

2020

RESIDENCY

JALAN BESAR SALON
PRESENTS

RANSOM

DRAFT 2



EUGINIA TAN

JALAN BESAR SALON ²⁰¹⁹
Presents

RANSOM

Draft 2

by Euginia Tan

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SYNOPSIS

A kidnapping goes wrong when nobody is willing to hand over the demanded ransom for the hostage.

Haikal - Kidnapper

Estelle Ong - Hostage

Various callers – *Haikal* engages with them over phone calls

Foreword

I initially worked on *Ransom* as a submission to Wild Rice's 2020 Singapore Theatre Festival *Open Call*, however it was rejected. Later on, for this residency, I opted to do another draft to work on the piece.

It is another two-hander, which I wanted to focus on for my residency. I really enjoyed working on the piece because of the absurdity of the situation, and I often got carried away with the dark humour of the piece (which might explain why I'm still not too happy with how the drafts have turned out, it's easy to get lost in your own world creation). I foresee a draft 3, 4 and 5 and so on because of the various issues this situation touches on: Class differences, pursuits of personal happiness, sacrifices. I think that this piece needs to mature in time, the same way I am learning more about the world every day as well. I believe I am still quite sheltered in terms of knowing about privilege, and I can only hope that the years give me more wisdom as time goes by.

As a parting note for this residency, I've been reminded throughout this process that my writing keeps me human. It's the work that I do that forces me to confront the ugly parts of myself I acknowledge - my fears, insecurities, confusion. It's also the part that helps keep me going each day, something I can hold on to, something to create, something to share. I don't know how my relationship with writing would change because it was never something I mapped out for myself to follow as a career, and I'm still open to trying other options to make a living and contribute to society. Still, having a chance to take part in this residency helped me see how far I've tried to push my craft.

Thank you JBS! Enjoy the read, everyone.

Euginia

29 May 2020



Act 1

An abandoned warehouse. Estelle Ong is being shoved into a room by Haikal. Her mouth is taped up.

Haikal: Move! Move!

Estelle struggles. Haikal pushes her down on a chair.

Haikal: Listen, I am not going to tie you up ah. I'm not like those crazy psychos on the movies. And you see my size, you see your size, you try to escape, you know who will win.

Beat.

Haikal: Sit quietly there, keep quiet, and we can make this very easy for both of us.

Estelle immediately tries to run out of the room. Haikal effortlessly catches her, pushes her back down on the chair.

Estelle finally submits. She slowly, gingerly peels off the tape from her mouth.

Estelle: Ow, ow... Where am I? What are you doing?

Haikal makes a call.

Haikal: I am kidnapping you.

Estelle: What?

Haikal: Kidnapping you. Holding you hostage.

Estelle: This is –

Haikal: Shh Shh. Hello? Hello?

The recipient on the other line answers.

Haikal: Miss Madeleine Ong? Insurance your head. I have your mother. Your mother! Your mother!

Estelle: Maddy! Maddy! It's me! The crazy new driver, he's locked me up in some warehouse, don't know where... Please!

Haikal puts the duct tape back on to Estelle's mouth.

Haikal: Ah. You heard her, right? Okay. So I make this very simple. I'm not unreasonable. I want five hundred thousand dollars. In my account by tomorrow. And I will let your mother go, in fact now she is very comfortable already ah. I never even tie her up or what. She is just sitting in the chair. My account is... Wait what? Hello? Hello? Your mother is kidnapped. By me, you understand? Kidnapped! What... Your own mother... You... Aiyah. Okay okay. Three hundred thousand dollars. And I can tahan till Sunday. Sunday, I get the money, your mother –

Beat.

Haikal: I...

Haikal turns to Estelle.

Haikal: Mrs Ong, you hold on ah. Err, your daughter... She err... She is very very panicky. She.. She want to... Err find some time... To raise the money... anyway, here here. You drink some water lah. Hold on ah.

Haikal gives Estelle some water, returns back to the phone.

Haikal: Wait wait wait! I...

The call ends.

Haikal: Puki mak!

Estelle: Haikal. What did my daughter say?

Beat.

Haikal: Aiyah. Door is there. You go lah.

Estelle: Go...?

Haikal: Ya. Your daughter... she... will transfer some money. You can go.

Estelle looks at Haikal warily at first, then she bolts out through the door.

Haikal lies on the floor of the warehouse, looking helplessly at the ceiling.

Estelle returns.

Estelle: Haikal.

Haikal: Eh sia lah chao chee bye... Mrs Ong? Why you come back?

Estelle: I... I don't know how to get out. Where are we?

Haikal: Your car outside. You drive out lah, anyhow drive also can find one road one lah.

Estelle: I... I've forgotten how to.

Haikal: What?!

Estelle: I've forgotten how to drive.

Haikal: Walk lah! Use your two legs to walk! Go lah go! I seriously don't want to see you!

Estelle: Haikal, how much is my daughter transferring you? I'll double that. I'll pay you to get me out. Okay?

Haikal starts laughing uncontrollably.

Estelle: What? You think I can't afford it? Let me tell you, money is really not an issue to me okay, triple. Triple! You just need to drive me home.

Haikal: Mrs Ong. I don't know what you did. But you double, triple, even times ten of what your daughter offered, even secondary school kid can go and earn from holiday job lah, Mrs Ong. Go overseas also need to buy flight ticket, you know?

Beat.

Estelle: How much ransom did you ask for?

Haikal: Half a million.

Estelle: How much did Madeleine say she would give you?

Beat.

Haikal: Just go lah, later dark already, even harder for you to find your way.

Estelle: Haikal. How much, did my daughter, say, she would, give you.

Haikal: I give you directions lah. You walk straight, just keep walking straight, until you see this fork in the path ah, then you turn left –

Estelle: Haikal. I'll give you half a million dollars now if you tell me what she said.

Beat.

Haikal: Give me one million dollars, I will tell you what she said.

Beat.

Estelle: Call her again. I will talk to her myself.

Haikal: Mrs Ong. Your phone bigger and shinier than mine. You call her, you can ask her. Okay?

Estelle: I... can't call her.

Haikal: What? You don't know how to drive then now don't know how to use phone also ah?

Estelle: No. I think she blocked my number.

Beat.

Haikal proceeds to call.

The call goes to voice mail. Haikal repeatedly tries, until the call is finally blocked.

Haikal: No answer.

Estelle: Here, here's my phone. Call somebody on my phone. Ask them for... Ask them for half a million dollars also. To save me from you.

Haikal: Wah Mrs Ong. You know how tiring it was or not? To plan this whole thing? Now have to spontaneous again ah? Difficult you know?

Estelle: Here, here, take my necklace, my earrings. They are all real diamonds. Plus my hand bag, you will get a good deal also.

Haikal takes Estelle's jewellery and phone.

Haikal: Mrs Ong, you got a lot of contacts here, who can I call?

Beat.

Estelle: Call... Call Lauren.

Haikal: Lauren, Lauren what?

Estelle: Lauren Grant.

Haikal makes another call.

Haikal: Is this Lauren Grant. Caterer your head. I have Mrs Estelle Ong with me. I have kidnapped her. I want money from you.

Beat.

Estelle: Laurie! Laurie! Look, this mad man driver, the new driver I hired, he's taken me to some... deserted place, and he wants money for my safety.... Please, Laurie, will you help?

Haikal: Five hundred thousand dollars Lauren Grant. In my account by tomorrow.

Estelle: Laurie? Yes? No no, Lauren, this is serious... He... He uh... He doesn't want anybody involved! Madeleine... Erm... Madeleine's abroad. The call didn't get through.

Beat.

Estelle: Erm... Okay.

Estelle mouths to Haikal to follow her instructions.

Haikal: Hello. Lauren Grant. Yes. Oh I mean no. She... She err...

Estelle does charades to try to get Haikal to follow her prompts.

Haikal: She... she giddy. Very giddy? Err... Heart problem. Her heart... Beating very fast. She... Hypertension? Eh hello, I am asking for ransom here. I won't let Mrs Ong go until I get the money.

Beat.

Haikal: Wah, all you woman, like to bargain only ah.

Estelle suddenly begins shrieking.

Estelle: Owwww! Owwww! Aaarrghhh! Don't!!!! Let me go! Stop it!!!! Owwww!
My... My.... My fingernails are being pulled out one by one!!!!

Haikal stares at Estelle in muted shock. She mouths for him to play along.

Haikal: Err... err... Ya... err... Pliers... My big pliers... Pulling Mrs Ong's.... nails.... one by one... a lot of blood... Err...

Estelle: And my toe nails now!!! Owwww!

Haikal: Lauren Grant, eh, don't take this torture lightly. You know people can die of blood loss one?

Haikal looks to Estelle. Estelle nods. Haikal moves to a far corner to take the call.

Haikal: Hello? Ma'am, come on. Just... Just take pity on Mrs Ong lah okay? I called her daughter. The daughter only offered me three hundred. Three hundred you know? And ya, I really need the money. Please. At least... at least one hundred thousand lah ma'am. Okay. Okay okay. Ten thousand. Ten thousand, I already throw my face on the floor for you.

Beat.

Haikal: Take your dirty whore bule cock sucking trophy wife money and stuff it between your bedek breasts.

The call ends.

Estelle: So?

Haikal: Eh. You talk nicely to me hor. I'm your kidnapper.

Estelle: What did Lauren say? Am I being saved?

Haikal: Ya save la save la. I tell you what. I call Grab for you. Grab Premium. Charge to your card.

Estelle: She's not coming?

Haikal: Her tetek painful lah. Sick. Not feeling well.

Beat.

Estelle: I have to go to the toilet.

Haikal: Here jungle lah Mrs Ong. Just anyhow go outside the grass there lah. I won't look.

Estelle: I mean... Don't... Don't go, will you?

Beat.

Haikal: I stay here until you finish.

Estelle: There's tissue in my hand bag...

Haikal: Eh you really very leh chey you know?!

Haikal throws her a packet of tissue. Estelle leaves to urinate.

After a while, she returns.

Estelle: What time is it, Haikal?

Haikal: Nine.

Estelle: You could have at least kidnapped me in the middle of the night. At least they might be more frightened that way.

Haikal: Mrs Ong, I need to sleep leh. How I know this would take so long? I thought I call already, they agree, I get the money, can go home. I wasn't even planning to keep you here overnight!

Silence.

Estelle: Fine. We'll switch tactics. Enough of these useless friends I can't count on. Call somebody I have made recent transactions with. Dr. Murdoch. I was about to sign a twenty thousand dollar package with him. I've only put down a five thousand dollar deposit. He will come to save me.

Haikal: Mrs Ong, what time doctor shift end?

Estelle: Haikal, a rich person's doctor never sleeps. Do you think women like me go to see our surgeons at normal working hours?

Beat.

Haikal: I call now.

Haikal makes a call.

Haikal: Hello?

Estelle: Anne? Anne! It's me, Mrs Estelle Ong! Yes, it's my driver. He's gone completely insane. Can you put me straight to Dr. Murdoch?

Haikal: Hello, hello, enough of this talk. Listen here, Anne, put Dr. Murdoch on the phone now. I have kidnapped Mrs Estelle Ong, and I will hold her hostage until he delivers my ransom.

Beat.

Haikal: Dr. Murdoch. I have kidnapped one of your clients, Mrs Estelle Ong. She currently has a twenty thousand dollar package with you. Give me half my ransom first, and I will tell you the location after I have received the amount. Bring the other half with you. Five hundred thousand dollars. And no police involved.

Beat.

Haikal: Yes.

Estelle mimes no.

Haikal: I mean no. I...

Estelle continues her charades.

Haikal: She... Aiyah. Just talk to her lah!

Estelle: Dr. Murdoch! I'm so frightened Doctor. I just want to go home. Yes?

Beat.

Estelle: Oh. (*Estelle feels her jawline*) Quite well. Sturdy, thank you. Oh M, you know how happy I am with your expertise. Why would I just jump ship like that – Shipment? I... I... Yes....You... you want me to take the new shipment. Is that it, Doctor.

Beat.

Estelle: You bastard. I've frequented your clinic for years.

Beat.

Estelle: You really are the best in the trade, Doctor. So help me I will make sure your clinic burns to the ground.

Dr. Murdoch hangs up.

Estelle: They just need proof. Proof that I'm hurt and suffering.

Haikal: Eh Mrs Ong. I not sadist ah.

Estelle: Just.... Perhaps if they knew, how serious this whole thing is....

Estelle begins to attempt to pull out her own finger nail.

Haikal: Mrs Ong. Mrs Ong! Stop! Stop! It's not worth it! Stop!!!!

Estelle: Let me do it. Let me do it.

A twisted expression begins to take over Estelle.

Estelle: Don't you need money, Haikal?

Haikal: Mrs Ong, those people out there, they are not good... It's not worth it to get their attention like this...

Estelle: I'll give you five hundred thousand dollars, just send all my fingernails to both Madeleine and Lauren.

Haikal: No!

Estelle: You won't have to do a thing. You just have to sit there, and receive my nails from me, and send them... and take a picture of my hands. I'll do all the work myself.

Haikal: No!

Estelle: Oh, Haikal. do you really think you are being kind to me? By sacrificing whatever you are just to spare me pain?

Haikal: I... I just needed the money... I... I don't want to really hurt anyone...

Estelle: And there's your problem Haikal. You want such a big sum. You have to see it through. Such a big sum of money Haikal... it doesn't fall into your lap like that.

Haikal: Get out! Get out!

Estelle: Is your mother dying Haikal? Are you just going to give her life up like that to spare mine... A rich society woman who has been treating you badly all these months?

Haikal: Leave my mother out of this!

Estelle: Don't forget Haikal. I'm your employer... I know all about you. Your wife left you didn't she? Your children are under your mother's care? You want to lose your kids because you couldn't do this one task properly?

Haikal starts to shove Estelle out of the room.

Haikal: Move! Move your ass! Walk home! Walk the fuck home!

Estelle: Yes Haikal... Get angry at me. I'm a heartless person, aren't I? Even my own daughter can't be bothered with me. Why should you protect my dignity?

Haikal: Look, Mrs Ong... Please stop this... Okay, we can discuss this. Yes, I need the money for my mother. Her kidney... It's giving her problems. My children are still young Mrs Ong.

Estelle: So make someone give you the ransom. For me.

Haikal: Mrs Ong... I already tried right? I already did my best...

Estelle: Get the ransom. For me.

Haikal: You... You tired right? Look, I send you home, I bring you back to your comfortable house. There is nothing for you here. I don't even have food.

Estelle: And I don't want to leave. So you are just going to have to make me go, right Haikal?



Act 2

It is late at night.

Haikal and Estelle have dozed off.

Haikal's phone rings.

Haikal: Hello?

Haikal talks on the phone.

Haikal: (in Malay) Ma. Working late lah Ma. Orh. Okay, okay. Put him on the line.

Haikal waits.

Haikal: Dik? Hello... Why? Homework ah. Papa cannot check ah tonight. Tomorrow okay? Papa... Papa work overtime ah, tonight. Sorry ah. I buy Mcdonalds for you tomorrow, okay? Ya, promise I come back early. Promise, promise. But if cannot, don't be angry okay? Ask nenek to bring you first. When Papa come back, Papa will bring you again.

Estelle stirs. Haikal notices.

Haikal: Dik, Papa go back to work now, okay? Sleep now, so late already. Go to school tomorrow, pay attention ah? Ya. Good boy. Good night.

Haikal hangs up.

Estelle: Was that your son?

Beat.

Estelle: How old is he?

Haikal: Primary one.

Beat.

Haikal: Good boy. But very active. Can't sit still. Give my mother problem, sometimes.

Estelle: It's nice, that they called you to ask where you were.

Beat.

Estelle: I wonder if anyone is looking for me at all.

Haikal: Mrs Ong... now too late already lah. Can't call anyone else.

Beat.

Haikal: (sighing wearily) I send you back, okay. Give me a raise after this.

Estelle: Are you feeling sorry for me?

Beat.

Estelle: I've still got more than you. Don't talk to me that way. I'm still your employer, after this!

Haikal: Eh! Don't push your luck with me!

Haikal stands, knocks Estelle off her chair.

Haikal: I put up with your attitude for a whole year. Now, you listen to me. You understand?

Haikal looms over Estelle.

Haikal: You want to save your life? You should follow what I say.

Estelle: Never!

Beat.

Haikal: Fine. We stay here. I can take this. I can wait for money. But you?

Estelle: I gave you one task. One! Just ask for ransom!

Haikal: What was I doing all those calls? Gossiping?

Estelle: You really did not ask it right!

Haikal: Nobody want to give!

Estelle: You have to sound less... Forceful.

Haikal: This is not acting class, okay, Mrs. Ong? I'm going back to sleep. You do what you want.

Haikal goes back to sleep.

Estelle: I can't remember the last time someone called me in the middle of the night.

Beat.

Estelle: It's dark here. It's... It's hard to sleep.

Beat.

Estelle: But it's hard to sleep at home too.

Beat.

Haikal: Yah.

Beat.

Haikal: I know.

Beat.

Haikal: Anywhere can be hard to sleep.

Beat.

Haikal: Mrs Ong, we try again tomorrow, okay? Someone will help you. Just... Just believe.

Estelle starts to cry.

Estelle: Oh... What if no one comes... No one wants to come...

Haikal: Cannot sleep. Now cry. You like baby, you know or not?

Estelle: It's true, it's true... Nobody cares...

Haikal gives Estelle some tissue.

Haikal: Shh, shh... Somebody will care. Look at me! I'm so useless also, got people care for me.

Estelle: Useless?

Beat.

Estelle: Well.

Beat.

Estelle: Now that I think about it... I'm quite useless myself.

Haikal: Hah! Now then you know.

Beat.

Haikal: Can't even drive. Can't even walk to find your way. At home, do you know how to clean your own shit? Or someone also do for you?

Beat.

Estelle: I could do some things.

Beat.

Estelle: Did you know? I was a dancer when I was young. I was quite good.

Beat.

Estelle: Then... well. I got married. He was wealthy, handsome. Life became smaller, because everything got easier. But also, life got harder.

Haikal: Hard? Handsome and rich, still hard?

Estelle: I don't know. It wasn't always... Some days, it was nice. Some days... Well. Our daughter came along, and then, you know. Children.

Haikal: Yah.

Beat.

Haikal: I really know.

Beat.

Haikal: My wife... Ex-wife. Hope she is happier now.

Beat.

Estelle: I hope the old coot is also resting in peace. At least he left everything to me.

Haikal: He so bad ah?

Estelle: There were always more beautiful women around. With more beautiful children. The men, they had the first pick of it all.

Beat.

Estelle: The children grow up to be like their fathers. Wanting the first pick of everything.

Haikal: My children... I will give anything to let them have first pick.

Beat.

Estelle: First pick is not everything.

Haikal: Then you let your daughter take the last pick.

Beat.

Haikal: See if you can tell me the same, after that.

Beat.

Haikal: When you see other people's children go on holiday, have enough food to eat, money for school... Then you tell me if you want first pick, or last pick.

Beat.

Estelle: Do you really mean that?

Haikal: Who doesn't want the best for their kid?

Beat.

Estelle: Very well. Give me your son. Let your son live with me, and I will raise him up like my own.

Haikal: No.

Estelle: How selfish of you, Haikal. You were just talking to me about wanting your boy to have the first pick of everything. And now...

Haikal: You...

Estelle: So you lied.

Haikal: How will I know how you'll treat him!

Estelle: Oh, I will treat him right. I will make sure he goes to the best school, eats the best food. I will make sure he's... a sterling member of society. Respected.

Haikal: Stop talking!

Estelle: A big part of you knows I keep to my word.

Beat.

Estelle: Or maybe you just want your son to end up like you.

Haikal: Shut up!

Estelle: Oh Haikal, Haikal. You're not as good a father as you thought you were, aren't you?

Haikal: I will never give my son away to a stranger!

Estelle: But you know me, Haikal. You know how I live. Are you really saying you can't trust how I'll provide for him?

Haikal: Forget it!

Estelle: I'll draw up a contract, and make the arrangements, if you really want it in black and white.

Haikal: My son, is not for sale.

Estelle: Everyone has a price. Name yours. Then, we can go home.

Haikal: I will go away. You'll be here alone.

Estelle: I'll call another driver, and call the law on you.

Beat.

Estelle: If I'm getting out, someone has to sacrifice something for me.

Haikal: You selfish fucker! No wonder nobody want to come!

Estelle: Can you stand to let this chance go? Someone is offering your son a better life, a more beautiful life.

Haikal: You cannot love my son the way I can.

Estelle: Hah! Love. You trust in love.

Beat.

Estelle: Did you think all those people you called just now did not know about love? They all told me, or showed me, at some point or other, that they loved me.

Beat.

Estelle: So where the hell are they now? These people who claimed to love me? Nowhere!

Beat.

Estelle: You might think you love your son. But then... You can do everything right. You can buy him all the Mcdonalds he wants. But just because... Of life... He might never love you back. Don't you see, Haikal?

Beat.

Estelle: Sometimes comfort is more important.

Haikal: He... He will love me back. My son loves me....

Estelle: He's Primary One now. They don't remain children forever. Look at your ex-wife. Did you not do everything in your power to make her stay?

Haikal: Don't bring her into this...

Estelle: You did, didn't you? But what couldn't you do? You couldn't... Provide. Love can't feed a family, you said so yourself.

Haikal: It's true... I failed them.... I failed.

Haikal breaks down.

Haikal: But I will do right by them... One day...

Estelle: Oh? One day?

Beat.

Estelle: So you are considering my offer.

Beat.

Estelle: Your son will still see you. I'll make sure of that.

Beat.

Estelle: He'll be reminded of where he came from. And one day, he would make a choice, whether or not he still wants to be reminded of that.

Haikal: Reminded of what?

Beat.

Haikal: Say what you really want to say.

Estelle: That his father never belonged in society.

Beat.

Estelle: He'd be indebted to me, because I gave him a second chance, away from it all. Just like how my husband reminded me where I came from, time and time again. You were a dancer in a club, you were touched by men before me. Only I was willing to marry you. And make you a real woman.

Beat.

Estelle: And that's why... Once I got all his money... I killed him.

Beat.

Haikal: Is it true, Mrs. Ong?

Estelle: Of course it's true! You think a woman can't get what she wants? Just because she came from nothing? I poisoned him, over the years! Until one day... He... disappeared.

Estelle starts laughing.

Estelle: I told you, Haikal. Money... It doesn't fall into your lap like that. You work for it.

Estelle's phone rings.

Estelle: Someone is calling! You... You answer it!

Haikal picks up the phone. He does not say anything, but stares off into space.

Estelle: Who is it?

Haikal: (on the phone) Yah. It's done.

Haikal hangs up.

Estelle: Who is it?!

Haikal: Good bye, Mrs. Ong. I have the money now. You are right. I failed my son. My wife. And so, I will do something right.

Estelle: What? Don't be a fool.

Haikal: They have your confession now, Mrs. Ong. Your daughter, Lauren Grant, Dr. Murdoch.

Estelle: Where are they?!

Haikal: They are coming now, Mrs. Ong. Once I step out, I take the money, and I go, far away. All they need... Is you.

Estelle weakens.

Haikal: I told you to walk away, when you had the chance, Mrs. Ong. I told you to go.

Beat.

Haikal: I hope they will be kinder to you.

Estelle: So, they're coming after all.

Haikal exits. Estelle is alone.

END

This play was produced as part of the *Radical Transparency* Open Call Residency programme produced by *Jalan Besar Salon* from 20th April 2020 - 1st June 2020.

About Euginia Tan

Singaporean writer Euginia Tan writes poetry, creative non-fiction and plays.

Her third poetry collection, *Phedra* (*Ethos Books*) was nominated for the *2018 Singapore Literature Prize*. Her play-writing credits include *Holidays* (under mentorship of Joel Tan), *Tuition* (*Twenty Something Theatre Festival*) and *Modest Travels* (produced by Tan Kheng Hua for *Uniqlo*). She is currently an Artist in Residence for Gateway Theatre (mentored by Jean Tay) and has written a play on addiction scheduled for 2021.

She also pens curatorial essays and contributions for visual artists in Singapore.

Euginia can be contacted through email at: eugtan@hotmail.com

View Euginia's work during the residency: [Artist in Residence](#)

About the Radical Transparency Residency Programme (20 April - 20 August 2020)

We are limited by the physical confines of bodies and boundaries, our ways to create and digest culture and knowledge is changing with the rapid acceleration of digital migration and the new realities of social distancing.

Radical Transparency emerged out of our collective pursuit for a flatter structure and more equal ways to distribute knowledge and information. This increasing demand to change the way institutions operate, to adopt a more transparent system that champions accessibility, clarity and accountability; are what is needed for communities to communicate, co-exist and co-create.

How do we mitigate such distance created in the process? When technology is brought in to mediate social distance, what do we stand to gain or lose?

Jalan Besar Salon invites you to participate in the process of Radical Transparency, to forge open discussion and communication.

Find out more about the residency here:

[OPEN CALL 2020](#)

About Jalan Besar Salon

Conceptualised by *EOMM Emporium of the Modern Man*, the annual *Jalan Besar Salon* popup seeks to provide a platform for learning and communication.

The Salon serves to act as a catalyst for the hotbeds of creativity and progressive ideas in the fields of urban management, psychology, intimacy and socio-environmental topics through the means of art, design and philosophy.

Against the decline of face-to-face human contact in our digital age, our workshops, programmes and exhibitions aim to provide a platform for people to come together and hone their tastes through passionate conversation and the exchange of ideas.

To learn more about *Jalan Besar Salon* and our programmes, visit us on [Instagram](#) and [Facebook](#) or at www.jalanbesarsalon.space.