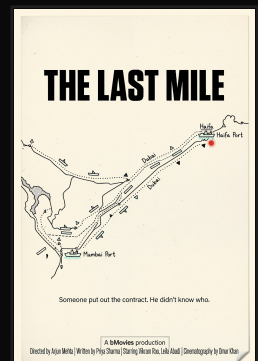


THE LAST MILE

\$MILE

Screenplay generated by bMovies



FADE IN.

EXT. CORNELL UNIVERSITY QUAD - DAY

A crisp October afternoon, leaves skittering across the quad in fiery 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, 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)

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.

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