

Silent Redemption
(short film)

By

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FADE IN:

INT. PETE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Government housing, high-rise building in a crowded city.

An elevated train SQUEALS and RUMBLES by, just outside an open window as it SHUDDERS.

Dark, tiny one-room apartment, sheet music litters the dusty floor boards. PETE, 30's, long hair, tattered clothes sits alone on a wooden chair by the window. A few books lie on the floor.

In the corner, a small single bed, mattress that dips in the center, torn blanket.

Pete lovingly clutches an old mahogany violin. His eyes are closed. Gently resting it on his shoulder he pulls the bow softly across the worn & broken strings.

The most HORRIFIC SCREECH fills the air. He smiles as if it's the most beautiful sound in the world. He continues to play this CAT CRY song.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Directly next door, the same size apartment, but this one is neat and tidy. Everything spotless, a perfectly made bed with white linens.

MICHAEL, 50's, distinguished gentlemen, greying hair, neatly combed, sits at his immaculate desk by the window.

His hands hover above an antique typewriter. A large stack of paper, turned upside down lay just to the side, with a large glass paperweight on top.

He looks above his glasses out the window, looking for the right word to type. He reads the line on the page...

MICHAEL

...as the child looks up at his mother, she says....

His fingers come down just as the SCREECHING from next door permeates his perfect space.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

SHUTUP!

He types. Then stops. Another SCREECH, even louder this time. He takes a deep breath. He covers his ears. His anger grows.

He tries to type again. The SCREECHING is unbearable.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Not again!

He gets up, he lies on his bed, covers his face with the pillow.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I CAN'T take this!!

He BANGS his fist on the shared wall between. In a few seconds the NOISE stops. He takes a deep breath and holds it, lets it out.

Quietly he approaches his typewriter and sits again.

He stares out of the window. His face lights up. He types rapidly as the ideas flow into his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Yes, yes. ...

Page after page he types.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Genius!

He smiles, then GREEEECH. The playing is louder this time. The music is grating at his every nerve. He flinches, clinches his fists.

He BANGS on the wall. This time, it does nothing. The CREECHING and CRACKING violin plays on. He sits down. Frozen he looks at the keys. Nothing but horrible GRINDING sounds from the wretched strings fill his head. He grips his ears.

He looks around. Opens his desk drawer and pulls out a HAMMER. He swings it against his hand. He paces the floor as the violin SQUEALS on.

He hits the wall with the hammer. BANG, BANG, BANG! But the noise continues.

He storms out the front door.

INT. HALLWAY (CONTINUOUS)

Michael sees a doorbell, but uses the hammer to KNOCK loudly on Pete's door. The violin drowns out the BANGING.

Michael checks the knob, it's unlocked. He Hammers the door one more time. He opens the door rushes in.

INT. PETE'S BEDROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Pete sits facing the window and is lost in his playing.

MICHAEL

Hey!! What's wrong with you? That sound is deafening!

Pete continues to play.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm talking to you!

Michael grabs the violin, Pete's shocked. He throws the instrument on the bed and raises the hammer above his head.

As the hammer comes down, Pete offers his hands instead of the violin. Tears stream down his face.

Before Michael can stop, he hits one of his knuckles with the hammer.

Pete CRIES OUT a muffled sound. Pete falls to the floor on his knees, holding his bruised fingers.

Michael sees a textbook on the floor. The cover reads "SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF" several other books with the same label are stacked up in the floor.

He sees the worn out strings, the ragged bow. He drops the hammer and helps Pete to his feet.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh my god....I'm so sorry.. I didn't... you can't hear me, can you?

Pete signs to him, "I'm Deaf." His knuckles drip blood. Pete runs to the small bathroom to get a towel, he returns and wraps his hand....

INT. PETE'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT DAY

A red light above the front door flashes. Pete peers through the spy hole and sees Michael pushing the doorbell.

Michael shows him a small package through the peep hole. Pete reluctantly opens the door.

Michael smiles as he hands the package to Pete, his hand is bandaged. Michael opens it, it's brand new strings.

MICHAEL
Maybe these will help.

Pete picks up the violin and gently takes out each old string, replacing them with brand new ones. He smooths the bow and spreads rosin across the fine hair.

He lays them on his tattered bed and leaves.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Michael types away at his typewriter, the familiar SCREECH fills the air. He flinches. He pulls out a pair of noise canceling headphones and places them over his ears.

He takes a big breath and starts typing again.

...Later

He smiles as he puts the last page on the large stack of papers.

MICHAEL
The end...

Michael proudly places the paperweight on top.

He jumps onto his bed, and turns on TV.

A familiar SCREECH fills the air, slightly more tolerable. He automatically lifts his fist to bang on the wall, then stops.

He smiles. He turns up the volume extra loud as he watches the news.

FADE OUT.