

Speechless

Written by  
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INT. THE MUFFIN TOP BAKERY - NIGHT

RUTH COLLINS (21) with the eyes of a child, precisely dots a row of flower cupcakes with intense consideration.

Each one is absolutely identical.

She finishes the row and looks at her wristwatch. With a jump, she undoes her apron and hurries from the room.

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - MOMENTS LATER

Right outside the bakery, Ruth watches the second hand of her wristwatch TICK to exactly 9:25.

Then she looks up, hope in her eyes.

She smiles warmly.

GEORGE GABLE (25) with razor sharp cheekbones and sunglasses, appears and sits on a pair of steps down the street.

Ruth watches from behind a lamppost as he pulls out a VIOLIN and starts to play something like, Mozart's "Concerto No. 5 in A".

He is a perfect artist, tender with his instrument and brave with his melody.

Ruth sways and sighs with romance.

INT. THE MUFFIN TOP BAKERY - LATER

Ruth steps back into the bakery, glowing. LYDIA MARIE (54) eyes her from behind the cash register.

LYDIA

How was the violin boy tonight?

Ruth smiles.

RUTH

(in sign language)

Perfect, again.

Lydia watches Ruth put her apron back on with mother's eyes.

LYDIA

You should talk to him.

Ruth's forehead furrows.

RUTH  
(in sign language)  
I can't talk.

LYDIA  
You know what I mean. Write him a  
note or something. I'm sure he's a  
nice boy.

Ruth nods to herself, thinking.

INT. RUTH'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ruth sits on the floor beside her bed. All around her are  
piles of crumpled paper.

Every few seconds she writes another message, then balls it  
up and adds it to the pile.

Finally she writes four words, "I like your song". She nods  
at them, over-analyzing the message.

INT. THE MUFFIN TOP BAKERY - NIGHT

Ruth is once again dotting cupcakes. She checks her watch  
every couple seconds.

It reads 9:20. She can't wait any longer and takes off her  
apron.

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - LATER

She studies her watch, fidgeting with nerves.

9:21 - She takes a deep breath.

9:22 - She look down at her note, suddenly feeling dumb.

9:23 - Her eyes dart from the bakery to where George normally  
stands.

9:24 - Frantic, she leaves the note where he normally stands  
and retreats.

From behind her lamppost, she watches George appear again  
with his sunglasses and his violin.

But he doesn't notice her note. He just starts to play.

Troubled, Ruth listens to his music.

INT. THE MUFFIN TOP BAKERY - DAY

Ruth steps back inside, crestfallen. Lydia sees her again.

LYDIA  
How was he?

Ruth shakes her head and puts on her apron.

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

RUTH  
(in sign language)  
I don't want to talk about it.

Lydia frowns and Ruth grabs the next batch of bare cupcakes to frost.

INT. RUTH'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ruth stares up at the ceiling from her bed, thinking and feeling too much.

Then, with a determined sigh, she sits up and starts writing more notes.

"You're cute."

"I love you."

"My name is Ruth."

"You are very talented."

She looks down at this last message, content.

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - THE NEXT NIGHT

Ruth's wristwatch TICKS to exactly 9:25.

George appears again, sunglasses and violin.

STEP, STEP, STEP.

With her note pressed in front of her like a shield, Ruth walks forward.

George passionately plays something like, Schubert's "Violin Sonata in A major."

But he never looks up at her.

She gets closer and closer, but he never sees her. She stops feet away from him.

GEORGE  
Is there someone there?

Ruth watches, speechless.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
If you don't like the music, I can find a different place.

RUTH  
(in sign language)  
No. I love your music.

GEORGE  
This is just an easy place for me to play.

Ruth shakes her head. George looks around blindly. He still doesn't see her.

Ruth looks at him confused. Then she gasps. Beside George, she sees a WHITE CANE.

Her eyes glow with love.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Are you still there?

Ruth nods and reaches forward. She grabs one of his hands.

George flinches at first but then relaxes at her gentle touch.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

She raises his hands to her face.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Are you afraid to speak?

With his hands on her cheeks, she shakes her head from side to side.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Do I scare you?

She shakes her head again.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Are you...unable to speak?

Ruth nods, up and down, beaming.

George smiles too.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Well. It's nice to meet you, miss.  
My name is George.

Ruth's eyes sparkle.