

SOUL JOURNEY

by

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INT. LOCATION #1 - KAMMY' S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON.

Kammy indicates to the prayer mat.

KAMMY (CONT'D)

Just did my 7th Istikhara prayer in

Kammy then bends down and smooths out the disheveled tassels with his hand and picks out bits of stray fluff on the mat and puts it in the bin.

KAMMY (CONT'D)

Despite that shame about staining my family's Islamic home with my 'sin', I prayed harder. Cause it



After several more assertive twists and turns from Kammy he then throws the Rubik Cube up in the air. Kammy catches it with two hands, out of shot. He opens up his hands. Kammy lightly shakes his head with a faint smile at the Rubik Cube hidden in his hands.

Suddenly, a gust of wind blows through the open window and makes the multi coloured scarf, hanging on the door, ripple. The wind however doesn't touch the prayer mat on the floor - or even the tassels. He stares at the scarf intensely as it composes itself. Could this be the sign.

KAMMY (CONT'D)

No.

Kammy's looks inside the palm of his hands. The wind blows again, moving the scarf once more.

KAMMY (CONT'D)

No. No. No!

Kammy then heads to the window and slams it shut. With the Rubik Cube in his hand, Kammy then heads over the drawer next to the window. He opens it up the drawer and we hear the sounds of Kammy rearranging stuff inside it. On top of that, we also hear the bleeping sound of the hospital machine getting stronger and faster.

KAMMY (CONT'D)

Dad's not got long left. Islam says my actions can control my parent's afterlife. I'm proud I never clock-watch to avoid queues in Mosque. I always leave last. Still doesn't change Dad's special skill of holding a grudge until the next life. Believing faith is the sole vehicle to cement perfection.

Kammy stares outside from the closed window.

KAMMY (CONT'D)

Even the way I am, I can't fully be part of the colour and culture in the community I grew in. What I've become? They constantly ration respect.

After a few more rummaging sounds, Kammy stops organising his belongings inside the drawer. He stares inside the drawer.

KAMMY (CONT'D)

This is it. I have my sign.

Kammy puts a finally completed Rubik Cube on top of the drawer. He places it in between two photos frames that are facing down (so they don't interfere and null when performing Islamic prayers). As Kammy lifts up each photo frame they reveal the following: a picture of Kammy as a small boy with his Dad. The other picture is a photo of Kammy and Afza: Kammy's wife.

We hear the sound of a car honking from outside. Kammy puts on his jacket. He then walks over to the multicoloured Palestinian scarf and touches it.

AFZA

(V/O) Hun, the taxi's here!

Kammy quickly takes the scarf off the hook and begins folding it up.

KAMMY

Just coming, babe!

Kammy folds up the multicoloured scarf and heads over to the drawer.

KAMMY (CONT'D)

In the end, being a Muslim is a solo journey and it's my soul.

Kammy places the folded multicoloured scarf inside the drawer. Inside the drawer has a small jewellery tray. Kammy puts on his wedding ring before leaving with his wife Afza, to visit his Dad in the hospital.

Inside the drawer, we also see the packaging of the freshly opened Rubik Cube. The packaging rests next to the real incomplete Rubik Cube Kammy had been playing with. Kammy had always fabricated what the Istikhara sign was. Therefore deciding to cheat himself from being the person he would truly like to be.

THE END