

Untitled Miles Louis Project

By

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Black. John Coltrane's *Blue Train* starts to play.

INT. DARKENED ROOM. FANTASY

A younger man, late 20s, is sitting at a small wooden table. He is surrounded in darkness except for a single light shining down onto a typewriter sitting on the table. He is wearing a suit with no tie. He is also smoking a cigarette. He takes a piece of paper and lines it up on the typewriter and begins to type.

A voice is heard speaking during this action. This is the voice of Miles Louis, our Protagonist. Miles is in his late 20s, an average looking Caucasian that recently graduated from college for screenwriting and is fairly green to writing in the real world. He is talented at what he does, but lacks the self confidence and discipline needed to write a great screenplay.

NARRATOR

Write what you know. The same piece of advice I keep hearing over and over. Everyone says the same thing. So does that mean stop learning and start writing? I can just write what I know now and leave it at that. I prefer to know what I'm writing. If I do that, I can never go wrong.

CUT TO BLACK

A few credits appear on the screen in white text. The music bursts into a colorful blend of jazz instruments, the saxophone being the solo instrument. Winston-Salem is shown as a beautiful city. The streets, parks, downtown, shoppes, the lively hood of a small city. The picture is Black and White. It shows the city from a contrasty perspective that almost gives one the feeling of nostalgia.

The freestyle jazz sets the mood of nostalgia and romance in the city. The shots of the city show a few night clubs where couples are dancing, drinking drinks, laughing and having a good time.

The same voice is heard again, but this time in a different venue.

INT. QUAIN T JAZZ BAR. NIGHT

While Miles is speaking it is revealed that he is at a nice little quaint bar called "The Opera House" with a friend of his, Steven Kneal. Steven is Miles' neighbor. Steven considers Miles a friend and Miles in turn is a friend, however he doesn't seem to think too much of Steven and often is unnecessarily rude which is just misdirected aggression based on feelings of jealousy towards Steven's positive lifestyle. Still they stick with each other because neither of them really have many other friends to call on.

MILES

It always used to be so easy for me to pick up girls. I remember when I was in school, I would find a girl that was attractive and single and then all I had to do was sit next to her. At some point you'd speak, you make her laugh a few times and your "In like Flynn".

STEVEN

I think it's flint.

MILES

Those relationships were all rooted from hormones, though. They were never meant to last. Now I really want to find a person to share my life with and suddenly there's nowhere to sit. It's a stupid metaphor, I guess. But, it's true. It's like there's no room for me here. I'm just, I'm not good company, I'm boring.

STEVEN

That's not true, you're fine company. I enjoy our conversations.

MILES

Yeah, well your an idiot.

Steven isn't emotionally affected by Miles hurtful comment at all. He is in a world of his own satisfaction so much so that the negativity of others don't even register.

MILES

(continued)

And it's in like Flynn. It's about Errol Flynn and his knack for enticing women. In like Flint was a movie with James Coburn.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

Oh yeah.

STEVEN

Well look at it like this. It's still like it was in school now, it's just more grown up. You still have to find your spot next to the one you like, strike up a conversation, make her laugh, and ultimately fall in love. That's how Sharon and I shared our first moment. You just gotta go for it. Don't let on that you're scared or intimidated or your gonna fail....

As Steven continues on talking about how to have the perfect relationship, Miles' thoughts are heard over top of him.

MILES' THOUGHTS

Listen to this moron drone on about this shit. It's so easy for someone who has somebody to say how someone who has nobody can easily find that someone that's with nobody. Why is it so hard for me? I just don't understand. I'm not bad to look at, smarter than the average schmo walking the street, successful-ish. Why can't I seem to make that one on one connection.

Steven's voice fades back in.

STEVEN

....I'm sure you'll be happy, just like me, buddy.

MILES

It's not that easy for me though, you know. Once I feel comfortable, I send things on a destructive path. I'm too worried with options. All the things I could be doing, but I never do.

Miles takes a shot of whiskey.

MILES

(Moderately Drunk)

I just want to sit here and just get fucking wasted.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

That sounds pretty great, but I gotta get up early tomorrow.

MILES

Don't tell me, you and Sharon have plans.

STEVEN

Why do you have to say it like I'm ditching you?

MILES

You are ditching me. You're preemptively ditching me. What if I think of something to do tomorrow when your gone? What am I supposed to do then?

STEVEN

Look, how about this Saturday? I'll buy the first round.

MILES

Maybe. I don't care.

Steven throws some money on the table and leans over to Miles.

STEVEN

Don't think so little of yourself Miles or you'll never get a girl.

MILES

I don't want to just get a girl, Steven.

STEVEN

Then what do you want?

MILES

More than this.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. CITY STREETS. NIGHT

Time has passed a bit. Steven has long since left the bar and Miles is just now stumbling out himself.

(CONTINUED)

Louis Armstrong & Duke Ellington's Moon Indigo begins to play. The sound of the song accentuate Miles' intoxication. He stumbles down a few different streets as the music plays. It's a clear night and the city in the moonlight is beautiful, and contrasts to the bitter drunkenness of Miles.

Miles passes by a homeless man petting a cat on the side of the street. Past him is a young kid that offers to sell him some weed. Miles just observes these things and doesn't respond to them. He just looks confused and continues to walk.

A little further down is a scantily clad woman standing on the street side looking on her cellphone.

As Miles approaches her, she starts to turn and smile in his direction.

HOOKER

Hey sweety! How you doin'?

MILES

(Drunk)

I'm fine, how are you this evening?

HOOKER

Honey, you don't look so good? You sure you ok?

MILES

I'm great. Never better.

Miles leans over and pukes, but he doesn't lean quite far enough and gets some puke on his chin and shirt. He starts to keel over and the Hooker grabs him a stops him from falling.

HOOKER

Jesus, you can't even stand.

Miles looks over to the building near him.

MILES

It's ok, that's my building right there. I'll just go home, it's ok.

HOOKER

That building there? You can't make it by yourself. Which floor you live on?

MILES

The top.

HOOKER

I don't know, that's a long way up.

MILES

I'll give you 100 bucks.

HOOKER

100 dollars? Are you for real?

Miles acts as if he is about to pass out. The hooker helps him up and crutches him all the way into the building and on the elevator.

INT. APARTMENT ELEVATOR. NIGHT

As Miles and the Hooker are riding the elevator, it stops on its way up and one of his neighbors is standing at the doorway. An older man, Mr. Meyers. He looks like your kind, sweet, elderly man.

MR. MEYERS

Miles!

MILES

Hi Mr. Meyers.

MR. MEYERS

Whatcha got there Miles? A hooka?

MILES

She's just a friend. Have a good night.

Miles presses the elevator door shut button. Mr. Meyer doesn't even get on. He continues to speak as the doors close.

MR. MEYERS

Are ya sure? She looks like a hooka.

MILES

Sorry, I'm sure you don't want to be called a "Hooka".

HOOKER

I don't mind. I do hook.

(CONTINUED)

MILES

I didn't know you could say it that way.

HOOKER

Say what way?

MILES

Doesn't matter.

The elevator doors open and the Hooker helps Miles stumble into his apartment. Miles crashes on the bed and doesn't say anything. The Hooker is still standing in the doorway.

HOOKER

Umm...What about my money?

Miles' face is halfway dug in the mattress.

MILES

Can I ask you a question first?

The hooker sighs loudly.

MILES

Would you fuck me?

HOOKER

It'll cost ya more than 100 bucks.

MILES

No, not will you fuck me. When you look at me, do you think, man I'd like to fuck him?

HOOKER

Why are you asking me?

MILES

Because I need to know why not.

HOOKER

I didn't say no.

MILES

No?

HOOKER

I don't know. Maybe. If you didn't have vomit on your face.

(CONTINUED)

MILES

Look past the vomit. What's wrong with me?

HOOKER

I don't even know you. Why are you asking me?

MILES

Because you're here.

HOOKER

I don't think I can help you.

MILES

I don't care about sex anymore, I just want a relationship.

HOOKER

Can I please just have my money now.

Miles reaches into his pocket and pulls out a couple hundreds, twenties, and other loose bills. The hooker walks over and he hands all the money in his hand over to her.

MILES

I'm sorry. Thanks for helping me. I didn't mean to say anything.

HOOKER

Can I tell you something, what's your name?

MILES

Miles.

HOOKER

Miles. Miles when you go out from now on and try to meet girls, stop focusing on what you see wrong with yourself and start seeing what's right in the other person. Take it from me, sex isn't everything, I should know. I'm a whore.

The hooker gets up and walks out of the apartment, shutting the door behind her. Miles passes out on the bed.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. MILES APARTMENT. MORNING

It's morning. *Moon Dreams by Miles Davis* begins to play. There is a short montage of Miles getting up and going through a morning routine. He is brushing his teeth, making the coffee, sitting at the table reading the paper and drinking his coffee and eventually at his desk writing. Narration of Miles' thoughts are heard over the montage.

NARRATOR

It's hard to believe that a prostitute could provide such sound advice, but I think she was on to something. I do tend to focus more on my problems than anything else. If the negative ions within the dark matter of the universe are always with us then self-loathing fuels them to become reality.

EXT. RESTAURANT DINER. DAY

Miles is walking down the sidewalk to a diner to get some breakfast. The narration continues.

NARRATOR

(continued)

And it's hard to put sex out of the equation when it seems to be the product every time.

INT. RESTAURANT DINER. DAY

Miles is sitting at a table drinking coffee. He is looking at a waitress serving another table. She is very attractive. As the narration continues, we see sensual shots of the specific parts on the waitress as she is taking someone's order that a typical male would be looking at. Her lips, eyes, breasts, thighs, legs.

NARRATOR

(continued)

Why else do two people attract each other? Is it not the physical aspect that's a catalyst to the initial attraction? At least in most cases. How does one ignore human instinct or even control it?

The waitress walks away from the table and out of sight. Just as she disappears, a much older, unattractive waitress steps into the way and puts a plate of food on the table.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS

Here ya go, hun.

Miles looks up at her with a forced smile.

MILES

Thanks.

Miles looks down at his breakfast and it's two eggs with bacon that look like a frowning face. Miles has the same expression.

CUT TO:

INT. MILES APARTMENT. DAY

We are back in the apartment where Miles was typing before. There is a cigarette in the ashtray that's nearly burned all the way up with a trail of ash left behind. The narration continues as he types.

NARRATOR

(continued)

Control is difficult. People have morals and beliefs that affect their judgment towards situations they face. And control is something we never really have. The only true control factor is time and time controls the existence of everything. Something begins, the clock starts ticking, something ends, time's up. And that's it.

Miles stops typing and looks at what he's written.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY. DAY

Miles is shutting the door to his apartment. As he is turning the key and locking it, he glances down at the end of the hall and sees a girl carrying some boxes into an apartment. It looks like she's moving in. Miles looks at her for a moment. She looks to be in her 20s, brown hair, pretty face. She doesn't look like a supermodel, but she certainly is attractive, in a natural way. A real down-to-earth girl.

She stops walking half way through her doorway and looks back down the hall to Miles. Miles panics a bit and throws his hand up to wave hello. She smiles and waves back.

(CONTINUED)

Miles smiles back in relief that she even smiled at him in the first place. As she is walking back in her apartment, Steven comes out of his apartment, which is behind Miles down the other side of the hall. He is with his wife, Sharon.

Steven notices Miles.

STEVEN
Hey Miles!

Miles sees Steven and Sharon and gives a quick wave as he starts to head down the stairs.

STEVEN
Wait up, I got something to tell ya!

Miles is hesitant, but he stops walking. Steven catches up to him. The elevator is near them.

STEVEN
Let's take the elevator, I wanna tell you something.

MILES
Can't you just tell me Steven, I got somewhere to be.

STEVEN
It'll only take a second, just come on.

Steven grabs Miles arm and kinda pulls him along.

STEVEN
You remember Sharon.

Sharon is standing at the elevator.

MILES
Yes I remember your wife. Hi Sharon.

Sharon just kinda smiles and doesn't really say anything. Sharon is short and portly. She is quiet and seems to be really sweet and shy. Miles looks her as she stands next to Steven. Steven gives her a kiss.

NARRATOR
Sharon is the perfect companion for Steven. She is quiet and reserved while he is loud and obnoxious.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Just the right amount of good couple's company. I can see them playing in boggle tournaments with other couples or going to Sunday brunch at the Heston's. She is content knowing he cares for her, which he does. You can tell.

INT. APARTMENT ELEVATOR. DAY

In the elevator, Miles is leaned back against one side of the elevator and Steven and Sharon are standing in front of him just staring at him with a grin on their faces.

Miles looks a little confused.

MILES

What?

STEVEN

We found you a girl.

MILES

You found me a girl. Where?

STEVEN

We met her. At the auction this morning.

MILES

Look, I appreciate the thought, but I really don't want to be set up with anyone.

STEVEN

Aw, come on Miles. This girl likes you, I told everything about you and she likes you.

MILES

She can't like me if she doesn't even know me. What did you tell her?

STEVEN

I told her your funny, charming, handsome, romantic...

(CONTINUED)

MILES

Are you fucking serious? How the fuck am I supposed to be that?

SHARON

I think your handsome.

Miles changes expressions.

MILES

Thanks Sharon.

Miles looks back at Steven.

MILES

Now look, I appreciate you wanting to help me out. But the fact is, I don't want to be set up on any dates. It makes me feel uncomfortable, I sweat. I always find something wrong with her and come up with excuses to get out.

The elevator door opens.

STEVEN

Just one date. Meet her. What have you got to lose? You said it yourself, How can she like you if you won't meet her?

Miles bites his tongue for a moment.

MILES

I'm sorry. I gotta go.

They walk out of the elevator. Miles walks out the door leaving Steven and Sharon disappointed in the lobby.

STEVEN

I don't understand it.

SHARON

I think he's scared.

STEVEN

What's he got to be scared about?

EXT. CITY STREETS. DAY

Miles is walking down the sidewalk in the downtown area. He seems frustrated. He's kind of hunched over walking with a brisk pace. Suddenly, no one seems to be around. Miles has walked straight into a slum area of downtown. He looks up and realizes he has walked too far. He starts to turn around to go back into the city, but before he does, he hears a woman's scream from the alleyway beside him. He sneaks over to the building next to it and looks around the corner.

EXT. ALLEYWAY. DAY

Miles see's a woman (late 40s, soccer mom business woman type) pulling on the strap of what looks to be her purse in the arms of a man (Late 30s skinny white male with a mustache and balding).

MILES

Oh my god.

The man takes a big tug at the purse and the strap breaks loose. He starts to run up the alleyway towards Miles. Miles quickly whips back around the corner hoping not to have been seen. He looks scared. His chest is pounding and he's breathing heavily.

NARRATOR

Holy fuck. I've got to do something here. I can't just watch this happen.

Miles calms his breath. Everything gets quiet, except for the footsteps of the thief running. Miles waits and listens as the thief gets closer and the footsteps get louder. Louder and louder...

Miles decides he's close enough. He takes a large breath waits a beat and jets around the corner and...

WHAM!! Miles shoulder slams the thief by surprise causing his feet to fly out from under him and land on his back. The thief has the air knocked out of him. He is coughing and gasping for air for a moment. Miles looks at him for a moment and sees an opportunity to feel superior by beating up on this man even more. Miles kneels down and straddles the thief's stomach, grabbing the collar on his shirt with his left fist and raising his right fist in the air.

(CONTINUED)

Miles looks at the thief square in the eye and smashes his face. One fist right after the other he throws punches until his knuckles are bloody. The woman in the alleyway has been standing there the whole time. Watching what Miles is doing to this guy.

Miles stops after about 15 punches. He is breathing heavily and sweating quite a bit. He looks down the alleyway and sees the woman watching him. He looks down at the thief who still has the purse in his hand and is now coughing up blood.

Miles grabs the purse and gets up. He walks down the alley and hands the purse back to the woman. She has a stunned look on her face.

WOMAN IN ALLEY

I don't know what to say, thank you.

Miles doesn't really make eye contact with her. He just kind of stands there for a moment like he is about to say something.

WOMAN IN ALLEY

Is there any way I can repay you?
Anything I can do?

Miles has a mesmerized look on his face. He is exhilarated by rush he has from beating this thug.

The woman pulls out her cell phone.

MILES

What are you doing?

WOMAN IN ALLEY

Calling the police, to report what happened.

MILES

No, wait. I can't, I can't be a part of this.

WOMAN IN ALLEY

It's ok, you saved me. I'll explain everything.

Miles looks down at the knuckles on his right hand. They are bruised and red.

MILES

I saw that you were in trouble and
I wanted to help. But I can't
explain this.

WOMAN IN ALLEY

What do you mean?

They both look at the body of the thief laying in the alleyway. He looks unconscious, but from a distance it appears he is still moving his arm. The woman looks scared and uneasy about this.

MILES

If you want to return the favor,
just walk away.

The woman looks at Miles for a moment.

WOMAN IN ALLEY

But what about...

She notions toward the thief.

MILES

(interrupting)
Please.

WOMAN IN ALLEY

Ok.

Miles let's a smile go, leans in, grabs the woman, and kisses her. She doesn't resist and kisses him back.

MILES

Thank you.

WOMAN IN ALLEY

Can I at least know your name?

MILES

It's Miles.

WOMAN IN ALLEY

Thank you Miles. Thank you so much.

MILES

Your welcome.

He turns around and runs off back into the city like Superman flying off into the distance. The Winston Salem skyline is visible in the background. The woman is struck with awe. She mouths the name...Miles.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. CITY STREETS. DAY

On A Misty Night by John Coltrane begins to play. Miles is running back to the city as the music plays. He has a very smug look on his face as his confidence brims from man-handling that thug.

CUT TO

INT. QUAIN T JAZZ BAR. NIGHT

The music continues to play. Miles is at the bar ordering a drink when Steven walks up.

STEVEN

Hello, hello.

MILES

There he is! Thanks for coming out.

STEVEN

Well, you peaked my interest with that message. So what's the big news?

MILES

First, a drink.

Miles looks at the bartender and raises his cranberry and vodka.

MILES

Two more of these, please.

Miles looks at Steven.

MILES

You like vodka right?

STEVEN

Not really.

MILES

Don't worry, they're delicious. You'll love it. Come on, let's sit down.

Miles looks back at the bartender.

(CONTINUED)

MILES
We're over here.

The bartender nods with acknowledgment.

Miles and Steven walk over to a table and sit down. Miles takes a large sip of his drink and then another to finish it off as the waitress brings over the two drinks he just ordered.

STEVEN
So what's this about? I can't remember the last time you called me, excited.

MILES
I had an experience today.

STEVEN
What do you mean?

MILES
An experience. Something happened.

STEVEN
What happened?

Miles takes a sip of his drink.

MILES
I was faced with a scenario where I was forced to choose between being a man or backing down and crawling with the slugs. And I say to you my friend, I am a man.

STEVEN
I don't understand. What scenario?

MILES
Well, I was walking down the street after we talked this morning, you know in the lobby, and I was walking and ended up at the end of downtown. I saw this woman in an alley being attacked.

STEVEN
He was beating her?

MILES
No, he was stealing her purse. I stood there watching her struggle
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MILES (cont'd)
for a second and didn't really know what to do. And then it clicked. Something in me saw this as an opportunity to be the guy that says yes. To man up and at the very least attempt to save this woman. So I waited for him to come around the corner and I jumped out and slammed him to the ground.

STEVEN
Oh my god!

Steven is in awe.

STEVEN
That's amazing! You're a hero.

MILES
No, I'm not.

STEVEN
Yes, a hero!

Steven slaps Miles on the shoulder giving him a "way to go shove".

STEVEN
Did you get her number?

MILES
Well, no. It wasn't like that.

STEVEN
You shoulda got her number, man. You know, I didn't want to bring it up but you really hurt my friends feelings by not agreeing to meet her. I told her all about you and she was really looking forward to meeting you.

Miles sighs with disappointment. And takes another large sip of his drink.

MILES
Listen, first of all, I'm sorry about your friend, but I really could care less. And second of all, please don't talk about me with anyone. Ok?

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

That's fine, I just thought you'd like her is all.

There is a silence for a moment.

STEVEN

So what happened to the guy?

MILES

I beat the shit out of him and left him in the alley.

Steven doesn't really know how to respond. He just has a surprised look on his face. Miles just takes another sip of his drink.

MILES

And the woman agreed to leave him there too. I mean I basically beat him unconscious and I wasn't sure what the law is with that sort of thing, so we left. It serves that guy right for stealing.

STEVEN

He could be seriously hurt though, if he doesn't get any help.

MILES

Steve, you can't help people like that. He wasn't some young kid that doesn't know right from wrong. This was a grown man that has made the decision to waste his life as a no good thief. People like that don't deserve to have a life.

Miles pauses for a moment. Steven takes a sip of his drink. The waitress comes by and picks up the empty glasses.

MILES

(at Waitress)

Two more please.

The waitress nods and walks off.

MILES

(continued at Steven)

It was amazing, though. I've never felt such a relief of stress and aggression. It was like taking a drug. A natural high.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

I don't know what to say. I'm glad you helped that woman, but you may have gone about it the wrong way.

MILES

I've done nothing wrong, though. I stopped a man from stealing a woman's purse and probably stopped him from ever stealing anything again. Just because I didn't tell the authorities doesn't mean that I didn't do the right thing here. I took matters into my own hands. I may have gone overboard a little, but I still feel that I made the right choice. And I'll tell ya something else, I'm thinking about doing it again.

STEVEN

You can't be serious, Miles. How would you even do it again? You gonna set up the bat signal and use your spider-sense?

Steven chuckles a little.

MILES

I prefer the phrase, helping the people.

STEVEN

But this all sounds too dangerous. What if you get hurt?

MILES

I do have common sense, you know. If it looks too dangerous I don't have to approach anyone. I'll just use the better part of my judgement when the time comes. I just know there are opportunities out there just like today that happen all the time and we should be willing to act on them. It's almost our duty as human beings living in a society.

Steven thinks about what Miles said for a second. The waitress comes back with the drinks, sets them on the table and walks off.

(CONTINUED)

MILES

(continued)

I know this whole philosophy sounds contradictory to my normal behavior, but today gave something I didn't have before, self-satisfaction. I felt good about myself, about the choice I made. And my whole attitude has changed because of that. I can't wait to go out again and I want you to come with me.

STEVEN

Oh, I don't know Miles, I can't, I don't, I don't think I can.

MILES

Just come out with me tomorrow night. We'll walk around, check out a few places, if nothing happens, we'll go home.

STEVEN

And what if something does happen?

MILES

Then I'll assess the situation and if it seems feasible, we'll..intervene.

STEVEN

And why do you want me to come?

MILES

Your my wing man, come on. You don't have to ask that.

Steven cracks a smile as Miles breaks the tension with "Whata'ya talkin' about?" mannerism.

STEVEN

It's just not something I would do. Sharon would never approve.

STEVEN

You don't have to actually confront anyone if you don't want to. I would just feel safer knowing you had my back, should you know, anything unexpected happen.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

Unexpected?

MILES

Well yeah, I mean you never really know. But don't worry. Oh, and you can't tell Sharon. Don't say a word.

STEVEN

I won't say anything, I promise.

MILES

Ok, tomorrow night then.

STEVEN

Tomorrow night.

MILES

Great. This is great. You and me.

Miles grabs his drink and raises it in the air.

MILES

A toast.

Steven raises his glass too.

MILES

True happiness is produced not as much by great pieces of good fortune as by little advantages that occur every day. Ben Franklin.

The two toast their glasses.

CROSSFADE

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY. NIGHT

Miles is just getting home. He's a little buzzed after those drinks and takes a minute to dig through his pockets and fish out his keys. The new girl that just moved in walks down the hall passing Miles. He looks up at the back of her as she passes. When she reaches her door, she turns to the left and looks at Miles searching for his keys.

NEIGHBOR GIRL

Are you locked out or something?

Miles is frozen. Just looking at the girl. He finally speaks.

(CONTINUED)

MILES

I'm, no. I just can't, my keys,
they're, in my pants.

The girl laughs a little bit.

MILES

(continued)

I mean pocket. They're in a pocket
and I'm looking for them.

Miles reaches in his back pocket and feels his keys.

MILES

Here they are. Got 'em.

He pulls the keys out and holds them up for the girl to see.

NEIGHBOR GIRL

Ok, well good then. Goodnight.

The girl starts to go inside her apartment.

MILES

Wait!

She stops abruptly.

MILES

Sorry. I was just wondering your
name. I've seen you a couple times
now and don't know you're name.

NEIGHBOR GIRL

Oh, it's Elizabeth or Liz. But
please don't call me Lizzy, I hate
that.

MILES

I'm Miles. Are you here indefinite
or just passing though.

LIZ

Kinda sorta both. I'm here
indefinitely until I can pass my
way through to California. LA.

MILES

Oh yeah, what do you do?

LIZ

Don't laugh, I'm an actress. I know
you've never seen or heard of me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LIZ (cont'd)

I'm new, but I'm good and I know I can do it, I just need to meet the right people, you know. What do you do?

MILES

I'm a writer.

LIZ

Really? Have you written anything good? Anything I've heard of? I can't believe that you're a writer!

MILES

No I'm still working on that. I'm working on something new, actually. It about the reality of the choices we have to make in order to feel less empty inside.

LIZ

Sounds kinda depressing.

MILES

Well, it's a work in progress, I don't have much done. You know, it's always evolving.

LIZ

Ok, well I'd love to read what you've got sometime. That is, if you're looking for some feedback or whatever from another professional.

MILES

Sure, that sounds great.

LIZ

Ok, well, goodnight.

MILES

Goodnight.

Liz goes inside her apartment and shuts her door. Miles lets out an optimistic smile. He unlocks his door and heads into his apartment.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. MILES APARTMENT. NIGHT

La Cinguantaine by Ritsuko Kobata starts out the scene. It is the next night. Miles is preparing himself for what's ahead. He dresses in all black. He is looking in the mirror at himself as he gears up the courage to go out for the night. He grabs his gloves, hat, watch, ties his shoes, brushes his teeth and heads out of the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT ELEVATOR. NIGHT

Miles is standing in the elevator with his gloves on and his hat in his hands. He obviously looks conspicuous in his all black attire. Beside him is Mr. Meyers who was already in the elevator when Miles got on.

MR. MEYERS

Miles, hello.

MILES

Hello Mr. Meyers.

MR. MEYERS

What's with the black? You got a hot date tonight or something?

MILES

Umm, yeah. Like to wear black. Makes me look thin.

MR. MEYERS

You should buy her flowers, girls always like flowers. I used to buy Mrs. Meyers the most beautiful flowers.

MR. MEYERS

Yeah, by 'em flowers and they always put out.

The elevator doors open.

MILES

Thanks for the advice Mr. Meyers.

MR. MEYERS

Treat her like a lady, Miles and remember, flowers.

MILES

Right. Bye bye.

Miles walks out of the building.

INT./EXT. MOVING CAR. NIGHT

The music continues to play. Miles is now driving to a location in the city where he is going to meet up with Steven and begin to look for a place to help someone. The city at night glows and glistens and creates an energetic atmosphere. The mood is set for a night of foolishness and heroism.

EXT. CITY STREETS. NIGHT

Miles pulls his car into a vacant spot on the side of the street. He gets out of his car and looks down the street behind him. It's dark out except for the streetlights. Not much moonlight. Miles sees Steven getting out of his car a few spots down. Steven is dressed like Miles. All black with gloves and a black hat. Miles pulls out a pack of cigarettes. He takes one out and lights it up. Steven is walking over.

STEVEN

Since when do you smoke?

MILES

It helps calm the nerves. You want one?

Steven hesitates for a moment.

STEVEN

Yes, please.

Miles pulls out another cigarette and gives it to Steven. Steven lights it up inhales the smoke and exhales very loudly.

STEVEN

So where are we going first?

MILES

I didn't really have a plan. I figured we could head towards where I found that guy the first time. That makes the most sense, right? You know where there's smoke, there's fire.

STEVEN

I'm just a little worried that we're not looking at all the risk here.

(CONTINUED)

Miles opens up the car door and reaches in. He pulls out a baseball bat that's been painted black and leans it up against his shoulder.

MILES

I prepared for a bit of risk. I told you though, I'm not going to do anything stupid. I'm not looking for trouble, I'm looking for the opportunity to help. And you're my backup.

STEVEN

I didn't bring anything, though. You told me I didn't have to get involved.

MILES

No, I said you didn't have to confront anyone. Just you being here involves you. And if anything should happen, I'm expecting you to have my back. I can trust you right?

STEVEN

Of course. Just don't, just be careful.

Miles takes the last drag off his cigarette and flicks it away. As he's exhaling the smoke, he grips the baseball bat with both hands by the handle resembling a batter on deck getting ready for his chance to hit.

MILES

Absolutely.

Miles and Steven head down the street.

CROSSFADE

EXT. ALLEYWAY. NIGHT

Miles and Steven are at the same alleyway from Miles' first encounter. Miles looks over where he left the body of the thief. The body is gone.

MILES

This is where it happened. He was laying right here when we left.

(CONTINUED)

STEVEN

Well at least we know he's not
dead.

MILES

Not really.

Steven looks uneasy.

MILES

Come on, let's look over here.

Miles heads around the corner down the alley. Steven follows behind. Miles looks around and doesn't really see any danger. Just a few bums leans up against the buildings passed out.

MILES

Let's try down the street a little
further.

Steven doesn't look very enthused about the idea, but follows along anyways.

CROSSFADE

EXT. SECOND ALLEYWAY. NIGHT

Miles and Steven have traveled down the street a little ways and taken a turn down another alleyway. As they're walking down, they here some noise coming from around the corner. Miles peeks around and sees a guy talking to a woman leaning against a car. The guy is leaning over her very closely. As Miles watches the woman attempts to leave and the guy grabs her wrist stopping her. She struggles to get away, but the guy grabs her hair and slams her head against the car. The woman falls down to the ground, bleeding.

Miles looks at Steven. Everything is said with Miles' expression. This looks to be very dangerous, but this woman is probably going to be killed if nothing is done to stop the guy.

MILES

It's just one guy. I think I can do
it.

STEVEN

You don't have to. I really don't
understand this.

(CONTINUED)

MILES

Who else is here Steven? It's just us. This is what I asked for.

Brahms' Waltz in A flat, Op.39 No.15 begins to play.

Miles looks at Steven for a moment and then walks around the corner. He get about halfway to the car and stops. He has the bat in his right hand hidden behind his leg, so the guy can't see it.

MILES

Hey!

The guy turns and looks at Miles.

MILES

(continued)

Yeah, you. You got to beat up on ladies to feel good about yourself?

ALLEY GUY

What the fuck? Who is fuck is that?

MILES

Come over her and find out for yourself!

ALLEY GUY

You better get the hell outta here before something bad happens to you.

MILES

You and people like you are a waste of life and I am here to put you in your place. You can't stop me.

ALLEY GUY

I said get the fuck outta here!

MILES

You're going to have to make me you piece of shit.

The guy gets really pissed and starts storming over to Miles.

ALLEY GUY

You're just some piece of shit kid aren't ya.

(CONTINUED)

Miles waits patiently as the guy gets closer and closer, just as the guy gets within a few feet, Miles dips to the right and cracks the guy in the back of the skull with the baseball bat. The guy goes straight to the ground like he never saw it coming.

STEVEN
(Quietly from around the
corner)
Oh fuck.

Miles continues to beat the guy in the body with the bat a few times, spitting out sentence fragments of insults. Then he turns around and realizes that two more guys have gotten out of the car and are coming to beat on him.

Steven sees this happening and is about to run over and help. Miles whacks the first guy in the stomach with the bat causing him to keel over and lose his breath. The second guy however is close behind and he whips out a knife and stabs Miles in the backs as he's hitting the first guy.

Steven runs out from the corners and barrels straight into the guy with the knife. The knife is left hanging in Miles' back. Miles stiffens and arches his back. He drops the bat and the knife falls out of his back and hits the ground.

Miles, in terrible pain, drops to his knees, his back still stiffened and crashes on the ground.

Steven gets up and runs off to Miles.

STEVEN
Miles, buddy! Are you ok? Look at
me!

Miles turns his head, barely, and looks at Steven before blacking out.

Steven picks him up, throws him over his shoulder and carries him out of the alley.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. MILES' HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY

The next day, we are in a hospital room. Miles is laying on the bed unconscious. It's quiet. The beeps of the heart monitor fill the empty room.

A nurse comes in the room and changes Miles' IV packet. We follow along with her out of the room.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY. DAY

We continue to follow the nurse. She is pushing a cart with her that contains multiple IV packets and other supplies. The nurse turns and goes into another room.

INT. SECOND HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY

There is a man lying on the bed in this room as well. We get a little closer and reveal that this is the thief from Miles' first encounter. He was apparently saved from the alleyway and has been recuperating in the hospital.

As the thief is being revealed, a woman's voice is heard speaking.

WOMAN VOICEOVER

As I was leaving from work, I decided to go downtown to get a pedicure. I wasn't having the best day, so I wanted to have a little pick-me-up, you know.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION. DAY

A woman is sitting in a chair at a desk in the police station. This is the same woman the Miles rescued in the alleyway from the purse-snatcher. It looks like she is in a detective's office. There are two officers in the room. One is to her right sitting on the top of his desk, the other to her left has his leg propped up on the other chair and his arm holding his head up.

She is explaining to them exactly what happened in the alley that day.

WOMAN IN ALLEY

I got lost. I couldn't find the place and ended up wondering down some alley where this guy was laying on the ground. As soon as I noticed him, he turned over and looked at me. I started to run away, but he jumped up and grabbed my purse. I was so scared I just let him have it. And as he's running away, this guy just appears out of nowhere and stops him. Then he brought me my purse, kissed me, and left.

(CONTINUED)

DETECTIVE #1
And why didn't you contact the
authorities?

WOMAN IN ALLEY
He asked me not to.

DETECTIVE #2
The man that helped you.

WOMAN IN ALLEY
Yes.

DETECTIVE #1
Why do you suppose he did that?

WOMAN IN ALLEY
I believed he was worried about the
repercussions of his actions.

DETECTIVE #1
And what actions would those be?

WOMAN IN ALLEY
Isn't it obvious?

DETECTIVE #2
So, you admit to seeing him
brutally beat an unarmed man.

WOMAN IN ALLEY
I didn't say that. He saved me.
That's what needs to be seen here!

DETECTIVE #1
Listen, we realize he helped you.
We're just doing our jobs by making
sure everybody is in the clear
here. So help us out by telling us
what you know about this man. If
he's done nothing wrong, he's got
nothing to worry about, right.

The woman looks at the detective. She just wanted to clear
the air and her conscience by telling the police the truth.
She didn't want to send the cops on a manhunt for the guy
the saved her. But she realizes if she doesn't cooperate, it
may be more trouble than it's worth dealing with the police.

WOMAN IN ALLEY
He said his name was Miles.

Every Time We Say Goodbye by Ella Fitzgerald begins to play.

INT. MILES' HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY

The music continues to play

Miles lays on his bed, still unconscious. We move in slowly, getting closer and closer to his face.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED ROOM. FANTASY

The music continues to play.

We see Miles sitting at the same wooden table with the typewriter in the same darkened room. We see that he is focused on the last thing he typed.

A closeup of the piece of paper in the typewriter. There is writing on most of the page which seems to be full. We focus on the last line typed "He said his name was Miles".

CUT TO BLACK

The words. END OF PART 1 appear on screen. The music continues to play as the credits role.