

INT. DREAM SPACE/UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - DAY

A TAPE MEASURE gauges the equatorial circumference of an ENORMOUS REFERENCE GLOBE.

MILES (V.O.)

The circumference of the Earth is
twenty four thousand, nine hundred
and one miles...

SNAP. The tape measure recoils.

INT. DREAM SPACE/UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

MILES CAULFIELD (39) poses, resting his hand atop the replica Earth, smoking pipe poised at the ready. He is the bespectacled epitome of an Ivy League professor save for an overgrown beard and matted hair.

MILES (V.O.)

The average human life span is 75
years...

ELDERLY LIBRARIAN (O.S.)

Ah!

Miles turns his head.

WHIP PAN REVEAL: An ELDERLY LIBRARIAN (70's) clutches at her chest atop a library ladder. She straightens, losing her grip and topples to the floor. THUMP!

ON MILES: He puffs his pipe, unaffected. He stretches out his tape measure and crouches in time to measure the stride of --

MILES (V.O.)

The average step stride of a middle
aged adult is 2.5 feet...

-- A MIDDLE AGED MANAGER (40s) hurries toward the fallen woman.

MIDDLE AGED LIBRARY MANAGER

Mrs. Beavish? Mrs. Beavish, are you
alright?

Miles puffs his pipe.

INT. DREAM SPACE/UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Miles approaches a chalk board. Begins scrawling mathematical equations across the board's slate face. The MIDDLE AGED MAN attempts to resuscitate the ELDERLY LIBRARIAN in the B.G.

MILES

...seventy five years at an average of five thousand steps per day at an average 2.5 feet per step...or...one hundred thirty six million, eight hundred seventy five thousand steps in a lifetime for the average person...divided by the Earth's circumference...and VOILA!

Miles steps aside revealing an animated chalk rendition of the Earth complete with rotation, clouds, and birds. A FEMALE ANIMATION traverses the circumference of the spinning planet.

MILES (CONT'D)

The average person will walk completely around the Earth two point oh-eight times in their lifetime...

MIDDLE AGED LIBRARY MANAGER (O.S.)

Someone call an ambulance!

INT. TOWN HOME/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Breath fogs an icy window pane. Miles idly draws a circle across the dissipating moisture, staring through its circumference with weary eyes.

He is a shadow of the man we were introduced to, wearing a tatter-fringed robe over a *Say Hi to Your Mom* teeshirt and ill-fitting jogging pants. His lips tremble to an internal monologue...

AUDREY (V.O.)

These were the useless types of things that Uncle Miles concerned himself with. The odd frequency of thought that rattled around in his post traumatic skull...

Miles' eyes refocus through the fogged pane.

AUDREY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...but it wasn't just any person's average life span that Miles was concerned with. It wasn't just anyone's foot steps that he was counting.

MILES POV: A FEMALE FIGURE jogs down the street outside. Miles wipes away the breath-fogged glass revealing SHELBY (27). She jogs past the window dressed in a running outfit. Numbers appear then dissipate with each footfall...145...146...147...

Miles tracks Shelby with his eyes. But something catches his attention.

MILES POV: A REMINGTON TYPEWRITER 'watches' Miles from atop a desk, its keys resembling a mouthful of crooked teeth.

Miles levels a slow burn at the Remington. Then...

MILES
(to typewriter)
Oh shut up.

Miles tosses a blanket over the Remington and hurries out of the room.

AUDREY (V.O.)
And I'm still convinced that, in his world full of chaotic uncertainty, she brought some measure of comfort and predictability. Every day. Eleven AM. She was a **sure thing**...

EXT. TOWN HOME - DAY

CRASH DOLLY TOWARD MILES. He stands on the front porch, suitcase in tow, blood from a bandaged nose mixing with the pelting rain.

AUDREY (V.O.)
...as sure as death and taxes.

SUPER TITLE: 'TWO MILES'

INT. TOWN HOME/BATHROOM - MORNING

A PILL VIAL opened. Two pills tapped into a palm. The vial is closed then placed into a medicine cabinet. The cabinet's mirrored door closes revealing...

ON MIRROR: Miles reluctantly pops the pills. Washes them down with a handful of water. MELODY BERNS (48) watches from the threshold, arms folded like a monitoring parent.

MELODY (V.O.)
You could at least apply, Miles.

INT. TOWN HOME/KITCHEN - MORNING

FRANK BERNS (50) and Melody navigate the tight kitchen, pouring coffee and munching down standing breakfasts in a routine ballet of ritualized chaos.

MELODY
I can put in a good word.

Miles slurps a bowl of cereal at the table dressed in his trademark tattered robe. AUDREY BERNS (18) sits across from him dunking a lollipop in coffee between licks.

MILES

Not my thing, Mel. I'm done bein' a desk jockey. I want to work with my hands.

Frank chugs his coffee, staring down the overgrown backyard through the kitchen window.

FRANK

Plenty of things your hands could get busy doing around here, Miles.

MILES

Yeah? Like what, Frank?

FRANK

Like mowing the damn lawn, smart ass.

AUDREY

Seriously? You want Meltdown Miles operating heavy machinery?

MELODY

Audrey.

AUDREY

What?

Miles stares Audrey down as he chugs the left over milk in his bowl. He wipes the milk-stache from his beard then places the empty bowl in the sink.

MILES

Audrey's right. No telling what I might do behind the wheel of a riding mower. Might end up adding a few dead garden gnomes to my inventory of tragic regrets.

Miles exits, playfully smacking Audrey's ball cap down over her eyes. Audrey smiles.

EXT. TOWN HOME/BACKYARD - DAY

Audrey rakes at clumps of grass. Miles fights the wheel of a poorly maintained riding mower as it grinds overgrown grass in tight turns around the ridiculously tiny yard. He wears large stereo headphones. The tattered robe. Flip-flops. He navigates the brick-enclosed backyard with the intensity of a formula one racer. A lit cigarette dangles from his lips.

AUDREY (V.O.)
Miles had a vivid imagination born
of an eccentricity acquired in his
formative years...

EXT. DREAM SCAPE - DAY

ON MILES: Intensely focused on a go-kart track, its twists and turns reflected in sunglasses beneath the visor of his helmet. The cigarette still dangles from his lips.

AUDREY (V.O.)
In retrospect, I think it's what
kept him sane. It's what kept him...I
don't know...hoping. Searching for
some impossible silver lining in his
messed up life.

Miles suddenly flinches. He slows, the go-kart bouncing off the tire track perimeter. He reaches into his jogging pants pocket, revealing...

EXT. TOWN HOME/BACKYARD - DAY

A SMART PHONE: 'ALARM' is displayed on the LCD. 11:00. Miles silences it.

Audrey rakes up wet clumps of grass. She turns to see the lawn mower IDLING. No Miles.

EXT. TOWN HOME/ROOF - DAY

ON SPIRAL NOTE PAD: A page crowded with hundreds of pencil hash marks. Miles marks off several more synchronized in time with...

PAT. PAT. PAT. RUNNING FEET. Shelby runs on approach in the street below.

Audrey climbs out onto the roof.

AUDREY
Hey!

Miles ducks down. Drops his pencil. The pencil rolls down the roof. Careens toward the gutter where it bounces. Launches through the air. Landing...

IN FRONT OF SHELBY. She jumps. Startled. She scans the clear blue sky.

Miles grabs Audrey and pins her to the roof. One hand covering her mouth. Finger to his lips.

Shelby keeps running, casting a confused glance over her shoulder at the pencil in the street.

Miles lets Audrey up.

MILES
WHAT THE HELL?

AUDREY
WHAT THE HELL?

EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Miles drives the riding mower up to the drive-through window, sharing the seat with Audrey. She laughs, arms around Miles' waist.

AUDREY (V.O.)
Maybe I shouldn't have egged him on.
Maybe I should've seen the signs.
But it was fun challenging convention.
Crazy or not, there were times when
Uncle Miles seemed to be the only
person who had it right.

Miles grins at the BARISTA, passing a steaming cocoa to Audrey and grabbing his own cup of Joe. He shoves a twenty into the tip jar, winks at the BARISTA and puts the mower in gear, speeding out the exit. Audrey laughs.

AUDREY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But then again. There is a fine line
between carefree and creepy.

INT. TOWN HOME/BEDROOM - DAY

UNDER BLANKET: Miles hides under a large quilt, studying a purse.

Audrey barges into the room. Miles throws the quilt aside, shoving the purse behind him.

AUDREY
What are you doing?

Miles picks up a book, pretending to read. But it's upside down.

MILES
Nothing. Reading.

AUDREY
Well, which is it, Miles? Nothing or
reading?

Audrey indicates the inverted edition of *Sartre: The Transcendence of the Ego*. Miles tosses it aside.

MILES

Nothing.

AUDREY

Did you take the remote again?

MILES

No.

Audrey notices the purse peeking out from behind him.

AUDREY

What is that? Is that a purse?

MILES

No.

AUDREY

Who's purse is it, Miles?

Audrey snatches the purse. She fishes through it. Pulls out a driver's license.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Shelby Grant. Holy shit! It's hers.
Isn't it? The exercise freak.

MILES

She's not a freak.

Miles snatches the purse back.

AUDREY

Why do you have her purse, Miles?

MILES

Just chill out, Audrey.

AUDREY

Miles!

MILES

I found it.

AUDREY

You found it.

MILES

Or...well...She forgot it. She left
it sitting on the pump at the gas
station.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY (FLASHBACK)

PUSH IN ON MILES: He sips a TUMEE YUMEE, squatting down against a wall. He watches as...

JUMP CUTS: SHELBY frantically rummages through her purse. Swipes a credit card. Sets the purse on the pump. Fills the tank. Drives off, purse forgotten.

MILES (V.O.)

She was in a rush or something. I thought better in my hands than some complete stranger's.

JUMP CUTS: Miles cautiously walks his bicycle to the pump. He surveys for any on-lookers. Grabs the purse. Hops on his bike and frantically rides off, purse slung over his shoulder.

INT. TOWN HOME/BEDROOM - DAY

Audrey idly crunches on a lollipop. Eyes Miles.

AUDREY

But you are a complete stranger.

Miles restrains himself.

MILES

I don't know where the remote is. Okay, Audrey?

AUDREY

You're such an ass.

Audrey stares at the purse.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

Well?

MILES

Well what?

AUDREY

Aren't you curious?

Audrey fishes around inside the purse. Miles snatches it away from her.

MILES

NO!

Audrey shrinks back, startled.

AUDREY

Geez, Miles. What the hell?

MILES

It's not yours to mess with.

AUDREY (V.O.)

He would later confess that he liked the idea of not knowing who she was. Of the endless possibilities that would be ruined by knowing the contents of her purse. She could be anything...

DREAMSCAPE MONTAGE

SHELBY dressed in a HAZMAT SUIT.

AUDREY (V.O.)

A scientist on the verge of curing bad luck.

SHELBY dressed in a GEISHA robe.

AUDREY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

An exotic madame, learned in the arts of corporate seduction.

SHELBY dressed as a GUERRILLA holding an AK47.

AUDREY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

A guerilla-ista, in command of an army of Amazonian she-ras. Or perhaps...

Another woman in a red dress. PAIGE CAULFIELD (35). Plain yet pretty.

CLOSER: She smiles.

ON MILES: Serious.

AUDREY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...A soul mate.

MILES

Paige...

EXT. TOWN HOME/PATIO - DAY

Miles sits on a patio chair dressed in his tattered robe. Sunglasses. A cigarette dangles from his lips as he stares at the freshly mowed backyard. Daydreaming.

AUDREY (V.O.)

He spoke her name like a sacrament, mentioning her only on the rarest of occasions.

ON SUNGLASSES: Paige's ghostly reflection wearing the same red dress. She stares into his eyes. Smiles. Her hand caresses his cheek. She removes the sunglasses revealing Miles' closed eyes. She moves in for a kiss.

A WALTZ crescendos as their feet box step. Numbers appear then dissipate with each step - one-two-three, one-two-three..

AUDREY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The good memories haunted him...

INT. FERNBANK MUSEUM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

BLACK AND WHITE BALLOONS part revealing Miles and Paige kissing. The newly weds are drowned in a PHOTO BULB FLASH. Kissing. FLASH. Wedding bands. FLASH. Smiling brightly. FLASH.

THEIR DANCING FEET - one-two-three, one-two-three...

The WALTZ bridges to...

EXT. APARTMENT/OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON MILES: His eyes covered by Paige's hands. She drops them, revealing...

AN ANTIQUE REMINGTON TYPEWRITER

Miles beams. Kisses Paige. Squeezes her tightly.

THEIR DANCING FEET - one-two-three, one-two-three...

DISSONANT NOTES bleed into the MELODY...

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Miles hurries into a bookstore, Paige in tow. He scans the shelves. Suddenly stops. Ceremoniously removes a book from the shelf.

Landscapes - A Novel. By Miles Caulfield.

Miles grins. Paige hugs him.

THEIR DANCING FEET - one-two-three, one-two-three...

AUDREY (V.O.)
...And the bad ones too.

The WALTZ grows more DISSONANT...

INT. APARTMENT/OFFICE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Miles slouches over the Remington dressed in his trademark robe. He pores over a piece of paper, mouthing the words.

He suddenly crumples the paper in a fit. Tosses it into an overfull trash bin.

INT. DREAM SCAPE - NIGHT

The couple spin, joy ebbing from their faces, replaced by fear.

INT. APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Miles lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. Hair disheveled. Beard unkempt. A smoldering cigarette dangles from his mouth. Paige packs luggage. She plucks the cigarette from his mouth. Throws it on the floor. Steps on it. She hoists her luggage and leaves, slamming the door behind her.

AUDREY (V.O.)

Uncle Miles had known greatness...if
only for a fleeting moment...and it
had ruined him.

OFF MILES. Staring blankly at the ceiling. Tormented.

INT. DREAM SCAPE - NIGHT

Paige gets sucked into the darkness arms flailing. Miles reaches for her, but finds himself hurtling into the darkness...

The MUSIC CRESCENDOES. STOPS.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Miles stoops beside a car smoking a cigarette. He wears his robe. He stares through the car's windows, spying on...

COFFEE SHOP WINDOW: Paige sits at a table littered with text books. She laughs with a MALE BARISTA as he delivers a cup of Joe.

BLEEP BLEEP. The car's lights flash, its alarm disarmed. Startled, Miles steps back.

CAR OWNER

What are you doing?

MILES

Nothing.

CAR OWNER

You casing my car?

MILES

No. No...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Paige notices the commotion outside. Miles catches her watching.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Miles stiffens. He locks eyes with Paige. Tosses his cigarette aside, marching into the street.

CAR OWNER

Hey! We're not done here!

HONK. A car SCREECHES to a stop nearly hitting Miles. But he marches on. Unfazed. He storms into the coffee shop.

THROUGH SHOP WINDOW: The CAR OWNER watches as Miles makes a beeline for the MALE BARISTA. Paige stands, going to intercept, but Miles gets there first. Dives at the BARISTA. The two men topple to the ground. Tables overturn.

AUDREY (V.O.)

It wasn't long before the self-doubt
ate him up...

DING DONG. A DOORBELL BRIDGES TO...

INT. TOWN HOME - NIGHT

A door opens revealing Miles. Rain soaked. Forlorn. He grips a suitcase in one hand. Cradles the Remington in the other. A band aid covers the bridge of his nose.

MELODY

Miles! Oh Miles!

Melody ushers him in.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Frank! FRANK!

INT. TOWN HOME/BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Miles lies in bed staring at the ceiling. Melody sits on the edge of the bed beside him.

MELODY

The way I see it everyone has equal
measures of good and bad in their
life. Some get all of the good at
once. Like winning the lottery. And
some get all of the bad at once.
Like this. But in the end it all
evens out.

MILES

What if I've used up all my good?

MELODY

Nonsense. All of this just means your due for something spectacular, little brother. Something really spectacular. You just have to put one foot in front of the other.

(beat)

You can stay here as long as you need to, Miles.

EXT. TOWN HOME/PATIO - DAY

Miles takes a long drag off his cigarette, sunglasses now devoid of any apparition.

AUDREY (V.O.)

Truth is Uncle Miles had fallen so far that he'd lost his direction. He'd lost touch with who he was. He'd joke about it saying he had lost his mojo. But there was always this edge to that joke. The truth hurt...and so he escaped into his fictions.

EXT. TOWN HOME - LATER

Miles sits on the curb outside of the town home. He checks his watch: 10:48. He looks up the street. Empty. He cradles the purse tightly.

Audrey watches from the open front door, eating an apple.

AUDREY (V.O.)

He ran it over it a thousand times. How she would react when he returned it to her...

EXT. TOWN HOME - DAY

Shelby runs toward Miles. He stands gracefully, well dressed in a suit and tie. He presents the purse. She looks surprised and swoons. Miles catches her.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC SWELLS. Miles pull her and she rolls into his arms. The couple box step across the street, a mirror ball casting spots of light across the row of town homes.

ON THEIR DANCING FEET: Numbers appear than dissipate in time. One-two-three. One-two-three...

The two separate, then rush back to one another, Miles dipping her back in his arms. He moves in to plant a kiss.

The MUSIC CRESCENDOES. ABRUPTLY STOPS.

EXT. TOWN HOME - DAY

Miles' eyes suddenly open. He's dressed in a neatly pressed shirt and tie. He cradles the purse. Shelby approaches. He steps into her path, presenting the purse.

AUDREY (V.O.)

But things rarely turned out the way
Miles planned them to.

Shelby tries to run around him. But he steps into her path. She stutters steps, knocking into Miles. The purse falls onto the ground. The contents spill out: Lip stick. Wallet. Makeup.

SHELBY

What are you doing?

MILES

I have your purse.

SHELBY

What?

Shelby takes the purse recognizing the contents strewn across the sidewalk. She stoops and starts scooping them up. Miles tries to help, but she pulls what he picks up away from him.

Miles extends his hand.

MILES

I'm Miles.

Shelby doesn't take his hand.

SHELBY

How did you get it?

MILES

I saw someone steal it from your
car. At the gas station. And I - I
stopped him. I got it back.

SHELBY

Oh. Okay.

Miles steps toward Shelby. She takes a step back. She tries to step around him, but he back pedals in front of her.

MILES

So...I. Uh. I thought maybe we could
grab a coffee...maybe...talk a little.

Miles appears desperate.

AUDREY

Miles.

MILES

So do you want to? Maybe grab a
coffee? Or...

AUDREY

Miles!

SHELBY

I uh...I have to go. Thanks though.

Shelby runs off. Miles steps after her then stops in his
tracks, completely deflated.

AUDREY

What are you doing?

MILES

Stay out of it.

AUDREY

You said she forgot it at the gas
station.

MILES

I wanted to break the ice.

AUDREY

By stealing from her?

Miles explodes.

MILES

That wasn't what I was thinking about!

Miles brushes past Audrey into the home.

AUDREY

Miles...

INT. TOWN HOME/BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Miles rushes to his bedroom window. He watches as Shelby
crests a hill. Audrey barges into the room.

AUDREY

Miles. You can't be doing shit like
this! It's crazy!

Miles spins, moving on Audrey aggressively. He grabs her by
the shoulders, shaking her.

MILES

Crazy? CRAZY? You want to see crazy?

Audrey pulls away. Miles spins toward the Remington.

MILES (CONT'D)

Shut up!

Miles steps up to the Remington, glaring down at its crooked
grin.

MILES (CONT'D)

SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!

Miles picks up the typewriter and throws it across the room.
Audrey ducks for cover. Frenzied Miles descends on the
typewriter. Punches it with his bare fists. Blood droplets
spray his face as the metal keys tear into his knuckles.

He suddenly slumps back against the bed. Chest heaving. He
winces flexing his bloody hands. He looks up at Audrey. She
stares at him, eyes welling. A sudden realization washes
over him.

MILES (CONT'D)

Audrey.

Audrey runs out of the bedroom, scared. Miles hurries after
her.

MILES (CONT'D)

Audrey!

EXT. TOWN HOME/BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Audrey hurries into the backyard making a beeline for her
bike. Miles rushes after her, catching her by the arm. He
spins her around, holding her to him. She remains stiff.

MILES

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Miles tilts her chin up toward him, brushing the hair from
her face leaving a smear of red blood. Tears flow from her
eyes.

MILES (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, Audrey. You're the only thing - you're the only one that gets me. Please - I'm so sorry.

Audrey sobs, wrapping her arms around Miles.

AUDREY

There's two of you. You and the other guy. And I don't want the other guy anymore. Okay? I want that one to go away.

MILES

Okay...Okay.

AUDREY

You're a good person, Uncle Miles. You are a good person. And I love you. No matter what.

Miles starts to cry. He presses Audrey's head to his chest.

INT. TOWN HOME/BATHROOM - MORNING

A PILL VIAL opened. Two pills tapped into a palm. The vial is closed then placed into a medicine cabinet. The cabinet's mirrored door closes revealing...

ON MIRROR: Miles reluctantly pops the pills.

AUDREY (V.O.)

I guess I've resigned myself to the fact that bad luck is like a disease that some people catch and can't shake.

Miles washes them down with a handful of water. Melody watches from the threshold, arms folded like a monitoring parent.

INT. TOWN HOME/KITCHEN - MORNING

Frank and Melody navigate the tight kitchen in their morning ballet. Miles sits at the table, poking at his cereal. His hands are bandaged.

AUDREY (V.O.)

But like any disease there are treatments: Faith in yourself. People that love you. You learning to love you.

Audrey stares at Miles. He catches her watching and flashes a tentative smile. She smiles back.

INT. TOWN HOME/BEDROOM - DAY

Miles lies in bed staring out the window. Shelby runs by outside. She throws a fleeting glance through the window.

Audrey stops in the threshold.

AUDREY
Truffaut movie marathon?

MILES
No thanks.

Audrey descends the hallway. Miles turns to the typewriter. He gets up and crosses to it, pressing one of the keys. CLACK.

INT. TOWN HOME - CONTINUOUS

Audrey loads a DVD. She pauses. TYPING emits from upstairs. It grows faster and faster. Audrey smiles.

AUDREY (V.O.)
Uncle Miles had taken some missteps
in his life, but by my calculations
he still had sixty four million steps
to go...

INT. TOWN HOME/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Miles sits in the bedroom, hammering away at his Remington. He slaps the carriage return. WHOOSH. DING!

FADE OUT.