

## Anthology TV Series Pitch

# You Might Want To Marry My Husband

<b>TAGLINE</b>	A journey through womanhood in Malaysia and Singapore, retold in fifteen stories.
<b>GENRE</b>	Drama (anthology series of standalone stories)
<b>SUBJECT</b>	Womanhood
<b>THEMES</b>	Love, relationships, spirituality, self-discovery, society, culture, ethnicity, marriage, motherhood, death
<b>TONE</b>	Genuine and intimate, these are stories from the heart. Some are happy, others sad; all deal with the highs and lows of human emotion. These are tales of deep reflection that relate to the tears and laughter, and the love and pain felt by girls and women in Malaysia and Singapore over the last 75 years.

### SAMPLE STORY SYNOPSES

**'Is The Soup Done'** - Two Nyonya cousins, now grandmothers, recall their childhood spent in the kitchen learning how to cook and run the household, being scolded by scary Tua-Ee, first aunt.

**'My Sisters, My Teachers'** - recalls the convent sisters in Malacca who 'educated' the girls about boys; the camaraderie among girlfriends, and desires fulfilled.

**'In Search Of The Perfect Jambu Batu Branch'** - a man laments the loss of his brother and recalls their time spent making Hakka delicacies with relatives.

**'The Men in My Life'** - these are the 'mee tok tok' man, the 'macam macam' man, and 'Mr Postman', all of whom teach a young girl life lessons.

**'Teacher, We Ronggeng'** - a teacher from 1960s KL is sent to a village school and must change her preconceived ideas about the simple ways of Malay kampung life.

**'You Might Want To Marry My Husband'** - a dying woman encourages her female friends to find a partner for her soon-to-be-bereaved husband.

**'Lily'** - based on a personal family tragedy this story tells of an overbearing mother, and family prejudice against cross-cultural Chinese-Indian marriage, leading to suicide.

**'Kam Jian Ding, PhD'** - a humorous tale of a Singapore academic with low EQ, who attempts to woo a female colleague.

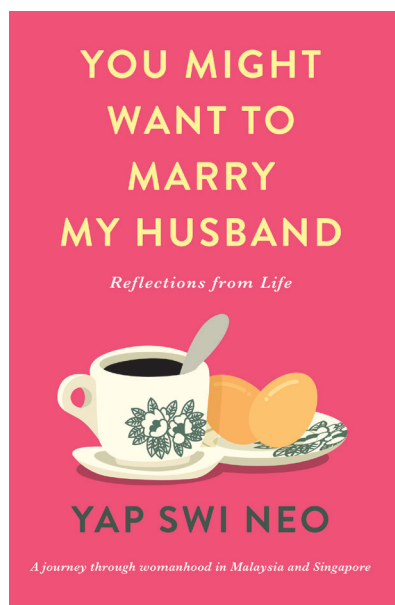
**'Angel Cake'** - as a child lusts after kueh in a Nyonya bakery, her story comes to light.

**'In Towkay Lee's Mansion'** - the activities of a rich Peranakan household are viewed through the eyes of the daughter of the family's Indonesian maid.

**'That Saturday Night Dance'** - Four lifelong female friends in Singapore meet annually at a beachside bar but this time their recollections unravel and they are forced to confront long-suppressed memories of a tragedy that occurred many years ago.

**CHARACTERS** Although most of the stories are autobiographical, each tale can be viewed as a standalone story with its own strong main characters, including 'bling, bling, the real thing, Pansy'; a lecherous Baba patriarch and his complaining wife; a Jonker Street cake shop baker whose strong arms are made to hug; and a Malaysian bondmaid who must secure her place in a wealthy household. The stories feature few characters, all very relatable.

**NOTE** The author has more short stories, some of which did not make the final cut for this volume, so there is scope to extend the series. Some stories may need to be fleshed out by a scriptwriter or the author. (And Monsoon has published over 150 short stories set in Singapore so there is always scope to mine the backlist.)



### BOOK DETAILS

<b>AUTHOR</b>	Yap Swi Neo
<b>ISBN</b>	9781912049981
<b>PUBLISHER</b>	Monsoon Books
<b>PUB DATE</b>	2021
<b>GENRE</b>	Fiction / Women Short Stories
<b>AGE RANGE</b>	General adult

### Author Information

Yap Swi Neo was born and raised in Malacca, and now lives in Singapore. She is a retired educator with over 40 years of teaching in schools in Malaysia, and in institutes of higher learning in Singapore. Swi enjoys recapturing her youth in stories that bring to life old Malaysia and Singapore and the struggles of women in society, stories to be enjoyed by young and old alike.

### Excerpt from 'Is The Soup Done'

'My first aunt, Tua-Ee, left hand on hip, right hand holding a ladle of boiling salted vegetable and duck soup, would administer the test. Looking straight into our eyes, she would ask, "Is the soup done?" If we got it wrong, she scolded us, "Next time, what would your mother-in-law say, ah? Your mother n-e-v-e-r teach you. Where to put your face? So malu!" My cousin and I swore we would never ever get married and live with mothers-in-law who would administer the "Is the soup done?" test and put our mothers to shame.'