

**A MATTER OF MILES**

Written by

Natasha Zaman

natasha.zaman89@gmail.com  
tashesque.com/scripts

EXT. PENTHOUSE - TERRACE - DUSK

ESTABLISHING:

We pan from the reddish orange remnants of sunlight over a satin blue sky to the terrace.

BIRD'S EYE:

A triangular dining table garnished with inviting delicacies and wine. The seating arrangements are such that MILES (28) is seated opposite to the apex, while AMELIA (28) and NEVE (26) are perched on either sides facing each other enjoying their meals.

MASTER:

We ease in to the table. It's very quiet. Nothing but the clinks of silverware and the dulcet melody of jazz wafting with the faint whispers of the wind.

MILES

(breaks the tension)

Neve, did we tell Amelia about that strange old bloke in Rome?

NEVE

(laughs)

Oh, we haven't.

MILES

So, we are at the hotel bar. Mid conversation, this drunk grandpa pops up and asks her if she models...(cont'd inaudible)

We hear a louder tone of jazz over Miles' now muffled voice.

CLOSE UP:

Amelia nods and pretends to listen intently as her eyes shift toward Neve who playfully slaps Miles on the arm.

CUT-IN:

Neve's hand caressing Miles' forearm on the table.

MEDIUM CLOSE UP:

Amelia's eyes glaze over in thought.

AMELIA (V.O.)  
Just look at them. I can't do  
this...NO...you have to get to the  
bottom of this.

CLOSE UP: SLOW-MOTION

Neve bursting out laughing.

AMELIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Is that pregnancy glow? Nah, it's  
just her natural radiant face.

CUT-IN:

SLOW-MOTION:

Miles pulls Neve in by her little chin for a smooch.

AMELIA (V.O.)  
They've known each other two weeks.  
Why on earth would you get engaged  
after two weeks?

MEDIUM:

Amelia looks antsy about starting up a conversation. Miles'  
voice smoothly becomes audible again.

MILES (O.S.)  
It was quite hilarious, really.

AMELIA  
(peevishly)  
Guess I had to be there, right?

OVER THE SHOULDER:

Neve rather unamused at Amelia's remark, musters up a nod  
with a fake smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILES' PENTHOUSE - TERRACE - NIGHT (LATER)

DISSOLVING SHOTS: THROUGH FRAGMENTS OF CONVERSATION

NEVE  
Don't get me wrong, I love Finland  
but this is my home now.

AMELIA  
So, you've been interning at the  
firm?

MILES  
Three years, Neve's lived in  
Montreal yet I bump into her on the  
streets of Rome.

AMELIA  
The gallery is taking a downturn  
but I paint for the expression. My  
work is not for sale.

MILES  
Amelia and I go way back, like  
college.

AMELIA  
Let's just say, I know the names of  
all of his exes.

DISSOLVE:

Amelia's attempt at friendly conversation and her burning  
curiosity now turns to an interrogation of sorts for Neve.

CLOSE UP: QUICK CUTS BETWEEN AMELIA AND NEVE

AMELIA  
When...?

NEVE  
Hmm...

AMELIA  
How...?

NEVE  
Uh...

AMELIA  
What...?

NEVE  
Um...

CUT TO:

We catch up to the crucial conversation. Neve obliges quite  
gracefully so far with Miles chiming in from time to time.

NEVE (CONT'D)

I tried my best to be aloof around him with my work visa set to expire soon. I didn't want to get involved, you see.

MILES

And when I found out, I just couldn't resist. I couldn't let this one slip away.

Amelia blurts out her disconcert.

AMELIA

Don't you think you should get married for the right reasons?

Complete silence at the table. Neve throws the napkin over her plate and stands up.

NEVE

I'm sorry, Miles. I've had just about enough of this inquisition.

MILES

Babe...wait.

WIDE:

As Neve walks away, Miles follows her inside. Amelia remains seated with guilt...

OVER THE SHOULDER:

...witnessing the situation unravel through the glass doors.

POV: AMELIA'S VISION THROUGH THE GLASS DOORS

Miles desperately tries to comfort a very upset Neve. All the while an argument transpires between them, cool jazz plays on the record in the background making it all look quite amusing.

We can only hear the music over their silent gestures. Amelia lets a quick chuckle slip through then places both hands over her mouth with elbows on the table in an attempt to hide her morbid laughter for the circumstance and her own sake.

A loud thud of the door slamming gets her attention as she looks up to find that Neve is nowhere in sight. She sees Miles approaching the terrace in a very aggressive manner.

MILES

(storms in)

Neve worked tirelessly to make this dinner wonderful for us. All so that she would actually get to know you, my best friend.

AMELIA

(flustered, gets up)

Miles...I...

Miles interrupts her.

MILES

Amelia. That's enough out of you.

AMELIA

(raising her tone)

Excuse me?

MILES

(yelling)

I can't believe you! This is how you treat my fiancée?

AMELIA

I am so sorry. I didn't mean to...I overstepped, I know (reaches out) Miles, please...

Too inconsolable to hear anything, Miles pushes her hand away and goes on to vent out all his anger out on her.

MILES

I don't know what happened to you in these past few weeks but this is so unlike you. You know you could at least pretend to be happy about this because you sure as hell don't seem like you are.

Amelia just stands there quietly looking unnerved and shocked at Miles' strange demeanor towards her.

MILES (CONT'D)

You can't let anyone in long or close enough to break through your protective shield. And just because you can't be happy...you don't want me to be either.

Miles' scathing words completely pierce through Amelia and wound her to the core. Her eyes cloud with tears but she tries to choke it all back in.

AMELIA

(faltering voice)

After all these years, it's amazing  
how little you really know me to  
think that I can't be happy for  
you.

Light rain droplets begin to fall.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILES' BUILDING - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Doorman lets Amelia out. As she clutches on to her blue overcoat and steps out on the street, the drizzle turns into a downpour. She struggles to keep her composure as she walks down the street but the rain helps hide the unrestrained tears falling down her cheeks.

INT. PENTHOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Miles tries to stop Neve from packing her belongings.

MILES

Neve, don't. I don't know what got  
into her tonight.

NEVE

Miles, please! She is in love with  
you. Isn't it obvious?

MILES

That's not true. She can't be...

Miles gets lost in thought for a second, mid conversation.

NEVE

Listen, whatever you two have going  
on. You need to figure it out. Just  
count me out.

EXT. SHERBROOKE STREET - NIGHT (LATER)

Soaked to the skin, Amelia wanders along the pavements of downtown staring ahead obliviously. Her eyes, scorched past shedding tears with the pouring rain. Miles' voice ring in her ears calling her name.

MILES (V.O.)

Amelia...

The agony on her face appears to pale in comparison to the deadening sensation of a thousand frostbites to the heart, knowing that she might never see him again. An uncertain agenda or destination seems to be such trivial issues to dwell on that instant.

Suddenly, their paths crossed in the darkness. A gush of wind rolls in stirring the umbrella enough for his face to come to the fore. For a lone mesmerizing moment, the steeliest blue eyes that she adores so much, glances back reflecting her olive-green eyes.

Who else can it be but Miles? He moves in closer and pulls her underneath his umbrella and cloaks her shivering body with his coat in the warmth of his tight embrace.

MILES

Amelia, I'm so glad I found you.  
Let's get you home.

AMELIA

How'd you know I'd be here?

MILES

I didn't. But I knew Sherbrooke street was always your favorite to stroll on. Especially in the rain.

AMELIA

What about Neve...?

MILES

She broke up with me. And for the right reasons, don't you think?

AMELIA

What? Why-

Before Amelia can speak another word, Miles looks deep into her eyes like he has never before, and shuts her up by kissing her tenderly. Amelia falls right into it. Their warm breaths all misty in the freezing rain. They pull away slowly and look into each other's eyes again for a lingering moment.

MILES

I think we both know why.

Amelia and Miles lock hands and walk towards the metro station together.

**THE END**