

Silencio
by
Bill Sheehan

325 W 45th St.. #614
New York, NY 10036
917-647-6740
Luminate7@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. NEW YORK SUBWAY - DAY

A LADY, 40s, wearing a Brooks Brother's suit, sits quietly on the downtown #1 train. She reads a novel, "The Idiot" by Fyodor Dostoevsky. Her Louis Vuitton purse sits beside her on the bench.

The train stops at the 59th station. She is engrossed in her book but lifts her eyes to see if she has missed her stop.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)
50th St next, stand clear of the closing doors.

As the doors begin to close, a YOUNG MAN with mirrored glasses and a hoodie, with ECKO embroidered on the front, squeezes in and takes a seat directly across from the lady. She glances up for a second and returns to her paperback.

The young man sits quietly as the #1 train jerks a bit and then pulls out of the station.

Her eyes flash back and forth from the young man to the book as she begins to lose track of the paragraph she is reading. She glances up quickly again and the piercing mirrored lenses seem to be fixed on her.

The train is crowded but there is a convenient slash between people standing in which she can see this miscreant.

As the train rumbles its way to the next stop at 50th Street, there are a few restless riders crowding the door in an effort to be one of the first off at this busy station.

The lady gets a small reprieve as a rather rotund man in a cheap wrinkled suit now stands in front of her. She is able to take a breath.

The lady takes a business card from between the pages and marks her place.

INSERT BUSINESS CARD

"Whitney Steele, J.D.

Attorney at Law"

BACK TO SCENE

The train comes to a stop. The doors open. A gush of human energy is filling the door. Some try to get out. Others try to get in, at the same time.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

C'mon folks, let em out first. Let em out.

As the people continue to flee the train, the lady puts her paperback in her purse and then realizes this is her stop as well.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

Next stop 42nd Street, Times Square, stand clear of the closing doors.

She panics. She jumps up, grabs the vertical pole and reels around to the door. Just as the warning tone is heard, she clears the closing doors.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

The lady turns back to see if the hooded young man is still on the train. The seat where he was seated is now empty.

She makes her way to the crowded steps up to the street.

INT. NEW YORK - SUBWAY - DAY

The young man, standing in front of the seat where the lady was seated, flashes a look from one end of the train to the other. He goes to the door. He stands there with his face just a few inches from the glass.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

We are being held temporarily by the train's dispatcher. We should be moving shortly.

He stands nervously but remains calm. The doors open. He is free. He races to and through the turnstile.

He heads up the steps, the same steps as the lady just a couple minutes before.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Up the steps. Two at a time. He is out on the street. He looks around. No one seems to be following him so he steps forward looking both ways and checking over his shoulder. Both shoulders. He heads for the intersection.

He steps down off the curb to cross and

BANG! He is hit by a yellow pedicab. The young man grabs his knee but remains on his feet. The cabbie stops.

CABBIE

Dude, you OK?

The young man nods his head.

CABBIE

You sure?

The young man nods again, and says nothing.

CABBIE

OK, then.

The pedicab pedals off. The young man lifts the left pant leg of his jeans up to the knee and there is a small trickle of blood.

EXT. STREET - ANOTHER CORNER - DAY

The lady is browsing through a fashion magazine at a corner news stand. She hands it to the CLERK.

LADY

How much is this?

CLERK

Six dollars.

She reaches in her purse for her wallet and out of the corner of her eye, she spots the young man on the other corner tending to his knee. They make eye contact.

LADY

Oh, shit.

CLERK

I said it's six dollars, lady.

She tosses the magazine back on the counter.

LADY

Sorry, I changed my mind.

She takes off down the sidewalk trying to put some distance between her and the alleged hoodlum from the train.

The young man sees her and starts to cross the street. He moves with a bit of a limp now and can't get up to full speed, but he takes off after her.

She is moving pretty quickly in the high heels and the tight dress, but she is determined to get a way from this kid.

The chase continues.

The lady reaches the corner of 50th and 8th Ave. She looks over her left shoulder and the young man from the train is still in pursuit. She heads down 8th Ave knowing that the young man's injured knee is slowing him down.

She reaches the corner of 8th Ave and 48th St., and she heads for the safety of the fire station on the corner. The big door is open and FIREFIGHTER 1 and FIREFIGHTER 2 are standing there talking.

Just as she crosses the walk her left heel sinks down in the steel grate. She tries to pull it out in panic. She gives it a twist to free the heel. It is suddenly sheared off by the steel grate.

INT. FIRE STATION - DAY

She hops over and goes into the fire station. The fire fighters see what has happened and they come to her rescue.

One checks the grate for the heel, another offers her a chair and yet a third offers to look at the shoe.

FIREFIGHTER 1

You must be in a hell of a hurry, ma'am.

LADY

I'm a little late for an appointment.

FIREFIGHTER 2

The heel fell down the subway grating but the rest of the shoe looks O.K.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The young man hobbles past the open door of the fire station and continues down 8th Ave after his intended mark. He does not see the lady. He is focused down the street and across the street.

INT. FIRE STATION - DAY

FIREFIGHTER 1

Here ya go. I pulled the nail out of the sole. You'll be able to get by until you can get it fixed.

She gives an approving nod and gestures a thank you to the fire fighters as she heads for the big open door.

She turns and reaches into her purse.

Firefighter 2 sees her.

FIREFIGHTER 2

No. . no need ma'am. It was our pleasure.

The lady cautiously exits the fire station, looking both ways.

EXT. STREET - DAY

She looks around. An aura of calm suddenly becomes her. She feels safe for the first time since she spotted the young man on the train. He can not be seen in any direction. She walks with care on her broken shoe and she continues down 8th Ave.

As she walks she continues to look around. She is building her own confidence the longer she is without the trailing young man.

She reaches into her suit coat pocket and pulls out a small canister of pepper spray. She gives it a look and places her forefinger on the release button. She places it back in her pocket and leaves her hand in the pocket.

EXT. 47TH STREET CORNER - DAY

She stops for the light at the corner of 47th Street and 8th Ave. She looks in both directions.

It is a very crowded corner.

A cab is lodged in the crosswalk between scurrying people and another thoughtless cab.

She goes right and is blocked by two tourists with subway maps and hot dogs.

She stops. She goes left and stops again. She is a foot away from the young man's face.

His face shows surprise.

Her face shows shock. She can not see his eyes from behind those mirrored lenses.

The lady sees him reach into the front pouch of his hoodie.

She pulls out the pepper spray in haste.

The young man begins to open his mouth as if to speak as the lady depresses the button on the cannister.

A direct hit.

The stream of chemicals hit his mirrored lenses.

There is commotion. People scatter.

The young man's hands rip off the shades. He begins to wipe at his eyes which only makes matters worse.

He is unsteady in his gate and lowers himself to the sidewalk.

The people on the corner begin to dissipate. A MAN ON THE STREET and his WIFE are watching.

MAN ON STREET

He's probably in a gang. Let's get the hell out of here.

The lady quickly puts the pepper spray back in her pocket.

She sees the young man's face for the first time. She notices a small scar on his right cheek.

The white walk signal begins to blink.

MAN ON STREET

There's never a cop around when you need one.

Three of New York's finest appear out of nowhere.

A short FEMALE SERGEANT approaches the lady.

FEMALE SERGEANT

Hold it, ma'am.

OFFICER ZULUAGA, 30's, and OFFICER WAYNE, 30's, approach the young man.

OFFICER ZULUAGA

Freeze. Just hold still right where you are.

The officers help him up, and quickly frisk him for a weapon.

OFFICER ZULUAGA

He's clean.

OFFICER WAYNE

What's going on here?

The young man does not answer. He continues to wipe at his eyes as tears stream down his face.

His mirrored lenses are still laying on the sidewalk.

The female sergeant leads the lady away from the young man and the chaos that she just created.

LADY

Thank you, officer. I was being chased by a gang member. He was going to rob me . . or, worse.

FEMALE SERGEANT

Did he physically attack you, ma'am or did you think he was going to attack you?

LADY

That young man right there has been chasing me for blocks, ever since I got off the train.

The two male cops hear the lady's response and begin to question the young man.

OFFICER ZULUAGA
Why are you chasing this lady?

The kid does not respond.

OFFICER ZULUAGA
I said, why are you chasing this lady?

OFFICER WAYNE
OK, break out some I.D.

Only silence.

OFFICER ZULUAGA
Alright, you want to do this the hard way?

Officer Wayne takes out his baton and places it firmly across the kid's back. The young man is now wedged between the officer's baton and the wall of the Starbucks on the corner. The other cop reaches into the kid's back pocket and pulls out a canvas wallet.

Officer Zuluaga looks through it for a minute. There is a New York driver's license. Opposite the compartment where the licence is, there are about six or so business cards.

Officer Zuluaga removes one and reads it.

INSERT BUSINESS CARD

"LUIS FERNANDO RAMIREZ
Soy mudo y sordo.
I am mute and deaf."

BACK TO SCENE

OFFICER ZULUAGA
Let him go.

OFFICER WAYNE
What?

OFFICER ZULUAGA
Yea. Let him go, John.

Zuluaga hands the card to his partner.

OFFICER ZULUAGA

Here, read this.

OFFICER WAYNE

Soy mudo y sordo. I am deaf and mute.

The cop hands the wallet and the cards back to the young man. The young man puts the wallet in his pocket.

He slowly moves towards the lady from the train. She moves closer to the sergeant.

He reaches into the front pouch of his hoodie and produces her wallet that she left laying on the train bench. He hands it to her with a smile and a friendly nod.

She is shocked and can't speak.

He lifts his eyebrows, turns and limps away.

FADE OUT.