

PREPOSITION

First of all thank you for inviting me to your pitch. I really enjoyed our informative conference call and look forward to the prospect of collaborating on such an innovative approach to presenting the spirit of Ramadan.

With “Open Up”, Coca-Cola taps into three core tenets of Islamic culture: love, thankfulness and humbleness.

THREE INTIMATE FAMILY SNAP SHOTS

“Father and Son” portrays the unconditional love between a father and his children. The father, I could call him, Basir, has watched his teenage son, Ahmad, suppress his dream of becoming a photographer, in order to follow in the family tradition of becoming an engineer. Ahmad meanwhile has always wanted to pursue his dream to be an artist. No doubt out of a strong sense of filial piety and respect for tradition, he had decided to forego his dream. Basir, like all parents around the world, regardless of religion or culture, has always wanted a better life for his children than he himself had growing up. The last thing he would want, would be that Ahmad, have to sacrifice his true career passion as he himself had to so long ago. Basir’s conviction in both his son’s talent, as well as his desire to see his son truly fulfilled, leads him to apply to photography school on his son’s behalf.

“A New Connection” centers on the sense of thankfulness that a young boy, Tarek, feels toward his grandfather, whom I would call Farouk. Here too, we have a globally relatable story. We have a young person digitally bridging the generation gap between himself and his grandfather. This is a situation that repeats every day in every corner of the globe. In fact all too often, for many of us, bringing our parents or grandparents into digital age, sometimes backfires. We suddenly find ourselves online, “tagged” in unflattering photos of ourselves as children.

For Tarek, I can imagine that his Granddad has played a key role in his life. Perhaps he still even walks him to school, or helps him with his math homework. Creating an online profile for his Granddad is Tarek’s own way of saying, thank you for all that you do for me and for us as a family. As a side note, it also says, “Hey Grandpa, by the way, I think you’re a pretty cool guy.”

With “Mother-in-Law” we have yet another universal tale. The almost inherent tension between a mother and daughter-in-law is the stuff of both tragedy and comedy. The story conflict is so clear that this could in fact be a silent film, told entirely through looks and gestures. The German daughter-in-law, I would call her Annike, brings a stollen fruitcake to Ramadan dinner. With her blond hair and blue eyes, she looks and feels completely out of place. Her mother-in-law, I would call her Gamila, is skeptical about Annike’s offering. Ultimately however, when Annike humbly offers to help Gamila wash the dinner dishes, we see a new, tentative bridge of trust and friendship begin to blossom between the two women.

A NEW APPROACH TO TIMELESS DILEMMAS

Two things made me fall in love with these boards. The first, is that they are a groundbreaking departure from typical “Ramadan” advertising. Those films tend to have stories that are completely “on the nose”. They could literally have tag lines that say, “Hey, it’s Ramadan, people — Time to care”. In sharp contrast, on the other hand, with “Open Up” we have films with a conflict-centered narrative structure. In these films, we meet a wife trying to be accepted by her mother-in-law. We see a boy’s internal struggle, as he grapples to forge his own destiny.

As we all know, it is these sorts of internal conflicts that drive true storytelling. Without a true conflict there cannot be a positive, satisfying resolution in the end. Our audience cannot have a full cathartic experience. So while all other Ramadan commercials only show the positive end result, we would show the character arc, the journey to achieving the protagonist’s personal victory.

This distinction between “Open Up” and other Ramadan films is huge, because the heroes actively shape their destinies. They are full participants in changing their lives and personal relationships.

Here we have rich, emotional pieces with elements of suspense and a surprise twist at the end. This is the stuff true cinema is made of.

Secondly, beyond its dramaturgical structure, this campaign’s great achievement and distinction is that it shows very real human beings in authentic every-day situations, which exist in millions of households. To convey these “slices of humanity” in a truthful way is the great challenge and incredible potential of these films. We do not want to impose a view on our audience. We do not want to show cliché role models.

Our viewers are middle class people, living in a globalized world. I think it is time to respect this reality, also in advertising as well as in all aspects of business. It is time to open up a real window on their lives. Yes, our viewers have a different religion than middle class people in Brazil. They have different traditions. But they do share certain core values of all the middle-class people in the entire world. They desire an intact family, a good education for their kids, health care, a cozy home and a nice holiday trip from time to time.

It is not so complicated to feel for these protagonists. It is not so complicated to understand their daily struggles, hopes and aspirations. We only have to do make the honest effort. And while doing so, we have to stay true to the sociological details. Take Dad Basir, as one example:

This is not about a picture-perfect glossy dad. This is about a dad who experienced himself what it means to not being able to form one’s own destiny. And he doesn’t want his boy to go the same painful route. Now, he cannot object to his own father in front of

the entire family. So he needs to see his boy in private to tell him the good news. This little cultural choice to connect with his son in private, is the perfect example of the cultural realism that I am referring to. Dad doesn't play the glossy hero ad guy. He does it how a Dad would do it in real life —in a respectful way.

Starting on the next page, you will find my director's interpretation in greater detail. I have enclosed as many visual references as possible, in order to best convey my ideas. As I mentioned in the call, and as you will find throughout this treatment, many of the images will be Western in appearance. They are not meant to be taken as 1:1 ethnic representations of the final film. Given that there is a fairly limited amount of fully appropriate Middle Eastern imagery available, please see these as representative placeholders. They are meant to signify emotionality, framing and composition.

In addition, please consider these notes as a conversation starter. Absolutely nothing is etched in stone. I see before us a once in a lifetime opportunity to possibly re-envision the Coca-Cola brand, while shifting global perspectives of the Middle East. The feat before and its potential are monumental. For this reason, I would look forward to establishing a most free-flowing rapport and open, ongoing discourse as to how to best bring "Open Up" to life.

Please feel free to call me at any time.

A NOTE ABOUT CASTING

As we discussed in our call, we would need to have as much of a casting “strategy” as a casting process. This is a region where while there is a rich acting culture, there is not a rich casting culture. The tendency is to cast a rather wide, random net and hope (insh’allah) that we find the right people.

By desire as well as by necessity, I am fully prepared to take the lead in this fully immersive search. Having worked in the area before, I believe that it may take us up to three weeks or twenty day or so days to yield a complete cast. We should also consider flying in actors of Middle Eastern descent from Europe. Upon reflection, flying talent in from Europe might actually be the best route to take.

Regardless of our final casting strategy’s ingredients, time is of the essence. Let’s start talking about setting up a timetable, and ironing out a more solid set of casting specs. Feel free to use my character descriptions as an initial guide.

STORYTELLING & STAGING

LOVE: FATHER AND SON

The last rosy stands of a stunning Beirut sunset form the backdrop to the Eid al-Fitr feast at the Haddad's modest flat. A pair of young, laughing cousins chase each other through frame. They seem not to hear their mothers' teasing implores to settle down and enjoy their dinner. We can tell that these two don't see each other often. Tonight they will probably play until they exhaust themselves, eventually falling asleep in their mothers' arms.

Our gently hand-held lens moves past these two joyous youngsters to take in the Haddad's feast. An assortment of dates, halal meats and vegetables, accompanied by the occasional Coca-Cola bottle, cover the table. At one end of the table a pair of middle-age brothers pat each other on the back, having exchanged an inside joke from their childhood. One of them gestures to his daughter to pass him a Coke.

An aunt, I would call her Aunt Hadia, rises and taps her glass to draw the room's attention. When Aunt Hadia speaks, everyone listens. Even the two youngsters who seemed oblivious to their mothers' calls, stop dead in their tracks. She clears her throat.

Aunt Hadia: A thousand congratulations to my nephew Ahmad on his college acceptance.

We find the teenage Ahmad, blushing and smiling awkwardly under the sudden, unexpected rush of attention. He even seems a bit more uncomfortable than the situation would warrant. Something about his demeanor is a little tense and out of place.

Aunt Hadia: He's going to be a civil engineer! Just like his father and grandfather (before him)!

The family continues to cheer, as the pair studious looking uncles rise to pat their nephew on the back. Ahmad stiffly accepts their praise, but as we go closer, we see mild, sad longing in his eyes. His body is here with his family, but his mind is clearly somewhere else.

Family patriarch, Dad Basir takes in the entire tableau, clearly proud of his eldest boy's achievement. As the momentary celebration starts to quiet down, he takes a sip of his Coke. He signals to his Ahmad to follow him to his bedroom.

Ahmad follows Dad down the shadowy hallway nervously. We seem him swallow deeply and his hands flutter a bit. He prepares himself for what will no doubt be a strict yet encouraging, short lecture about doing the family proud. He can already

hear his Dad's words, *"Now, son, getting into university is only the first hurdle. Once you're there, you'll be competing against the best of the best. There will be no time for anything but study..."* Then Dad would probably hand him an envelope with some money that he had been saving as a gift for just this moment. *"This money is only for emergencies"*.

In actuality however, Father and son take a seat on Ahmad's bed. Dad hands him a Coke bottle and they both sip in silence. For a moment, Dad looks at his young son's profile, as though memorizing it for the future. Then he calmly speaks.

Dad Basir: You may not know this, but when I was your age, I didn't even want to be an engineer... I wanted to be a pilot. But I never had a choice.

From the soft lines on Dad's face, you can see that there is some hidden pain in this very personal statement. We can imagine that he has never even uttered these words to anyone in his life.

He hands Ahmad an envelope. From Ahmad's face, we can see that he assumes that this is in the fact that very envelope with the emergency college cash fund that he's been anticipating. He almost does want to open it, but at his Dad's urging tears the seal.

Over Ahmad's tense shoulder we see him slowly open the envelope. We see the boy's shoulder's visibly relax as instead of a some large bills, it is instead an acceptance letter to an elite photography academy. In close-up we see Ahmad's astonished face. We see him trace his own name over the addressee portion, and caress the stationary as though checking for its authenticity. Ahmad turns to his Dad, speechless.

Dad Basir: I know you want to be a photographer... That's why I applied for you... Now you have a choice... Ramadan Kareem habibi.

In close-up we see Ahmad's face, awash with emotion. He and his father have always had an unspoken bond of love. Dad, though warm was never particularly demonstrative or verbal. We can see from the son's face that in these few short moments, his perception of his father has forever shifted. The man who was his paternal authority figure, has now become a personal friend and life-long confidante. Ahmad has always known that his father would sacrifice anything for his family. He just didn't realize that Dad's own childhood dreams had been on the list as well.

Livening up the moment, Basir says:

Dad Basir: Just remember us when you're famous, ok?

Smiling, though still deep in thought, Ahmad continues to sip his Coke. His eyes are far away. Partly thinking ahead to photography school, partly thinking back to the fact that Dad had always insisted that he take all the photos for important family gatherings. He remembers how his Dad bought him his first point-and-shoot when he was ten. His Mom thought it was far too expensive a gift for such a young boy. But Dad, with a twinkle in his eye, insisted that Ahmad would be responsible. Ahmad can now see that all along, Dad had been in the background, silently encouraging his creativity. A silent champion. Ahmad suddenly reaches into his drawer and takes out a black and white photo.

Over both the men's shoulders, we see a long shot of Dad flying with Ahmad's little sister over his shoulders. The observational image is shot from a garden window. Both Dad and daughter's arms are spread wide as the little girl squeals in delight.

Ahmad: See (Dad)? You've always been a great pilot....

Dad, Basir takes in the unself-conscious, candid photo for a moment. The he lets out a deep laugh, thinking about how much he enjoyed playing with his young children and how quickly they have grown.

We close on the animated tag with the campaign slogan.

Open Up. It's Ramadan.

AUNT HADIA (50s)

Aunt Hadia is the female voice of authority in the family. The entire family looks to her for counsel and approval. She takes pride in her role and always knows exactly what is going on with each member of the extended family. If anyone wants to know what's going on with a particular relative, they call that person. Then if they want to know what's really happening with them, they call Aunt Hadia.

BASIR (40's)

Ahmad's Dad takes his paternal role very seriously. He's always seen his job as a civil engineer as more of a means to the end of supporting his family. On his first flight as a young boy, the pilot saw the admiration in his eyes, and handed him a pin in the shape of pilot's wings. No one knows this, but Basir still has that pin and take it out and polishes it every once in a while. This was what he was doing when he decided to apply to photography school on his son's behalf.

AHMAD (17)

One close look at Ahmad and you can tell that he's an artist. Though masculine, there is a gentleness about his deep brown eyes and bright smile. A bit on the quieter side, he always felt that his Dad supported his photography hobby more out of an effort to help him overcome his shyness. Now however, he realizes that all along his father has seen even greater artistic potential in him, than he's seen in himself.

THANKFULNESS: A NEW CONNECTION

The sun seems to linger at the edge of the horizon on the Gulf of Aqaba. It is that wonderful “in between” moment in the night sky when the brightest stars insist on making their appearance, determined to share the stage with the setting sun. In the background the sounds we hear the sounds of a Ramadan series. It leads first our ears then our eyes to the Saqqaf’s modern living room.

It is already night twenty-five of this musalsal, but from Grandpa Farouk’s expression we can tell that he’s not too impressed with the story on his flat screen. His hand idly plays with the remote. The remnants of Iftal dinner lay on the table, as Mom and daughter clear away the dishes.

Grandson, Tarek, 13 is fully absorbed in his shiny new iPad mini. He taps adeptly on the retina screen as though he were born with a tablet in his hand. From his energy it would seem as though he were on his own isolated digital island. Grandpa, himself too, half-distracted by the tv, turns to Tarek. He gestures to his grandson with the flatscreen remote.

Grandad Farouk: Do you remember back in the day when it was Ramadan and uhhh...

He trails off, realizing that he hasn’t drawn Tarek’s attention away from his iPad in the slightest. Granddad frowns. We can almost hear his thoughts, *“I can’t believe I actually helped pay for that thing. This boy had me convinced that it would help him with his homework”*.

Grandad Farouk: I was saying, do you remember when we used to watch that Ramadan series, what was it called?

Tarek is still engrossed in his iPad. His attitude is not disrespectful. It is more one of almost studied concentration on the device. Grandpa sits up, now getting a little frustrated, yet his tone is still teasing.

Grandad Farouk: Ya Tarek! When your grandfather is speaking you don’t listen. You kids and technology these days!

Tarek calmly reaches for a sip of his Coke. As he swallows, we get impression that he had been so focused on an interactive game, that he hadn’t even taken the time to quench his growing thirst. We see him smile knowingly at his Grandpa’s rant, then ***SWOOSH***. He makes one final sweep on his iPad. His face lets us know that he feels as though he’s just put the finishing touches on the Mona Lisa. Tarek pops up excitedly and laughingly and places the iPad in Grandpa’s hands.

Grandpa leans in to the iPad, then reaches to put on his glasses to take a closer inspection of what digital silliness his Grandson has been up to all evening. He is

surprised to see a photo of himself as the lawweeh leading a dabke. The casual, joyous snapshot was taken a few months ago at a family wedding in Alexandria. It is now memorialized on his personal profile on a social media site.

Granddad Farouk: What is this?!

Tarek: It's your new online profile! That's what I was making for you Grandpa!

Tarek and Granddad now share the comfy sofa, as Tarek starts to swipe through a series of photos. Here we see Granddad in the garden tending to his rosebushes. In another snapshot he is in the park triumphantly putting a friend in checkmate. Another still has him holding a baby Tarek as he helps him take his first steps. The impromptu "slide show" ends with a photo of the entire family, with "Ramadan Kareem" inscribed in red and gold cursive lettering across the bottom.

Tarek: Look here, I sent you a friend request. Just press here to accept!

Granddad Farouk clearly tries to hold back tears. We go close on the bottom of the screen. As he pushes the button, his "Friends" counter goes from "0" to "1". Grandpa turns to Tarek, with a slightly ironic grin, pointing to the iPad.

Granddad Farouk: So we're there friends now?

He makes a general gesture to the air, but eventually his finger hovers near Tarek's chest.

Granddad Farouk: ..and here?

Farouk passes Tarek a Coke and they sip together. As they continue to scroll through family photos, Granddad occasionally pokes Tarek as if to say "look at this one"; and "where did you find that?" From their body language, we understand that Tarek is teaching Farouk how to upload photos to the page as well.

Suddenly, Tarek holds the iPad up in the air, pointing it at both of them. Granddad still holds his Coke.

Tarek: Ok, let's take our first Selfie! Ramadan Kareem!

CHOOM. On the iPad screen we see the two smiling generations, Grandpa's Coke still in hand.

We close on the animated tag with the campaign slogan.

Open UP. It's Ramadan.

GRANDDAD FAROUK (late 60s)

The most exciting moment of Farouk's life was when young Tarek was born. Up until that point, he was the only man in the family. First he was the only boy in a family of six girls. Then he and his wife only had two daughters. He despaired of ever having male companionship. When his daughter Fatima announced that she was going to have a boy, Farouk promptly told her that the child would be named Tarek, after his great-grandfather. Now retired, Farouk spends most of his days walking Tarek to and from school, and helping him with his homework. There is nothing more that he wants out of life.

GRANDSON TAREK (13)

Tarek is typical of the current teenage generation. He can't even imagine life without the internet. He was just starting to walk when Facebook came into being. Though a strong verbal communicator, his texts are just as eloquent. He loves his time with his granddad and considers him to be as much a best friend as any of his classmates.

HUMBLENESS: MOTHER-IN-LAW

On this warm Ramadan evening, the Hakim family decided to enjoy Iftal dinner al fresco on the balcony. Some are already seated at the table, some stand, watching the sky turn indigo. They are clearly a very tight-knit group.

A light breeze seems to caress the informal gathering. It causes the candles in the Ramadan lanterns adorning the table to flicker and cast dancing patterns across the family's faces. A pair of sisters bicker over whose basbousa should be put at the center of the table. They go through this every year. The whole family knows that the younger sister is the better cook — by far. Nevertheless, the older sister uses her rank to grab the prize spot. The younger sister looks to their mother to referee. The matriarch Gamila, gives them both a stern look as if to say, *"can't you two behave even for Ramadan?"* Both feeling eight and ten again, they are suddenly contrite.

Suddenly, the sliding glass door to the balcony opens, causing everyone to silence their informal, familial chatter. Over mother Gamila's now rigid shoulder, we see her eldest son Isa and his Bavarian wife, Annike in the doorway. It's almost as though they are waiting to be invited into the gathering. The two sisters exchange a look as they note the plastic-wrapped stollen fruitcake that Annike holds in her almost trembling hands. One sister subtly looks at her watch. Her thought, *"I thought Germans were always on time."* Only husband and wife know this, but the reason they were late was because Annike couldn't decide which cake dish she should use to present the desert to her mother-in-law.

Gamila barely spares a glance to the blonde. She asks her son.

Mother-in-law Gamila: Hello...What is this?

Her attitude is almost one of feigned ignorance. From her level of sophistication, we are certain that she has tasted European desserts in the past. Nevertheless, it is clear that no woman, and therefore no desert, is good enough for her son.

Annike responds in English. She speaks a bit slower and louder, pronouncing every word carefully. Despite her attempt at bravado, her voice cracks.

Annike: I..I made cake for desert..It's from my country.

We see her husband Isa smile politely, and start to guide her to the table. Annike unwittingly places her stollen fruitcake right next to the elder sister's basbousa. She has no idea of the table's geopolitics. From their expressions, we can see that everyone else does. Even worse, on its high, crystal cake stand, the desert sticks out on the table, just as much as her blond head amongst all these brunettes.

As the meal proceeds, Annike smiles politely amongst the sea of Arabic. Everyone complements Gamila on her excellent cooking, as one by one the dishes are all devoured. All but Annike's stollen. By now, from Annike's face, we see that she has stopped trying to keep track of the conversation with her elementary Arabic. Now she's just listening for her name and the words "German cake".

Gamila glances at her anxious daughter-in-law, as she takes a sip of Coke. Suddenly Annike's lonely cake catches her attention and she reaches for it. She rises and serves everyone at the table a thick slice of the European dessert. Annike visibly relaxes and gives Gamila a bright, appreciative smile.

Now an hour or later, we are at the kitchen sink with Gamila, as she puts on gloves. Dinner leftovers are standing by to be put away as well. In the background, we see the rest of the family relaxing in the living room, watching a musalsal. To Gamila's surprise, Annike appears at her side, and places her hand on hers. Annike gives her new champion a heartfelt smile.

Annike: Please... let me do it for you.

Gamila looks surprised but appreciative.

She responds in a clever, irreverent tone.

Mother-in-law Gamila: Ok..Ok..Now I can have more your cake then.

Gamila reaches for the lead glass cake stand which has a small piece of cake still on it. She takes a wholehearted bite. Annike looks on innocently, then equally irreverent turns the stack of dishes. We go close to see Annike's discreetly satisfied smile.

We close on the animated tag with the campaign slogan.

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MOTHER-IN-LAW GAMILA (late 60s)

This strong-willed woman is clearly the power behind her husband's throne. Though fairly traditional, she's always taught her children to maintain an open mind. Nevertheless, she was quite surprised when she learned that her son, Isa had met Annike while studying at the Max Planck Institute in Berlin. It seemed that Isa was going to bring home more than a degree.

When we encounter her today, Isa and Annike have been married for one year. Because they got married in Berlin, the whole family had been unable to attend. Now is the first time Annike is actually meeting the whole extended group. Like any mother, she's a bit reluctant to accept this new woman in her son's life, Gamila's warm heart eventually wins over her sternness.

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW ANNIKE (20s)

Annike has spent the past year listening to Rosetta Stone in Arabic. Isa her husband is not really of much help. He just laughs and corrects her on occasion. From the time they first met in Berlin, he's been telling her that his family will love her because he loves her. She's been nervous and skeptical. He just wants her to relax.

Now they've decided to take their vacation over the Ramadan period. On the plane from Berlin to Riyadh, she studied up on all the local customs. To be honest, she's been observing Ramadan more strictly than her husband, Isa.

SON/HUSBAND ISA (30)

Isa has a foot in both worlds. He loves his Arabic culture but is clearly progressive. His time abroad led him to appreciate the strong familial bonds of his Arab culture even more than ever. He knows both his mother and his wife really well. He is confident that in time they will come to love each as much as he loves both of them. In some ways they are far more alike than different. It was in fact Annike's strong sense of family that reminded him of his mother, and initially drew him to her.

LOOK & FEEL: AUTHENTIC BEAUTY

In keeping with the spirit of “Opening Up”, our camera work would have an equally liberated air about it. I envision a visual style that could be best called an “authentic beauty” look. These are intimate forays into brief, yet deeply emotional significant moments in the lives of our protagonists. Our gently handheld execution of them must capture their fleeting nature, while still absorbing their multi-layered symbolic meaning.

Let’s take for example the moment in “Mother-in-Law”, when Annike takes Gamila’s hand. Here I imagine a Greengrass-esque, claustrophobic immediacy as seen in “The Bourne Ultimatum” or “Captain Phillips”. Clearly these examples have vastly different genres and stakes than our films. What would be similar and pertinent to our storytelling are the emotional stakes and the style of filming.

Greengrass is known for shooting chase scenes handheld, from the passenger’s seat. He literally makes the viewer feel as though he himself were in the speeding vehicle, evading pursuers, as well. In the iconic “*Look at me. I am the captain, now.*” scene in “Captain Phillips”, we can almost smell both the pirates’ and Phillips’ combination of fear and perspiration.

In the same hyper-real manner, for our viewers, I would want to make them feel as though they too were feeling the worn grooves of mother-in-law Gamila’s hands. This is a woman who no doubt loves to cook large family dinners. Nevertheless, she dreads the hours of clean-up after every Iftar meal. Our audience should feel as though they were a tentative Annike, reaching out to befriend her distant mother-in-law. This should truly be a moment of “authentic beauty”.

Our lighting palette should be a warm wash of subtle golds and reds, which complement Coca-Cola product, without being overwhelming. Rather than large, complex lighting set up I would take advantage of all practical lights. Once again, as in “Mother-in-Law” we have rich opportunity to play with the flitting candles in the Ramadan lanterns. With “A New Connection” the television and iPad’s lights would play a key role. Some light streaming in from the kitchen would warm up the overall atmosphere.

THE HOMES

Our locations would dovetail with the “authentic beauty” of the lensing. These are modern spaces, with subtle touches of tradition, sprinkled throughout. As we discussed in the call these are not the gold-encrusted houses that so often fill films about the Arabic world.

If there were one key word that would describe all three middle class homes, it would simply be “comfortable”. These are not houses. They are homes. They have all the telltale signs of children having grown up in them.

In “Father and Son” we can imagine that young Ahmed’s mother has been asking her husband, Basir for the past couple years to please repaint the walls. He’s been putting her off saying that they need to save that money for the kids’ education. Besides, he thinks the paint looks fine. *“It’s only peeling in that one corner, anyway, dear.”* When we go into Ahmed’s room, even though it has all modern electronics, his bed is still a little too small for his now almost grown man’s frame.

In “A New Connection” the Saqqaf family’s living room has an East-West fusion decor. Young Tarek’s mother has always liked modern glass, lighter woods and Hopper. A few years ago, when her mother passed away, she instantly invited her father, Farouk to come live with them. She of course wanted her Dad to feel at home here too. She took some of her mother’s most prized furniture pieces and mixed them in as accents and end tables. The priceless rug that had been in the family for generations, now adorns the living room floor.