

ROOM ENOUGH (FOR US ALL)
by Daaimah Mubashshir

About the play (from the playwright):

ROOM ENOUGH is centered on a contemporary African American Muslim Family coming to terms with how to treat queerness up against long-standing ideals and faith. Fatimah, a recently widowed matriarch, is determined to have it all. She wants the opportunity to set right a 10-year mistake by inviting Jamillah, her queer daughter, to return home after a long forced absence. Can she have it all when Abdullah, her son, is driven to fight against this decision, even though he loves his mother deeply?

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FATIMAH—Female, 40+, African American

About the scene:

Fatimah has been withdrawn from her community since her husband died two years ago. Now she has decided to welcome her daughter, Jamillah, back home after she was kicked out years ago for being queer. Her son, Abdullah, does not support this decision. Here, she speaks to her dead husband about the hypocrisy of Fareedah and the other women at the mosque and her conflicted feelings about her decisions.

FATIMAH
(agitated)

Malik MALIK
What am I going to DO?

Fareedah Has NO business running no Damn Festival

Stop giving me that look she Doesn't

Why I am even talking to you
You always side with her

Which is wrong
she got them All against me
As soon as you died

How can they even call themselves Muslim
Trifling back stabbers
is what they are
Have the nerve to judge me
For talking to my daughter

When Sister Fareedah and her whole crew
Have these little Secret Pinot Grigio parties
What's the difference between them Drinking ALCOHOL

And me inviting my daughter back into my life

What's the difference?

I was dutiful to this room this message

Praying when it's time
fasting when it's time
feeding those I've been assigned to feed

but I get kicked to the side
Punished for being and doing what I think
Allah really wants from me

*(FATIMAH moves toward the Quran.
She addresses it.)*

I can't tell

Is it you
Or the people that interpret You
that's the problem.

Allah's mercy gets a little spotty when it's filtered
through a Select group of dead people to folks
Over here at Masjid Al Noor

Please excuse me if my
faith and love is tarnished

That loneliness wears on you

Malik,
You and I both know
I'm long in my years

It's my turn
It's my time to be the Person
Be the Muslim
I really want to be

Since I'm on my own
You better keep your hell fire brimstone
Fear of god hubbaloo all to your self
Because taking your side
is expensive
and my 'good mother' check hasn't come in