Pandir reaches for his old chess set on top of the cupboard. He blows the dust off the cover and gingerly opens the box. As he starts setting up the board, Mamat the rooster walks in.

Mamat is the designated village alarm clock and he takes his job very seriously. But not many villagers know that Mamat also enjoys a game of chess every now and then. Pak Pandir himself discovered this one day when he was playing the game by himself. Mamat hopped right over and started challenging him. They have been playing together ever since. Mamat squawked at Pak Pandir to hurry up.

"Calm down, Mamat. We've got all day," says Pak Pandir as he places the last piece on its spot.

SQUAWK! Mamat rustles his feathers and shakes his head in excitement. The game begins with a timing set for 5 minutes per player. Pak Pandir plays a strong start but Mamat pins him down with a strong defence.



In no time, Mamat lifts a wing in the air and squawks in celebration. Pak Pandir stares in disbelief at the board.

"Why am I always losing to this bird?" He scratches his head in amazement. Feeling miserable, Pak Pandir decides to leave the house for some air.

Outside, the village seems to be bustling. Everyone is out and about buying necessities, running errands and making a living for themselves. The heat today is unbearable. The sun feels like it is scorching the skin off his back. Ouch!

Pak Pandir soon seeks refuge and settles down in a hammock, safely nestled in the shade under his house. He watches the village children play hopscotch nearby till his eyes start to feel heavy and begin to get smaller and smaller.

*Whoops. Pak Pandir has fallen asleep! Turn to page 28.*