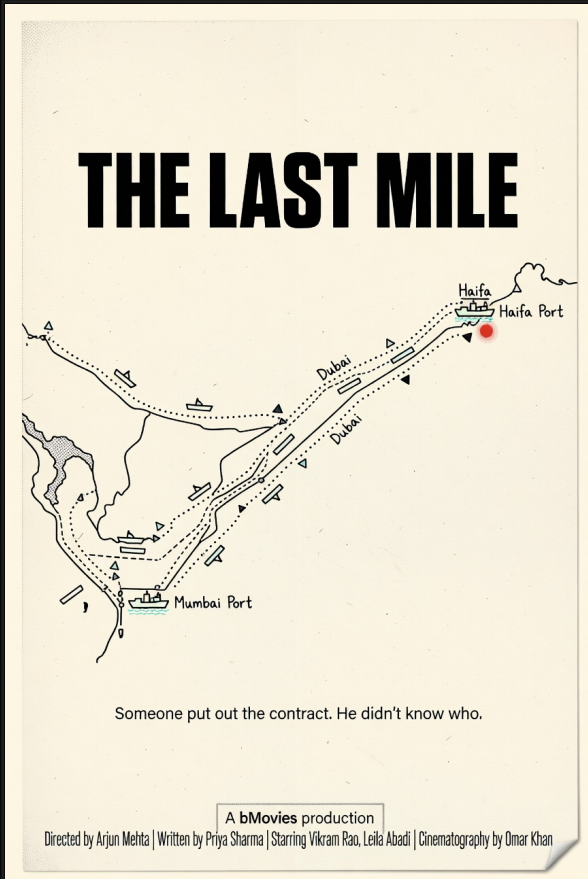


The Last Mile

\$MILE



After her husband is assassinated, widow Elena Carver hunts the invisible buyer-a hostile state, friendly state, or crypto kill market-uncovering a truth that shatters her reality.

ONE SENTENCE

Logline

After her husband is assassinated, widow Elena Carver hunts the invisible buyer-a hostile state, friendly state, or crypto kill market-uncovering a truth that shatters her reality.

Treatment

ACT 1: Elena Carver, 38, sits in the muted gray of her apartment in downtown Ithaca, New York, staring at a grainy livestream of her husband, Theo Carver, 42, speaking to a crowd of students at Cornell University. Theo, founder of the youth political movement 'FutureFront,' radiates conviction, his voice cutting through the autumn chill. Elena's fingers trace the edge of a framed photo-her and Theo on their wedding day under a willow tree. The livestream glitches; a muffled crack splits the air. Theo collapses mid-sentence, blood blooming across his chest. The campus erupts in screams. Elena freezes, her breath shallow, as the feed cuts to black. Hours later, in the sterile fluorescence of Tompkins County Hospital morgue, she identifies his body, her face a mask of quiet ruin. Detective Marla Henshaw, a wiry woman with tired eyes, hands her a burner phone found in Theo's jacket-three encrypted messages from unknown sources, each offering condolences and a 'payment receipt' for the hit. Elena's grief sharpens into obsession: who paid for this? The hostile state of Vyrkstan, long threatened by Theo's anti-regime rhetoric? The friendly state of Canada, wary of his borderless activism? Or the darknet kill market, crowdfunded by bitcoin anarchists who saw him as a threat to chaos? She downloads a Tor browser, her hands trembling, and dives into the digital abyss.

ACT 2: Elena relocates to a cheap motel on the edge of Ithaca, the Sunset Pines, its neon sign flickering against a bruised sky. She hacks into Theo's old accounts, tracing IP addresses to shadowy forums where 'invisible buyers' trade death for crypto. Her only ally is Kiran Patel, a 25-year-old grad student and FutureFront loyalist, who decrypts the burner phone messages, revealing coded references to 'The Last Mile'-a term for the final transaction in a hit. Elena's search leads her to a derelict warehouse in Syracuse, where she confronts a Vyrkstan operative, Dmitri Volkov, who laughs at her, claiming his country only 'watched with interest.' Her midpoint reversal comes in a Toronto back alley, meeting a Canadian diplomat who admits to surveillance but denies the kill-yet slips her a USB drive with audio of Theo's final speech, timestamped minutes before the shot, laced with a hidden frequency. Elena realizes the hit wasn't just political; it was personal. Pressure mounts as darknet trolls dox her location, and Detective Henshaw warns her to stop before she's next. In her darkest moment, alone in the motel at 3 a.m., she listens to the audio loop, hearing Theo's voice warp into a plea she can't decipher. She smashes her laptop, convinced she's lost her mind.

ACT 3: Kiran recovers fragments of the audio, isolating the frequency-a signal tied to a FutureFront insider who turned on Theo. Elena tracks the traitor to Cornell's clock tower, the site of Theo's first rally. Under the ticking hands at midnight, she confronts Lila Voss, Theo's former co-founder, who confesses: she sold him out to a fourth party, a tech billionaire who weaponized FutureFront's data to rig global elections, fearing Theo's idealism would expose the scheme. Lila's payment wasn't money; it was survival. Elena records the confession on her phone, hands shaking, as Lila lunges with a knife. Kiran intervenes, disarming her. Police swarm the tower as Elena uploads the recording to FutureFront's network, exposing the truth to millions. The final image is Elena standing on the clock tower's ledge at dawn, wind tearing at her coat, scattering Theo's ashes over the campus below, a quiet release etched into her hollowed face.

Beat Sheet

- p. 1 Opening Image**
Elena watches Theo's livestream on her laptop, his passionate speech filling her dim Ithaca apartment.
- p. 5 Theme Stated**
Theo, on the livestream, declares, 'Truth is the only currency that matters,' setting Elena's quest.
- p. 10 Setup**
Elena's quiet life, Theo's activism with FutureFront, and their shared history unfold via photos and news clips.
- p. 12 Catalyst**
Theo is assassinated on livestream, shot during his Cornell speech, shattering Elena's world.
- p. 15 Debate**
Elena wrestles with grief versus action, staring at the burner phone's cryptic messages in the morgue.
- p. 25 Break Into Two**
Elena installs Tor, vowing to uncover the buyer behind Theo's death, entering the darknet.
- p. 30 B Story**
Kiran Patel, a FutureFront student, joins Elena, offering tech skills and emotional anchor.
- p. 30 Fun and Games**
Elena navigates darknet forums, decodes messages, and chases leads to Syracuse and Toronto.
- p. 55 Midpoint**
Canadian diplomat reveals audio with hidden frequency-false victory as Elena thinks she's closer, but it's personal.
- p. 60 Bad Guys Close In**
Darknet trolls dox Elena; Detective Henshaw warns her; audio clues unravel her sanity.
- p. 75 All Is Lost**
Elena smashes her laptop in the motel, convinced she's chasing ghosts, losing hope.
- p. 80 Dark Night of Soul**
Elena sits alone, listening to Theo's warped voice on loop, feeling utterly broken.
- p. 85 Break Into Three**
Kiran recovers audio fragments, pinpointing a FutureFront insider; Elena resolves to confront them.
- p. 95 Finale**
Elena exposes Lila Voss at Cornell clock tower, uploads confession, avenging Theo.
- p.110 Final Image**
Elena scatters Theo's ashes from the clock tower at dawn, wind carrying her grief away.

Opening Scene

EXT. CORNELL UNIVERSITY QUAD - DAY

A crisp October afternoon, leaves skittering across the quad in golds and rusts. A crowd of STUDENTS, bundled in scarves and hoodies, clusters around a makeshift stage. Banners reading 'FUTUREFRONT: OWN TOMORROW' flap in the wind. At the podium, THEO CARVER, 42, lean and electric, grips the mic with calloused hands. His flannel shirt is rolled to the elbows, eyes burning with purpose.

THEO

They'll tell you change is impossible. That power's a locked room. But we've got the key-right here, in this crowd. Truth is our currency!

The students roar, phones aloft, livestreaming. Some wave hand-painted signs: 'THEO FOR THE FUTURE.' A few skeptics linger at the edges, arms crossed. The air hums with restless energy.

CUT TO:

INT. ELENA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A small, shadowed space in downtown Ithaca. ELENA CARVER, 38, sits hunched at a cluttered desk, her face lit by the bluish glow of a laptop. Her hair is a messy bun, dark circles under her eyes. A framed photo beside her shows her and Theo, younger, laughing under a willow tree. On the screen, Theo's livestream plays, his voice echoing through tinny speakers. She traces the photo's edge with a trembling finger, her wedding band catching the light.

THEO (V.O.)

(through laptop)

We're not just a movement. We're a promise. To every border, every cage-we'll break you.

Elena's lips twitch, a ghost of a smile. Her eyes don't leave the screen. Outside, a distant siren wails, ignored.

Suddenly, a sharp CRACK splits the audio. On the livestream, Theo stumbles mid-sentence, hand clutching his chest. Red blooms across his shirt. The crowd SCREAMS, phones dropping, chaos erupting. Elena freezes, breath caught. The feed glitches-Theo's body hits the stage, limp. Static. Then black.

ELENA

(whisper, broken)

No. No, no, no-

Her hand slams the desk, knocking over a coffee mug. It shatters on the floor, brown liquid pooling. She stares at the blank screen, chest heaving, as if willing it to rewind. The room is silent now, save for her ragged breathing.

Characters

Elena Carver **PROTAGONIST**

late 30s

LOOK Elena has sharp cheekbones and tired hazel eyes, her dark hair often tied back in a practical, messy bun. Her wardrobe is utilitarian-worn jeans, oversized sweaters in muted grays and browns, a scuffed leather jacket that belonged to Theo. Her hands bear faint scars from years of manual work alongside her husband.

VOICE Her voice is low and measured, with a faint upstate New York accent that hardens under stress. She speaks in clipped bursts when angry, often pausing mid-sentence to choose her words. Her signature tic is a quiet 'hm' before answering, a habit of buying time to think.

ARC At the start, Elena is a reserved, grieving widow, defined by her quiet support of Theo's activism, wanting only to preserve his memory. Her quest for the truth behind his assassination reveals her latent ferocity and tech-savvy grit, though she needs to confront her own isolation to trust others like Kiran. By the end, she transforms into a relentless avenger, exposing the conspiracy at great personal cost, standing alone but resolute, having honored Theo by weaponizing the truth.

Theo Carver **DEUTERAGONIST**

early 40s

LOOK Theo is wiry and intense, with a weathered face and deep-set green eyes that seem to see through people. His dark hair is streaked with premature gray, often hidden under a worn cap, and he wears flannel shirts with rolled sleeves, jeans, and scuffed boots. A small scar above his left eyebrow hints at past confrontations.

VOICE His voice is a commanding baritone, carrying a subtle rasp from years of shouting at rallies, with a neutral American accent. He speaks with rhythmic cadence, emphasizing key words for impact. His signature is starting speeches with 'They'll tell you,' framing every fight as defiance.

ARC Theo begins as the charismatic, uncompromising leader of FutureFront, seen through Elena's memories and livestreams, wanting to dismantle oppressive systems but needing to temper idealism with caution—a flaw he never overcomes. His assassination drives the story, and though dead, his presence looms, ultimately redefined as a martyr whose flaws (trusting the wrong allies) Elena must rectify. By the end, his legacy is both vindicated and tainted by the truth she uncovers.

Kiran Patel **SUPPORTING**

mid 20s

LOOK Kiran is slight but wiry, with warm brown skin and thick black hair often tucked under a beanie. He wears round glasses, graphic tees under hoodies, and carries a battered laptop bag slung across his shoulder. His sneakers are always untied, a small rebellion.

VOICE His voice is quick and bright, with a faint Indian-American accent from growing up in Queens. He stumbles over words when excited, often peppering speech with tech jargon. His tic is saying 'okay, okay' twice before explaining something complex.

ARC Kiran starts as a loyal but naive FutureFront member, idolizing Theo and wanting to help Elena out of duty, though he needs to grow beyond hero worship to see the movement's flaws. Through aiding Elena with decryption and moral support, he matures into a grounded ally, ending as her only trusted confidant, scarred but wiser about the cost of truth.

Lila Voss **ANTAGONIST**

early 40s

LOOK Lila is angular and poised, with pale skin and ash-blonde hair cut in a severe bob. She dresses in tailored blazers and dark slacks, always polished, but her eyes are cold, calculating. A silver pendant around her neck—a gift from Theo years ago—betrays her past connection.

VOICE Her voice is smooth and clipped, with a neutral, almost corporate tone that hides venom. She speaks deliberately, rarely raising her volume, letting silence do the work. Her tic is a sharp inhale through her nose before delivering bad news.

ARC Lila begins as a ghost from Theo's past, a co-founder of FutureFront whose betrayal is hidden, wanting power and safety over ideals, needing to bury her guilt. Revealed as the insider who sold Theo out, her confrontation with Elena exposes her cowardice. By the end, she's a fallen figure, stripped of influence, her confession broadcast as her ruin.

Locations

Elena's Apartment INT.

A cramped, dimly lit space in downtown Ithaca, cluttered with books, empty coffee mugs, and wilted plants on the windowsill. The walls are papered with faded floral patterns, peeling at the edges. A desk dominates, piled with papers and a flickering laptop, the only light source.

Heavy with grief, steeped in shadow, a muted beige and gray palette.

Cornell University Quad EXT.

A sprawling open space framed by ivy-clad Gothic buildings, littered with fallen autumn leaves in fiery oranges and golds. A makeshift stage sits center, draped with FutureFront banners, surrounded by uneven grass patches. The air carries a bite of early frost.

Vibrant yet tense, bathed in cold daylight with stark contrasts of light and shadow.

Sunset Pines Motel INT./EXT.

A run-down roadside motel on Ithaca's outskirts, its neon sign flickering 'VACANCY' in sickly green. Rooms are claustrophobic, with stained carpets, chipped Formica tables, and curtains that don't fully close. Outside, cracked asphalt and a rusted dumpster frame a view of barren fields.

Desolate and paranoid, drenched in sodium-vapor yellows and deep nocturnal blues.

Style

PALETTE

Oxide greens of decaying neon, slate grays of overcast skies, blood-rust reds in fleeting violence, harsh digital blues from screens, pale ash whites of sleepless faces.

REFERENCES

Lighting like *Blade Runner 2049* (Villeneuve) - cold, artificial glows piercing darkness. Pacing like *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo* (Fincher) - slow burns erupting into sharp tension. Composition like *Nightcrawler* (Gilroy) - tight, voyeuristic frames that trap the viewer.

TONE

The Last Mile is a film of suffocating unease, a slow descent into digital and emotional shadows. Its rhythm mirrors Elena's obsession-long, tense silences punctuated by bursts of frantic discovery. Visually, it's a collision of sterile tech (glitchy screens, cold LEDs) and raw human decay (motel grime, autumn rot). The audience should feel Elena's paranoia, trapped in a world where every click or shadow could be a threat, leaving the theater unsettled, questioning who watches them.

SOUND DESIGN

The score is a minimalist electronic pulse, synth drones that hum like a server room, spiking into distortion during revelations-no orchestral swells, just raw tension. Ambient textures are key: the glitch of buffering livestreams, the low buzz of motel neon, the crunch of leaves underfoot. Foley prioritizes intimacy-Elena's uneven breathing, the click of a keyboard, the snap of a broken mug. Silence is weaponized in confrontations, letting dread build in the void before a voice or gunshot cracks it open.

Director's Vision

I want to make *The Last Mile* because it's a mirror to our fractured now-where truth is a commodity, bought and sold in dark corners of the internet, and trust is a casualty of invisible wars. This isn't just a thriller; it's a dissection of grief weaponized into obsession, a story that asks what happens when the personal becomes political in the most lethal way. Elena Carver's hunt for her husband's killer isn't abstract-it's visceral, messy, coded in burner phones and darknet whispers, set against the stark beauty of upstate New York's autumn decay. I see this film as a descent, visually and emotionally, from the open, hopeful quad of Cornell to the suffocating neon flicker of a roadside motel, paralleling Elena's unraveling. My goal is to trap the audience in her headspace-every frame tight, every sound a potential threat, so they feel the paranoia of being watched, of chasing a truth that might destroy you. I'm drawing on the cold alienation of Fincher's digital noirs, but grounding it in raw, human loss. The palette-oxide greens, blood-rust reds, digital blues-will underscore a world where technology and humanity corrode each other. I want the audience to leave the cinema not just haunted by Elena's final choice on that clock tower, but questioning their own digital footprints-who's paying for their data, their lives? This film matters now because we're all one click away from being a target, and I want viewers to walk out feeling that weight, that dread, but also the quiet power of exposing the unseen. My vision is to make *The Last Mile* a slow burn that ignites into a gut punch, a story of one woman's fight to reclaim truth from the shadows, even if it costs her everything.

Dialogue Samples

- > Elena Carver: Hm. If I stop now, Theo's just a headline. I can't let that be all he is.
- > Theo Carver: They'll tell you we're powerless. Look around-this crowd proves they're wrong.
- > Kiran Patel: Okay, okay, the encryption's military-grade, but I've got a backdoor. Give me an hour.
- > Lila Voss: You think you're avenging him? All you're doing is digging your own grave.
- > Elena Carver: I don't care who's listening. Let them hear me break this wide open.
- > Kiran Patel: Okay, okay, that audio frequency-it's not random. It's a signal. Someone close.

Screenplay

Title: The Last Mile
Credit: Written by
Author: Anonymous
Draft date: 21 April 2026

FADE IN.

EXT. CORNELL UNIVERSITY QUAD - DAY

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THEO

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The students roar, phones aloft, livestreaming. Some wave hand-painted signs: 'THEO FOR THE FUTURE.' A few skeptics linger at the edges, arms crossed. The air hums with restless energy.

CUT TO:

INT. ELENA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A small, shadowed space in downtown Ithaca, cluttered with books and empty coffee mugs. ELENA CARVER, 38, sits hunched at a desk, her face lit by the bluish glow of a laptop. Her hair is a messy bun, dark circles under her eyes. A framed photo beside her shows her and Theo, younger, laughing under a willow tree. On the screen, Theo's livestream plays, his voice echoing through tinny speakers.

THEO (V.O.)

(through laptop)

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Suddenly, a sharp CRACK splits the audio. On the livestream, Theo stumbles mid-sentence, hand clutching his chest. Red blooms across his shirt. The crowd SCREAMS, phones dropping, chaos erupting. Elena freezes, breath caught. The feed glitches-Theo's body hits the stage, limp. Static. Then black.

ELENA

(whisper, broken)

No. No, no, no-

Her hand slams the desk, knocking over a coffee mug. It shatters on the floor,

brown liquid pooling. She stares at the blank screen, chest heaving, as if willing it to rewind. The room is silent now, save for her ragged breathing.

INT. ELENA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Elena sits motionless, the laptop closed. The photo of her and Theo stares back. On the wall, news clippings and FutureFront flyers are pinned-headlines of Theo's rallies, his fiery speeches. A muted TV in the background flickers with a news anchor's somber face, "Cornell shooting" scrolling across the ticker.

ELENA

(low, to herself)

Hm. Who did this, Theo?

Her fingers trace the photo's edge, lingering on Theo's scar above his eyebrow. Her wedding band glints dully in the dim light.

INT. TOMPKINS COUNTY HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT

A sterile, fluorescent chamber, cold air heavy with disinfectant. Elena stands rigid beside a gurney, a sheet pulled back to reveal Theo's pale, still face. Her own face is a mask of ruin, hazel eyes hollow. DETECTIVE MARLA HENSHAW, 50s, wiry with tired eyes, stands nearby, holding a plastic evidence bag with a burner phone inside.

MARLA

Found this in his jacket. Encrypted messages-three of 'em. Condolences... and payment receipts. For the hit.

Elena's gaze snaps to the bag, hands trembling as she takes it. Her voice hardens, upstate accent cutting through.

ELENA

(sharp)

Payment? Someone paid for this?

MARLA

We're working on it. Could be Vyrkstan, Canada, or some darknet crowd. Theo had enemies.

Elena stares at the phone, grief sharpening into something feral. Her thumb presses against the bag, as if she could unlock it through sheer will.

ELENA

(low)

Hm. I'll find them.

INT. ELENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Elena sits at her desk, laptop open again, the harsh blue glow casting shadows on her face. She types furiously, downloading Tor browser, her movements jerky but determined. The burner phone lies beside her, screen dark. Outside, rain patters against the window, streaking the glass.

ELENA

(to herself)

Truth is the only currency, Theo. Let's see who spent it.

The browser loads, a gateway to the digital abyss. Her reflection in the screen looks haunted, but her jaw is set.

EXT. SUNSET PINES MOTEL - NIGHT

A run-down roadside motel on Ithaca's outskirts, its neon 'VACANCY' sign flickering sickly green. Elena pulls up in a beat-up sedan, hauling a duffel bag. The cracked asphalt crunches underfoot as she approaches a room, key in hand. The air smells of damp earth and rust.

INT. SUNSET PINES MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Claustrophobic, with stained carpets and chipped furniture. Elena sets up her laptop on a rickety table, the glow cutting through the sodium-vapor yellow seeping through half-closed curtains. A knock at the door startles her. She grabs a kitchen knife from her bag, edging to the peephole.

KIRAN PATEL, 25, stands outside, wiry and nervous under a beanie, laptop bag slung over his shoulder. Elena opens the door a crack, knife hidden behind her back.

KIRAN

(stumbling)

Hey, uh, Elena? I'm Kiran. From FutureFront. Theo was... I mean, I want to help. Okay, okay, I've got skills. Decryption, coding-

Elena studies him, eyes narrowing. A long beat of silence, rain drumming outside.

ELENA

(low)

Hm. Prove it.

She steps aside, letting him in. Kiran sets up beside her, pulling out a battered laptop. Their screens glow in tandem, casting harsh blues over their sleepless faces.

INT. SUNSET PINES MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Hours pass. Kiran cracks one of the burner phone messages, text scrolling in green on black. Elena leans over, her scuffed leather jacket-Theo's-hanging loose on her frame.

KIRAN

(excited)

Okay, okay, it's coded. 'The Last Mile.' Sounds like a transaction term. Final payment for a hit.

ELENA

(tense)

Where's it from?

KIRAN

Tracing now. IP bounces-Syracuse, maybe. Could be Vyrkstan operatives. Or a front.

Elena's hands clench. The buzz of the motel neon outside hums through the walls, a constant drone.

EXT. SYRACUSE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A derelict industrial zone, rusted shipping containers under flickering streetlights. Elena, in Theo's jacket, moves through shadows, a flashlight in hand. Kiran trails, nervous, clutching his laptop. They approach a crumbling warehouse, oxide greens of decay blending into the slate gray night.

Inside, DMITRI VOLKOV, 40s, a grizzled Vyrkstan operative, waits, cigarette glowing. Elena steps forward, voice low but steel-hard.

ELENA

You watched Theo die. Did you pull the trigger?

DMITRI

(laughing, accented)

Watched with interest, yes. Paid? No. My country doesn't waste bullets on dreamers.

Elena's fists tighten, but Dmitri flicks his cigarette, unmoved. The air is thick with tension, broken only by the distant clang of metal.

EXT. TORONTO BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

A narrow, grimy alley, sodium lights casting long shadows. Elena meets a CANADIAN DIPLOMAT, 50s, nervous in a trench coat. He hands her a USB drive, glancing over his shoulder.

DIPLOMAT

We surveilled Carver. But we didn't kill him. Listen to this-his last speech. There's... something in it.

Elena takes the drive, her face unreadable. The diplomat vanishes into the night as a low synth drone builds, mirroring her unease.

INT. SUNSET PINES MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Elena plugs the USB into her laptop, headphones on. Theo's voice plays, his final speech-then a hidden frequency warps it, a ghostly undertone. Her face pales, eyes wide. She yanks off the headphones, breath uneven.

ELENA

(whisper)

What the hell, Theo?

Kiran looks over, concerned. Outside, the neon buzz grows louder, oppressive.

KIRAN

What is it?

ELENA

(shaken)

Hm. Something personal. Not just politics.

INT. SUNSET PINES MOTEL ROOM - LATER

Elena's laptop screen shows forum posts-darknet trolls doxxing her location. Threats scroll: "Carver's widow, we see you." Her phone buzzes-Detective Marla

Henshaw.

MARLA (V.O.)

Elena, stop this. They're closing in. You're next.

Elena slams the phone down, staring at the screen. Her hands shake, the weight of it all crushing her.

INT. SUNSET PINES MOTEL ROOM - 3 A.M.

Elena sits alone, laptop smashed on the floor, fragments scattered. She holds the headphones, Theo's warped voice looping through static. Her face is ash-white, eyes red-rimmed. The room feels like a cage, grime and neon pressing in.

ELENA

(to herself, broken)

I'm losing it. Chasing ghosts.

The synth drone of the score hums low, dread building in the silence. Her breathing is ragged, intimate in the void.

INT. SUNSET PINES MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Kiran returns, salvaging data from the broken laptop. He isolates the frequency on the USB audio, his voice urgent.

KIRAN

Okay, okay, it's a signal. Tied to a FutureFront insider. Someone close to Theo.

Elena looks up, hollow but reigniting. She nods, resolve hardening.

ELENA

(low)

Hm. Let's end this.

EXT. CORNELL UNIVERSITY QUAD - NIGHT

The quad is empty, save for the looming clock tower. Elena and Kiran approach, wind tearing at their coats. Inside, the ticking of the clock is deafening as they climb.

INT. CORNELL CLOCK TOWER - MIDNIGHT

LILA VOSS, 40s, angular and cold, stands under the massive clock hands. Her silver pendant glints—a relic of her past with Theo. Elena steps forward, recording on her phone, voice steady despite her trembling hands.

ELENA

You sold him out, Lila. Who paid you?

LILA

(smooth, sharp inhale)

Not money. Survival. A tech billionaire—FutureFront's data was his weapon. Theo would've ruined everything.

Elena's face twists, betrayal cutting deep. Lila lunges with a knife, but Kiran tackles her, disarming her as the blade clatters. Police lights flash

below-Marla's team closing in.

Elena uploads the recording to FutureFront's network, fingers flying over her phone. The truth streams to millions, Theo's legacy weaponized. Her eyes are hard, mission complete.

EXT. CORNELL CLOCK TOWER LEDGE - DAWN

Elena stands alone on the ledge, wind tearing at her coat. She holds an urn, scattering Theo's ashes over the quad below. They catch the first light, golds and rusts swirling in the air. Her face is hollowed but resolute, grief carried away on the breeze.

FADE OUT.

THE END

Shot List

EXT. CORNELL UNIVERSITY QUAD - DAY

- | | | | |
|----|--------|----------|--|
| #1 | WIDE | STATIC | The expansive quad on a crisp October day, fiery leaves skittering across as students gather around a makeshift stage with 'FUTUREFRONT' banners.
<i>Establishes the vibrant, restless energy of the setting and the scale of Theo's influence.</i> |
| #2 | MEDIUM | HANDHELD | Theo Carver at the podium, lean and electric, gripping the mic with intensity as students cheer and livestream.
<i>Captures Theo's charisma and the crowd's fervor, drawing the audience into his passion.</i> |
| #3 | CLOSE | HANDHELD | Theo's face, eyes burning with purpose, as he delivers his speech about truth and power.
<i>Intensifies the personal connection to Theo, making his conviction palpable.</i> |
| #4 | WIDE | PAN-LEFT | The crowd reacting, phones up, some with signs, while skeptics linger at the edges under a gray sky.
<i>Highlights the divided reactions to Theo, building tension and unease in the atmosphere.</i> |

INT. ELENA'S APARTMENT - DAY

- | | | | |
|----|--------------|----------|---|
| #1 | WIDE | STATIC | Elena's small, cluttered apartment, her figure hunched at a desk under the cold blue glow of a laptop.
<i>Establishes Elena's isolation and obsession, contrasting with the lively quad.</i> |
| #2 | CLOSE | HANDHELD | Elena's face, tired and haunted, eyes locked on the laptop screen showing Theo's livestream.
<i>Conveys her emotional dependency on Theo, pulling the audience into her vulnerability.</i> |
| #3 | INSERT | STATIC | The laptop screen as Theo stumbles, red blooming on his shirt, the feed glitching to static.
<i>Shocks with the sudden violence, mirroring Elena's horror in real-time.</i> |
| #4 | EXTREME-CLOS | HANDHELD | Elena's hand slamming the desk, a coffee mug toppling and shattering on the floor.
<i>Amplifies the raw panic and grief, making the moment viscerally personal.</i> |

INT. ELENA'S APARTMENT - LATER

- | | | | |
|----|--------|-----------|---|
| #1 | MEDIUM | STATIC | Elena sitting motionless at her desk, laptop closed, the photo of her and Theo in focus.
<i>Emphasizes her grief and stagnation, the past looming over her.</i> |
| #2 | CLOSE | HANDHELD | Elena's fingers tracing Theo's face in the photo, her wedding band glinting dully.
<i>Deepens the personal loss, highlighting her lingering connection to Theo.</i> |
| #3 | WIDE | PAN-RIGHT | The wall of news clippings and FutureFront flyers, a muted TV showing the shooting news in the background.
<i>Reveals Elena's obsession with Theo's cause, building the stakes of her quest.</i> |
| #4 | CLOSE | STATIC | Elena's face, hollow, whispering to herself about finding the killer.
<i>Marks the shift from grief to determination, setting her on a dangerous path.</i> |

INT. TOMPKINS COUNTY HOSPITAL MORGUE - NIGHT

- | | | | |
|----|--------|----------|---|
| #1 | WIDE | STATIC | The sterile morgue, Elena standing rigid beside Theo's body under harsh fluorescent light.
<i>Establishes the cold finality of Theo's death, amplifying Elena's isolation.</i> |
| #2 | CLOSE | HANDHELD | Elena's face, a mask of ruin, as she stares at Theo's pale visage.
<i>Conveys the depth of her grief, making the audience feel her pain.</i> |
| #3 | MEDIUM | STATIC | Detective Marla holding the evidence bag with the burner phone, explaining the encrypted messages.
<i>Introduces a key clue, shifting the tone to investigative tension.</i> |

#4	EXTREME-CLOS	HANDHELD	Elena's trembling hand taking the bag, her thumb pressing against the plastic. <i>Highlights her resolve to uncover the truth, her grief turning to ferocity.</i>
INT. ELENA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT			
#1	WIDE	STATIC	Elena at her desk, laptop open, harsh blue light casting shadows in the dim room. <i>Reestablishes her obsessive environment, setting the stage for her descent into the dark web.</i>
#2	CLOSE	HANDHELD	Elena's fingers typing furiously, downloading Tor browser with jerky determination. <i>Shows her urgency and inexperience, building tension as she steps into danger.</i>
#3	INSERT	STATIC	The laptop screen as Tor loads, a gateway to the digital abyss opening. <i>Visualizes the point of no return, amplifying the stakes of her investigation.</i>
#4	MEDIUM	TILT-UP	Elena's haunted reflection in the screen, jaw set against the rain-streaked window behind. <i>Captures her transformation into a driven avenger, isolated yet resolute.</i>
EXT. SUNSET PINES MOTEL - NIGHT			
#1	WIDE	STATIC	The run-down motel under a flickering neon 'VACANCY' sign, Elena's sedan pulling up on cracked asphalt. <i>Establishes the seedy, decaying setting, reflecting Elena's descent into danger.</i>
#2	MEDIUM	TRACK	Elena hauling a duffel bag, crunching across the asphalt toward a motel room. <i>Builds tension as she moves into an unfamiliar, threatening space.</i>
#3	CLOSE	HANDHELD	Elena's hand turning the key in the lock, her face tense in the sickly green neon light. <i>Amplifies her paranoia and vulnerability in this hostile environment.</i>
#4	WIDE	PAN-RIGHT	The motel's desolate exterior, rain starting to fall, as Elena disappears into her room. <i>Reinforces the isolation and dread of her new reality, trapping the viewer in unease.</i>
INT. SUNSET PINES MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT			
#1	WIDE	STATIC	The claustrophobic motel room, stained carpets and chipped furniture, Elena setting up her laptop. <i>Establishes the grimy, oppressive setting, mirroring Elena's mental state.</i>
#2	MEDIUM	HANDHELD	Elena startled by a knock, grabbing a kitchen knife and edging to the peephole. <i>Heightens tension, showing her constant fear and readiness for danger.</i>
#3	POV	HANDHELD	Kiran Patel through the peephole, nervous under a beanie, laptop bag over his shoulder. <i>Places the audience in Elena's paranoid perspective, questioning Kiran's intent.</i>
#4	TWO-SHOT	STATIC	Elena and Kiran at the table, their laptops glowing harsh blue, casting shadows on their faces. <i>Establishes their uneasy alliance, united by shared purpose in a hostile space.</i>
INT. SUNSET PINES MOTEL ROOM - LATER			
#1	MEDIUM	STATIC	Kiran cracking a burner phone message, green text scrolling on his laptop screen. <i>Marks a breakthrough, building suspense as answers emerge.</i>
#2	CLOSE	HANDHELD	Elena leaning over, tense, as Kiran explains 'The Last Mile' transaction term. <i>Captures her growing obsession, pulling the audience into her urgency.</i>
#3	INSERT	STATIC	Kiran's screen showing IP bounces, tracing the signal to Syracuse or beyond. <i>Visualizes the digital hunt, heightening the stakes of the mystery.</i>
#4	EXTREME-CLOS	HANDHELD	Elena's clenched hands, the neon buzz outside humming through the walls. <i>Conveys her frustration and determination, amplifying the oppressive atmosphere.</i>
EXT. SYRACUSE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT			
#1	WIDE	STATIC	The derelict warehouse zone, rusted containers under flickering streetlights, oxide greens blending into slate gray. <i>Sets a menacing, decayed tone, reflecting the danger of Elena's mission.</i>
#2	MEDIUM	TRACK	Elena in Theo's jacket, moving through shadows with a flashlight, Kiran trailing nervously. <i>Builds tension as they approach the unknown, showing Elena's resolve.</i>

- #3 **CLOSE** **HANDHELD** Dmitri Volkov inside, cigarette glowing, as Elena confronts him about Theo's death.
Focuses on the threat Dmitri poses, intensifying the confrontation.
- #4 **TWO-SHOT** **STATIC** Elena and Dmitri face-to-face, her fists tight, his dismissive laugh cutting the tense air.
Captures the power imbalance and Elena's barely contained rage, heightening suspense.

EXT. TORONTO BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

- #1 **WIDE** **STATIC** The grimy alley, sodium lights casting long shadows as Elena meets the Canadian Diplomat.
Establishes a secretive, dangerous setting, amplifying the stakes of the exchange.
- #2 **MEDIUM** **HANDHELD** The Diplomat, nervous, handing Elena a USB drive while glancing over his shoulder.
Builds tension through his paranoia, suggesting deeper conspiracies.
- #3 **CLOSE** **STATIC** Elena's unreadable face as she takes the drive, the Diplomat vanishing into the night.
Focuses on her determination, leaving the audience questioning the drive's contents.
- #4 **WIDE** **PAN-RIGHT** The empty alley after the Diplomat leaves, a low synth drone building as Elena stands alone.
Reinforces her isolation and the looming threat, deepening the unease.

INT. SUNSET PINES MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (USB)

- #1 **MEDIUM** **STATIC** Elena plugging the USB into her laptop, headphones on, the blue glow harsh on her face.
Sets up the critical moment of discovery, focusing on her anticipation.
- #2 **CLOSE** **HANDHELD** Elena's face paling, eyes widening as Theo's warped voice plays through the headphones.
Captures her shock and confusion, pulling the audience into the mystery.
- #3 **INSERT** **STATIC** The laptop screen, audio waveform spiking with the hidden frequency, eerie and distorted.
Visualizes the unsettling discovery, heightening the sense of hidden truths.
- #4 **MEDIUM** **TILT-UP** Elena yanking off the headphones, breath uneven, as Kiran looks over concerned.
Shows her emotional unraveling, building dread as the truth gets personal.

INT. SUNSET PINES MOTEL ROOM - LATER (THREATS)

- #1 **WIDE** **STATIC** Elena at her desk, laptop showing darknet threats doxxing her location, the room feeling like a cage.
Establishes her vulnerability, trapping the audience in her fear.
- #2 **CLOSE** **HANDHELD** Elena's face as she reads the threats, her phone buzzing with Marla's warning.
Conveys her growing panic, making the danger feel immediate.
- #3 **INSERT** **STATIC** The phone screen, Marla's voice warning 'You're next,' as Elena slams it down.
Heightens the stakes, showing the closing net around her.
- #4 **EXTREME-CLOSE** **HANDHELD** Elena's shaking hands, the weight of the threats crushing her resolve.
Amplifies her fear and isolation, pushing the audience to empathize with her breaking point.

INT. SUNSET PINES MOTEL ROOM - 3 A.M.

- #1 **WIDE** **STATIC** Elena alone, laptop smashed on the floor, fragments scattered in the grimy room.
Visualizes her breakdown, the chaos mirroring her mental state.
- #2 **CLOSE** **HANDHELD** Elena's ash-white face, red-rimmed eyes, holding headphones with Theo's voice looping.
Captures her emotional collapse, deepening the audience's connection to her pain.
- #3 **MEDIUM** **TILT-DOWN** Elena sitting, broken, whispering about chasing ghosts as neon buzzes outside.
Reinforces her despair, the oppressive atmosphere closing in.
- #4 **WIDE** **STATIC** The empty, caged room, Elena a small figure amidst the grime, synth drone humming low.
Amplifies the dread and isolation, leaving the audience unsettled in the silence.

INT. SUNSET PINES MOTEL ROOM - DAWN

- | | | | |
|----|-----------------|-----------------|---|
| #1 | MEDIUM | STATIC | Kiran salvaging data from the broken laptop, urgently isolating the USB frequency.
<i>Reintroduces hope through Kiran's determination, shifting the tone to action.</i> |
| #2 | CLOSE | HANDHELD | Elena looking up, hollow but reigniting, as Kiran reveals the signal ties to a FutureFront insider.
<i>Captures her renewed resolve, pulling the audience back into the fight.</i> |
| #3 | INSERT | STATIC | Kiran's screen showing the isolated signal data, a breakthrough in green text.
<i>Visualizes the critical clue, building suspense for the final confrontation.</i> |
| #4 | TWO-SHOT | STATIC | Elena and Kiran, her nodding with hardened resolve, ready to end this.
<i>Solidifies their partnership, setting the stage for the climax with renewed purpose.</i> |

EXT. CORNELL UNIVERSITY QUAD - NIGHT

- | | | | |
|----|---------------|-----------------|---|
| #1 | WIDE | STATIC | The empty quad at night, the looming clock tower casting shadows under a windy sky.
<i>Reestablishes the significant location, now eerie and foreboding, setting up the climax.</i> |
| #2 | MEDIUM | TRACK | Elena and Kiran approaching the tower, wind tearing at their coats, determination in their steps.
<i>Builds tension as they near the final confrontation, showing their resolve.</i> |
| #3 | CLOSE | HANDHELD | Elena's face, focused and tense, as they prepare to climb the tower.
<i>Focuses on her emotional stakes, drawing the audience into her mission.</i> |
| #4 | WIDE | CRANE | The clock tower rising above, ominous ticking echoing as Elena and Kiran disappear inside.
<i>Amplifies the looming threat, visually trapping them in the tower's shadow.</i> |

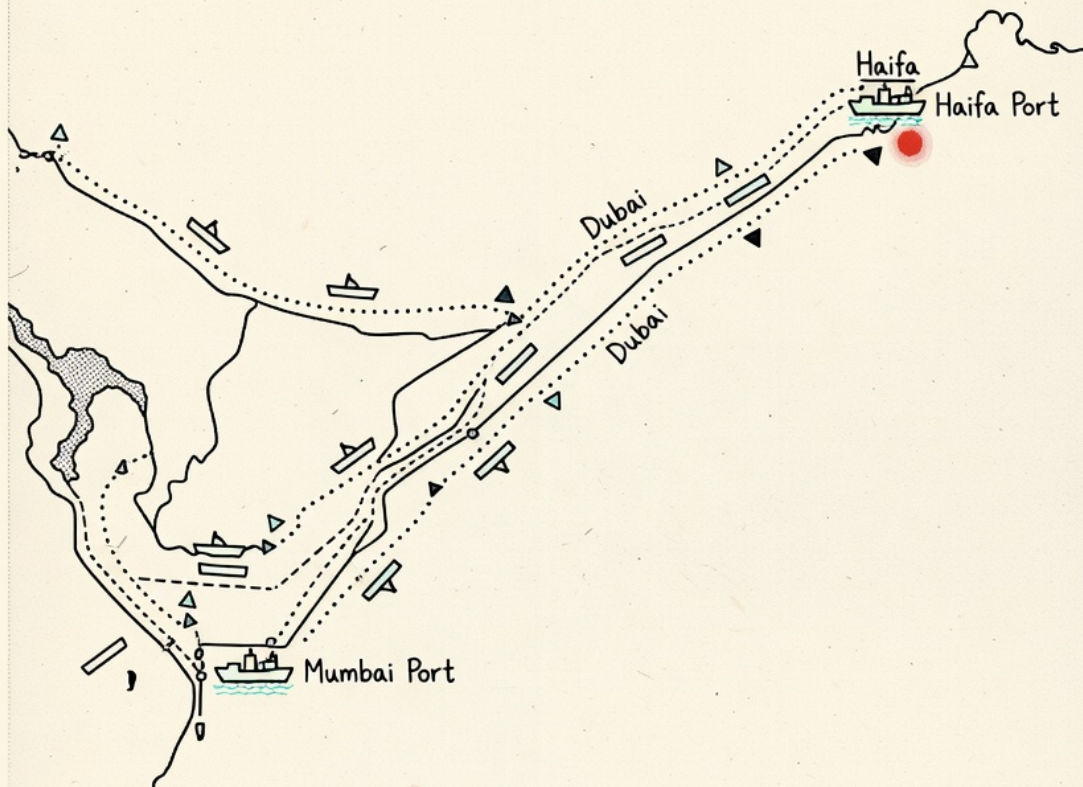
INT. CORNELL CLOCK TOWER - MIDNIGHT

- | | | | |
|----|---------------|-----------------|--|
| #1 | WIDE | STATIC | Lila Voss under the massive clock hands, silver pendant glinting, as Elena steps forward recording.
<i>Establishes the climactic confrontation, the clock symbolizing time running out.</i> |
| #2 | MEDIUM | HANDHELD | Elena accusing Lila, voice steady despite trembling hands holding the phone.
<i>Captures the emotional intensity of betrayal, focusing on Elena's strength.</i> |
| #3 | CLOSE | HANDHELD | Lila's cold face, admitting to survival over money, as she lunges with a knife.
<i>Heightens the danger, revealing Lila's true nature to devastating effect.</i> |
| #4 | MEDIUM | HANDHELD | Kiran tackling Lila, the knife clattering as police lights flash below.
<i>Resolves the physical threat, shifting focus to the aftermath and justice.</i> |
| #5 | INSERT | STATIC | Elena's phone screen, uploading the recording to FutureFront's network, truth streaming out.
<i>Visualizes her victory, ensuring Theo's legacy through her actions.</i> |

EXT. CORNELL CLOCK TOWER LEDGE - DAWN

- | | | | |
|----|---------------|-----------------|---|
| #1 | WIDE | STATIC | Elena on the ledge, wind tearing at her coat, the quad sprawling below at dawn.
<i>Establishes a poignant, reflective moment, contrasting the earlier chaos with calm.</i> |
| #2 | MEDIUM | DOLLY-IN | Elena holding an urn, scattering Theo's ashes, golds and rusts swirling in the first light.
<i>Captures the emotional release, a final goodbye imbued with beauty and loss.</i> |
| #3 | CLOSE | STATIC | Elena's face, hollowed but resolute, as the ashes drift away on the breeze.
<i>Focuses on her grief and closure, leaving the audience with her quiet strength.</i> |
| #4 | WIDE | CRANE | The ashes catching the dawn light over the quad, Elena a solitary figure on the ledge.
<i>Provides a cathartic, expansive closure, tying Theo's memory to the place of his impact.</i> |

THE LAST MILE



Someone put out the contract. He didn't know who.

A bMovies production

Directed by Arjun Mehta | Written by Priya Sharma | Starring Vikram Rao, Leila Abadi | Cinematography by Omar Khan

THE LAST MILE

\$MILE

Characters

4 PRINCIPALS

CHARACTERS

PROTAGONIST

late 30s

Elena has sharp cheekbones and tired hazel eyes, her dark hair often tied back in a practical, messy bun. Her wardrobe is utilitarian-worn jeans, oversized sweaters in muted grays and browns, a scuffed leather jacket that belonged to Theo. Her hands bear faint scars from years of manual work alongside her husband.



DEUTERAGONIST

early 40s

Theo is wiry and intense, with a weathered face and deep-set green eyes that seem to see through people. His dark hair is streaked with premature gray, often hidden under a worn cap, and he wears flannel shirts with rolled sleeves, jeans, and scuffed boots. A small scar above his left eyebrow hints at past confrontations.



CHARACTERS

SUPPORTING

mid 20s

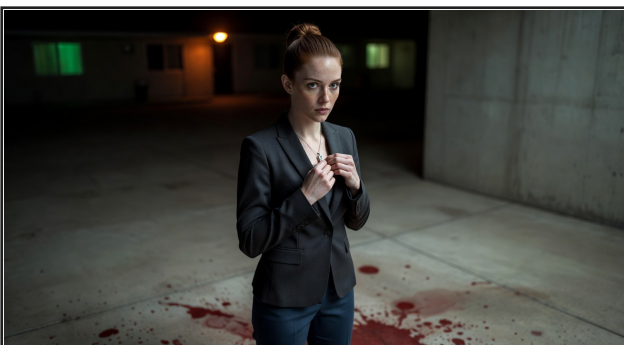
Kiran is slight but wiry, with warm brown skin and thick black hair often tucked under a beanie. He wears round glasses, graphic tees under hoodies, and carries a battered laptop bag slung across his shoulder. His sneakers are always untied, a small rebellion.



ANTAGONIST

early 40s

Lila is angular and poised, with pale skin and ash-blonde hair cut in a severe bob. She dresses in tailored blazers and dark slacks, always polished, but her eyes are cold, calculating. A silver pendant around her neck—a gift from Theo years ago—betrays her past connection.



Locations

3 SETTINGS

LOCATIONS



INT.

A cramped, dimly lit space in downtown Ithaca, cluttered with books, empty coffee mugs, and wilted plants on the windowsill. The walls are papered with faded floral patterns, peeling at the edges. A desk dominates, piled with papers and a flickering laptop, the only light source.

Heavy with grief, steeped in shadow, a muted beige and gray palette.

LOCATIONS



EXT.

A sprawling open space framed by ivy-clad Gothic buildings, littered with fallen autumn leaves in fiery oranges and golds. A makeshift stage sits center, draped with FutureFront banners, surrounded by uneven grass patches. The air carries a bite of early frost.

Vibrant yet tense, bathed in cold daylight with stark contrasts of light and shadow.

LOCATIONS



INT./EXT.

A run-down roadside motel on Ithaca's outskirts, its neon sign flickering 'VACANCY' in sickly green. Rooms are claustrophobic, with stained carpets, chipped Formica tables, and curtains that don't fully close. Outside, cracked asphalt and a rusted dumpster frame a view of barren fields.

Desolate and paranoid, drenched in sodium-vapor yellows and deep nocturnal blues.

Storyboard

5 FRAMES

STORYBOARD

FRAME 1



FRAME 2



STORYBOARD

FRAME 3



FRAME 4



STORYBOARD

FRAME 5

