

F A T M A

(working title)

written by

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A picture of an old man and a small bouquet of white flowers sit on the drawers. Those are the only decoration in the room. A few mourners enter the room. **RUDI (56, the Father, Muslim man, wears peci a traditional black hat)**, welcomes the guests and shows them where to sit.

A few people are sitting on the rug, lining up, following the room's shape. They are speaking among themselves while waiting for the funeral to commence. People are sitting casually, some of them lean against the wall.

SRI (53, the Mom, Muslim woman) puts a plate of snacks on the rug; she tidies up empty plates and busies herself while withholding her tears.

All of a sudden, someone takes over her action. **FATMA (21, the daughter, deaf, Muslim women)**

[Dialogue in British Sign Language]

FATMA

Let me, you just take a rest.

Sri refuses her. Shakes her head. Fatma stops Sri and mouthed:

FATMA (CONT'D)

Mum!

[Dialogue in British Sign Language]

SRI

I'm fine. You go help Aunty in the kitchen.

Sri continues arrange the snacks. Fatma's position is align with grandfather's picture, she stares at it. She has a moment of silence whilst people passing in front of the picture.

No one interact with grandfather's picture, except her. Fatma then rises to the kitchen.

In the room, Rudi talks to a guest. One guest secretly takes all the snacks on a plate, puts them in his/her pocket, and is nudged by someone beside him/her. Some guests gather around the other side of the room, talking enthusiastically whilst grinning.

2

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

2

Fatma observes the situation. Family members pass by in front of her taking traditional mourning food boxes. Everyone is busy except her. Isolated. The atmosphere looks noisy, but everything is silent.

Someone taps Fatma, and gesticulates towards **NADIA (25, the sister, Muslim woman)** on the other side; Nadia waves at her. Fatma goes to Nadia.

SELMA (54, the Aunty, Muslim woman), puts snacks onto a plate and looks Fatma with annoyance.

SELMA

Ngapain sih malah bengong? Nadia,
show your sister how to pack the
food properly./*What was she doing?*
*Nadia, show your sister how to pack
the food properly.*

Fatma and Nadia sit side by side holding a box of food; they add a tangerine and a water bottle and then put the box into the plastic bag. Beside them are boxes of food neatly arranged on the floor in stacks.

Selma, on the other hand, starts counting the boxes, and checking the list on the paper.

SELMA (CONT'D)

Where are the new boxes? Anyone?
They should be here by now, ugh.

SRI rushes into the kitchen bringing a bag of boxes.

SELMA (CONT'D)

Aaah.. ini dia./*There it is.*

Selma takes the new boxes, giving them to Nadia and Fatma.

SELMA (CONT'D)

Pack this. We need to give them to
the guests after the prayers are
over.

Nadia takes the bag of boxes and puts it on the floor. She sits back and notices Fatma looking into the distance. She waves a hand in front of Fatma.

[Dialogue in British Sign Language]

NADIA

Are you ok?

Fatma stares at Nadia for a bit longer and sees her mom, Sri, with puffy eyes looking tired but still managing to pack boxes.

FATMA
Why are we doing this?

NADIA
Hospitality?

FATMA
We should just be praying for grandpa and resting.

Nadia sighs.

NADIA
I know.

They continue packing in silent. A picture of the grandfather smiling proudly, hanging on the wall.

Then Fatma waves her hand in front of Nadia.

FATMA
Let's go to grandpa's bedroom and rest there

Before Nadia can answers, all of a sudden Rudi the father calls her. Whisper-shouts.

RUDI
Kak, Kak! Come here.

Nadia looks at him, who is peeking around the door and waving at her, pointing to both of his daughters.

Fatma sees Rudi. Nadia stands up, Fatma follows reluctantly. Nadia tries to soothe her. They walk outside the kitchen.

3

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

3

Rudi introduces them to **TIKA (45, a Muslim woman)**.

RUDI
This is Nadia, the oldest, and Fatma, the youngest.

RUDI (CONT'D)
(to Nadia and Fatma)
Salim.

Nadia and Fatma do the "Salim" by placing Nanang's hand on their foreheads.

TIKA

Oh.. You've grown so much. The last time I saw you, you were a little kid running around.

Nadia smiles, and Fatma forces her smile. Fatma watches the interactions. Then she waits patiently for her Father to translate.

The father notices Fatma starrng.

[Dialogue in British Sign Language]

RUDI

Do you remember her?

Fatma looks at Tika, then back to her father. She shakes her head. Tika laughs it off awkwardly.

Tika starts wiggling her hand, tries signing to Fatma.

Fatma is confused.

RUDI (CONT'D)

(to Tika)

She doesn't speak Bisindo anymore. She speaks BSL now.

TIKA

Ohh.. right.

Tika and Rudi laugh. Tika excuses herself looking for a space to sit. Fatma still confused, stares at Rudi.

Suddenly, someone screams in shock that grasps everyone's attention.

TIKA (CONT'D)

Aah! Astahgfirullah!

Rudi and Nadia immediately look at the source of the sound. Fatma follows after them calmly.

We can see Sri on the floor with the snacks scattered around her. Rudi, Nadia, and Nanang immediately walk toward her, but Fatma hastily ahead.

Sri gets up from the fall, tries to clean the snack crumbs on Tika's clothes.

[Dialogue in Indonesian]

SRI

Aduh maaf bu.. saya gak lihat..
Maaf sini biar aku bersihin/*I'm so
sorry.. I didn't see you. Let me
clean this up.*

Fatma comes to gather the scattered snacks onto the plate. She brushes the crumbs off of Sri's skirt; Sri doesn't notice. Fatma continues to collect the rest of the snacks off the floor.

TIKA

Eh gak apa-apa bu, gak apa-apa..
/I'm fine, it's ok.

Tika, the guest reassure Sri. They hold the stare and then Tika hugs Sri. Sri holds on tightly. Starts sobbing.

Behind Tika, there is Rudi who watches carefully at his wife crying.

TIKA (CONT'D)

Yang sabar ya.. InshaAllah,
dilapangkan kuburnya dan mendapat
tempat terbaik di sana, Bapak mah
orang baik./*Be patient..
InshaAllah, he will bein a good
place. He was a kind person.*

The photo of Grandpa stand still behind Sri, as if he is watching her crying.

Fatma stands up and notice Sri's shoulder shaking. Tears build up. She leaves with the snacks she gathered from the floor.

4

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

4

Fatma sees Sri comes in, wiping her tears. Fatma stops her and holds her hand, giving her calm stares. Sri smiles.

[Dialogue in British Sign Language]

FATMA

Mum, I know you are tired, take a
rest, please. You've been working
non stop for 3 days.

SRI

It's fine. I'm fine.

FATMA

Mum.. please. You need to rest.
Grandpa will be happy to get your
dua.

Sri stares at Fatma. Fatma starts signing aggressively.

FATMA (CONT'D)

This does not make sense. We are
all in grief, but we're busy
organizing the prayers. We don't
even have time grieving or even to
pray for grandpa.

Fatma stares at Sri, forms teary eyes.

Fatma sighs, slouches her shoulder.

FATMA (CONT'D)

I'm tired as well.

Sri soothe Fatma, tries to comfort her with the stares and
arm strokes.

SRI

Just do it for the sake of your
Grandfather. Many people have come,
so a lot of people pray for him.

Sri sits and continues packing the food, making herself busy.
Fatma insists, goes in front of Sri, follows Sri's eyes,
trying to make her mum look at her.

FATMA

But we need to rest. Don't you feel
sad?

Sri is starting to get annoyed by Fatma. She stares at Fatma.
Both of them starts signing aggressively.

SRI

Yeah, I feel sad, Of course! Who
doesn't? My father just passed
away-

FATMA

Then why?! Why don't you just rest
and process all of it?

Sri places the box hard beside her from her lap.

SRI

Why don't YOU just take a rest?!
You said you are tired, right? Go
take a rest!

Sri continues packing roughly. Their actions catch people's attention. All the people in the kitchen look at them, arguing in sign language.

Photo of grandpa smiling stays still on the wall, it becomes the only smile in the room.

Fatma stares at Sri with teary eyes. Signing less aggressively.

FATMA

I also want you to rest. I want all
of us to take a rest! We haven't
rested for three days since he
passed away.

Sri sighs while staring at Fatma.

SRI

We can not just invite people and
give nothing, Fatma. It's not how
it works. This is how we thank them
for coming. Just think of this as
an act of charity.

FATMA

But, can they just come, pray, and
go? Why it feels like it is-

Selma steps between them and tries to stop them. Selma whisper-shouts to them.

SELMA

Aduuh! Uдах, uдах! Berhenti./
Stop it. Whatever it is. Stop it!

Fatma pushes back a little. Stares at Selma with annoyance.

SELMA (CONT'D)

Malah berantem, gimana sih?!
Fokus./*It's not the time to argue.*
Focus

Selma taps Fatma's arm, then points to the door.

SELMA (CONT'D)

Fatma, itu ambil aja boks lainnya
di luar, yang nganterin uдах
datang. SEKARANG.

(MORE)

SELMA (CONT'D)
 /Fatma, just get the other boxes
 from the delivery outside, NOW.

Fatma tries to lip read, she doesn't get what Selma means.

Selma sighs. Leaving both of them while saying.

SELMA (CONT'D)
 Ck! Transletin kek! Siapa pun./
Can someone translate it for her?

Sri taps Fatma to get her attention, then translate it.

Fatma storms out.

5 **INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

5

Fatma comes back into the living room with 2 bags of boxes in her hands. She looks at the picture of Grandpa on the drawers. People are animated and chatting furiously. Then she looks at the open kitchen door. Nadia is busy packing, Sri walks past her in a rush.

Selma bumps Fatma's shoulder.

SELMA
 Heuh. Uдах mah berani nentang ibu,
 kerjanya lelet. Kasian Sri, punya
 anak udah kaya anak durhaka gini./
*You can't even work fast. Poor
 Sri with her rebellious child.*

Fatma doesn't get it. Selma leans in and mouthing slowly.

SELMA (CONT'D)
 ANAK DURHAKA./
 REBELLIOUS CHILD.

Fatma has had enough and rushes away from the gathering. Selma just shakes her head, continues to walk outside, she does not know that Fatma walks to the opposite of the kitchen.

6 **INT. GRANDFATHER'S BEDROOM - DAY**

6

The room is quiet. Some clothings fold neatly on the bed. Some grandpa's stuff are ready to send to charity.

Fatma walks in and looks slowly around the room. She sees a photo of middle-aged grandpa smiling on the table by the window, beside that, lies an old Quran.

She puts down the boxes, then picks up the old Quran, gently strokes it, and opens it where there are notes on a scrap of paper inside.

She walks over to the window and looks out. She sees an old man, in all white attire, sitting on a chair in the back yard. It is her grandpa. She stares at him.

7 **INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

7

Nadia and Sri are being cut off in the middle of the conversation due to Selma's panic.

SELMA

LOH BOKS LAINNYA MANA?! Ini kurang
25 lagi!/Where are the other
boxes?! We need 25 more boxes.

Selma whisper-shouts to all the people in the kitchen.

Nadia and Sri reflect and turn their head towards Selma. The people in the kitchen start busily looking for boxes. A person check the cupboard, other person check below the table, Selma all of a sudden drags Nadia to the other side of the kitchen and points to a drawer.

SELMA (CONT'D)

Check in there, don't just stare!

Selma checks the drawers opposite Nadia, in a rush. Then she suddenly turns her head. She remembers Fatma. Then stand up and yells aloud.

SELMA (CONT'D)

Fatma!

SRI

Ssshhh!!

Selma rushes outside the kitchen, Sri follows her, tries to stop her.

8 **INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

8

When Selma walks out from kitchen, she forces smile and give a short head bows to the guest around her. She scans the room, looking for Fatma. Sri beside her, softly pulls Selma to go back to the kitchen.

Selma finally sees her. Fatma. She is rearranging the flowers beside Grandfather's photo and adjusting the position of the photo. She then walks with the Quran in her hand.

All of a sudden Selma pulls her arm from behind. Fatma's eyes are widening.

SELMA

Di mana kamu taruh boksnya?/
Where did you put the boxes?

Fatma focuses on Selma's lips, she can't understand. She shakes her head pointing at her ear and shrugs.

Fatma continues walking to the door. Sri starts to translate, blocking her way.

[Dialogue in British Sign Language]

SRI

Where did you put the boxes?

FATMA

I dont know. I put them there. In
the kitchen.

Selma sees Fatma's gesture. Still whisper-shouting at Sri.

SELMA

Ya terus mana?! Kok gak ada?/
*Then where are they? They are
missing.*

Fatma watches the interaction. Photo of grandpa stays in between Fatma and Selma. The guests starting to notice their interactions. Some people comes in and out of the kitchen in a rush, pass them.

SRI

Mbak lagi bicara ke Fatma. Liatnya
ke dia./*You're talking with Fatma.
Look at her.*

Selma grab Fatma's shoulder, then leans forward to stare at Fatma.

SELMA

I know you did something with the
boxes.

Fatma being pushed back a little, she flick her shoulder, stares back at Selma, annoyed by her attitude. Sri tries to stop Selma, while also awkwardly smiles and bows head to the guest.

[Dialogue in British Sign Language]

FATMA

What is up with you? Mum, why did she pull me? what did I do wrong? I put the boxes there. I can't even hear any of you!

Selma pushes forward and grips Fatma's shoulder whilst she is signing.

[Dialogue in Indonesian]

SELMA

Mau bikin berantakan tahlilan, kamu? Apa kata orang nanti?!/
*Do you want to ruin the prayer?
What will people say?!*

Fatma walks backward escaping her shoulder from Selma's grip whilst also gesturing that she can't hear a thing to Selma. Selma's grip tightens, Fatma's tries to escape harder, shaking her arm.

SELMA (CONT'D)

Di mana boksnya?!/
Where are the boxes?!

Sri pulls Selma by the arm to stop her. Then Selma accidentally hits Grandfather's photo with her elbow. The photo falls as well as the flowers. Fatma gasps. Everybody stops. The guests look at them in unison. Silence.

Fatma with teary eyes, flicks her arm, hardly. Then rushes outside. Selma tries to follow her, but is stopped by Sri.

SRI

UDAH MBAK. Jangan nambah masalah. Orang-orang mau berdoa buat Bapak, jangan bertingkah, kasih aja yang ada./*Enough. Don't make it worse. People are praying for Bapak, don't make a scene, just give what we have.*

Rudi the father, looks at the conversation between them, he tries to reach Fatma, who passes in front of him in tears, but fails. Rudi sighs, looks carefully at Fatma who rushes outside.

9

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

9

Through the windows, we can see on one side the chaos continuing in the kitchen while the mourners are praying calmly for grandpa.

In the green garden, Fatma sits in the chair where her grandpa sat before. She blank stares, as if she has a lot of thoughts inside her head.

9a. INT. KITCHEN - DAY [Flashback]

Chaotic kitchen. The people in the kitchen busily looking for boxes. Nadia check the cupboard, other person check below the table, Selma going around the kitchen. Everyone move in panic. But, we can't hear anything.

9b. EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Fatma still stares blankly. Then she is slowly blinking, exhaling, and coming back to the time being. She tries to calm herself down. She smoothly strokes the old Quran, then opens it.

There is a folding paper inside. She opens it. It says:

"So be patient. Indeed, the promise of Allāh is truth. And let them not disquiet you who are not certain [in faith]. (QS. 30:60)"

The wind smoothly blows her hijab, we can hear the leaves rustling, bird chirping, flipping pages, calm breath, and everything around Fatma seems to be singing.

Then, all the sound slowly fades out as we see Fatma having her time alone reading the Quran.

10

INT. GRANDFATHER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

10

From the window we can see Fatma sits on the chair in the garden, just how Fatma saw her grandpa in the same spot. Gradually we can see the window fully shows, there is someone standing looking at Fatma. It is Sri, her mother.

The boxes are still there. Sri sighs, then look at the photo of middle-aged grandpa. She takes it with care, then strokes it. She stares at the photo, a smile slowly appears from her trembling lips. She is alone in the room.

THE END