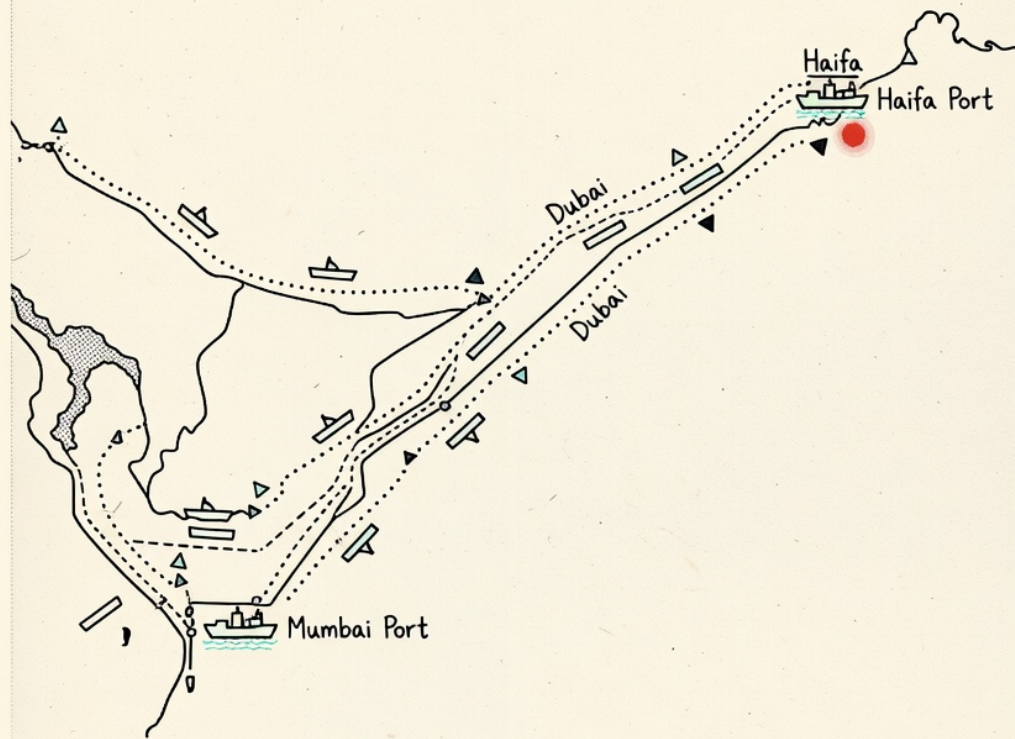


THE LAST MILE



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

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.

THE FILM

~~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.

CHARACTERS



Elena Carver

PROTAGONIST



Theo Carver

DEUTERAGONIST



Kiran Patel

SUPPORTING



Lila Voss

ANTAGONIST

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.

TOPE & 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.

TOPE

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

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

\$MILE

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