

MYLES MIRACLE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DOWNTOWN - DAY

MYLES "MIRACLE" MCLEAN, 32, chiseled, military haircut, walks up on a holdup in progress.

A ROBBER, 20s, masked, with a gun, emerges from a deli with an elderly hostage.

Onlookers cower.

ROBBER  
I'll shoot!

MYLES  
Let her go. Take me instead.

The robber pushes the hostage away.

ROBBER  
Alright, hero. You're my ticket out of here. Get walkin'!

Amused, Myles raises his hands as a get-away car screeches up to a halt.

ROBBER  
Get in!

Myles hesitates.

The robber pushes Myles.

ROBBER  
Get in or I'll kill you!

MYLES (V.O.)  
I don't think so.

The robber points his gun at Myles' head.

ROBBER  
You're dead!

Myles spins with black-belt expertise, disarms the robber.

Sirens whirl as a fleet of police cars swarms the scene.

Attractive plain clothes detective ANGELA SINCLAIR, 30, shapely, in slacks and high heels, walks up smiling.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR

(surly)  
Gotham City has Batman and we've got the  
"Miracle."

MYLES

How you doing, Angie?

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR

Detective Sinclair, if you don't mind.

MYLES

Just doing my civic duty, that's all.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR

You're always trying to save someone.

MYLES

Maybe it's my calling.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR

You couldn't save my... How's your mom?

MYLES

Still prays that I'll become a preacher.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR

Not a chance in hell if I had to bet.

The city's crime unit secures the area. A POLICE OFFICER approaches.

POLICE OFFICER

We're ready.

Detective Sinclair chastises Myles with a scathing glare.

DETECTIVE SINCLAIR

Stay out of my way.

Detective Sinclair walks away.

MYLES

Always a pleasure.

INT. MYLES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The studio apartment is small, dimly lit. Myles laments as he holds  
a framed photograph only he can see.

"DUST IN THE WIND" BY KANSAS PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND

INT. ROSE MCLEAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

ROSE MCLEAN, 60s, graying, in a sweater, dials as she sits with an open Bible at her kitchen table. The coffee maker perks.

INT. MYLES' APARTMENT - SAME

Myles' cell phone buzzes. He gently sets down the picture frame.

MYLES

Hey, Mom.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

ROSE MCLEAN

Son, I hate to bother you, but something's wrong with the hot-water heater.

MYLES

Can it wait till tomorrow?

Rose pours a cup of coffee.

ROSE MCLEAN

I suppose. Is something wrong?

MYLES

I'd rather not--

ROSE MCLEAN

Katie?

Myles paces.

MYLES

Yeah.

ROSE MCLEAN

I miss her too.

MYLES

It's something I have to deal with.

ROSE MCLEAN

God knows you're hurting.

MYLES

Whatever. Gotta go.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Myles sits alone. Children laugh and play in a nearby playground. Joggers pass. Dogs are walked. Kites fly.

A late-model black Mercedes pulls up behind Myles.

CARTER "END ZONE" ELLIS, 32, muscular, black, in warmups, exits. He walks past Myles.

MYLES

Endzone?

Carter turns.

CARTER

Miracle!

Myles stands. Fist bumps exchanged. They hug.

MYLES

Still with the Jets?

CARTER

Nah. A.C.L. did me in.

Carter punches Myles' bicep.

CARTER

Man, you've got some guns!

MYLES

I became a Navy Seal.

Carter removes his sunglasses.

CARTER

Dude, that's serious.

MYLES

Not as glamorous as the N.F.L.

CARTER

I was dodging defensive linemen, not bullets.

Myles snickers. They both sit.

CARTER

You threw and ran for so many touchdowns, the newspaper started calling you *Miracle*.

(beat)

How many yards did you pass for our senior year?

MYLES

(aloof)

You tell me.

CARTER  
Thirty-three hundred and fifty-six.

MYLES  
Just numbers.

CARTER  
You had your pick of colleges!

MYLES  
Dad was a squid so I joined the Navy.

CARTER  
I ran into Robinsky. He sells insurance,  
has a wife and six kids.

MYLES  
He was the most likely to be a felon.

CARTER  
Ever get married?

Myles looks at the ground.

MYLES  
Almost.

CARTER  
And?

MYLES  
She died.

CARTER  
I'm sorry. Was she sick?

Myles stretches.

MYLES  
Murdered.

CARTER  
The police caught the guy, right?

Myles faces Carter.

MYLES  
Not yet.

CARTER  
Are they getting close?

MYLES  
No. That's why I'm here.

CARTER  
So you're...?

Myles stands. Carter stays seated.

MYLES  
Believe me, I'll find him.

CARTER  
I feel you man.

MYLES  
Katie didn't deserve to die.

CARTER  
Are you sure about this?

MYLES  
Absolutely.

Carter's cell phone pulsates a text message alert. He stands.

CARTER  
Lydia wants me to pick up her dry cleaning.

MYLES  
Lydia?

CARTER  
Got married in April.

MYLES  
Kids?

CARTER  
She would say one. Me. Better get my jog  
in. We'll hook up soon.

Myles and Carter fist bump. Carter jogs away.

A stray ball from the playground bounces towards Myles. Instinctively he catches it. A YOUNG GIRL, 7, ponytail, runs up, her MOTHER, 30, casual, follows.

Myles hands the young girl her ball.

YOUNG GIRL  
Thank you.

MOTHER  
You're very kind.

Myles smiles.

YOUNG GIRL

Mister, would you like to play ball with me?

Myles looks at the mother.

MOTHER

Katie, I'm sure he has better things to do.

MYLES

(stunned)

Katie?

GIRL

I'm seven years old.

MOTHER

Sweetheart, we need to be going. Thank you again.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Myles sets down his umbrella. A line of patrons and open laptops are seen.

A rain-soaked COLLEGE COED, 22, slender, blonde, with a backpack enters. She slips on the tiled floor. Myles catches her.

COLLEGE COED

That was close!

MYLES

Some downpour.

COLLEGE COED

I forgot my umbrella.

The college coed extends her hand.

COLLEGE COED

Hi. I'm Samantha.

MYLES

Myles.

Samantha scans the room.

COLLEGE COED

My bible study group meets here on Tuesdays.

Samantha waves at her group.



COLLEGE COED  
Would you like to join us?

MYLES  
No, but thanks.

COLLEGE COED  
Maybe I'll see you again?

MYLES  
Maybe.

The coed starts to slip again, Myles reaches for her.

COLLEGE COED  
God bless you.

A male figure in a baseball cap and dark sunglasses peers from behind newspaper in a far corner.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A steady downpour bounces off of Myles' umbrella as he stands in front of a smooth granite headstone. It reads:

Kathryn Sinclair

1992 - 2015

MYLES (V.O.)  
I really miss you.

Images of a happier time begin to play as Myles stares at Katie's headstone.

SERIES OF SHOTS

-- Myles and Katie play one-on-one touch football in the park.

-- Katie feeds Myles over a candlelit dinner.

-- Myles asks Katie to marry him.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Myles leans down to kiss the headstone.

MYLES  
I love you.

INT. KILLER'S LAIR - NIGHT

The KILLER, average build, sits at a laptop. We cannot see the face.

The room is dim. Hi-tech weaponry is displayed. A surgical bed with an assortment of medical apparatuses occupies one corner of the dungeon-like room.

The killer initiates a video-chat.

INT. CRIME BOSS' MANSION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Two muscular bodyguards with automatic weapons stand watch in a large office suite laden with high-end furnishings. A scar-covered CRIME BOSS, 50s, imposing, puffs on a cigar. An incoming video message alert sounds from his computer.

CRIME BOSS  
Everything set?

INTERCUT VIDEO-CHAT CONVERSATION

KILLER  
Yes, sir.

CRIME BOSS  
The decoy?

KILLER  
Already identified.

CRIME BOSS  
No mistakes!

KILLER  
Not a problem.

CRIME BOSS  
There better not be!

The crime boss clicks on his mouse pad to disconnect. He opens a low desk drawer and removes a wooden box. He removes a glass container with a human heart suspended in embalming fluid. The crime boss laughs.

INT. ROSE MCLEAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Rose empties the dish washer. Myles emerges from the basement.

ROSE MCLEAN  
Could you fix it?

MYLES  
It was just the pilot light.

Myles sits at the kitchen table. Rose closes a cupboard door. She joins him.

MYLES  
I ran into Angie.

ROSE MCLEAN  
How is she?

MYLES  
Bitter.

ROSE MCLEAN  
She's still grieving. Give her time.

MYLES  
Maybe she's right. Katie would still be here if I had been around.

ROSE MCLEAN  
Son, you were in the Middle East!

MYLES  
I can't bring her back, but I'll find out who killed her.

ROSE MCLEAN  
There were no witnesses, weapon, or finger prints.

MYLES  
I'll find him.

Rose stares at a nearby picture of a decorated war hero.

ROSE MCLEAN  
Your father would have been proud.

MYLES  
What would dad have done in my situation?

ROSE MCLEAN  
Something God would have never approved of.

MYLES  
Then we think alike.

INT. POLICE STATION - DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Uniformed police officers and department personnel move past the glass enclosed office. Detective Sinclair slams shut a file cabinet. Partner, ED RIVAS, 40s, stocky, looks up from his adjacent desk.

DETECTIVE RIVAS  
Something wrong?