

## **“THE LAST REEL”**

5-Page Pitch Script

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Collectors are a passionate bunch. They love what they collect, and they know every item's history, details, and intricacies. “The Last Reel” is a modern day retelling of classic adventure flicks such as “Indiana Jones” with a 90s aesthetic and a comedic deep dive into the history of film's physical media. Essentially, the story feels very much like “Indiana Jones: Raiders of the Lost Ark.” Only instead of Indiana Jones, it's a physical-media film nerd, and instead of the ark of the covenant, it's the last existing copy of a non-special edition Star Wars IV in the *world*. Tonally, it's *Indiana Jones* meets *Clerks*. Thematically it explores the purpose of art; to its creator, its viewers, and its collectors. I want to tell an adventure story without the burden of technology making story points too easy. How do you have a video rental store present day without acknowledging streaming services? How is there dramatic tension if everyone is a phone call away? The answer: the whole story is set in a post-apocalyptic underground bunker. Our protagonist, Henry, rents out DVDs and VHS from his personal collection in exchange for canned food. People use media and entertainment to escape reality, even if that means giving up their own rations. There is a whole lot more to this world that I'm keeping a little close to the chest, but it has great potential, including an eventual anachronistic full-on trilogy that will explore other quirks and facets of the collecting-as-a-hobby community.

### **Page 1:**

#### **Page One, Panel One**

We see a storefront, in an underground corridor. It has a humble sign above its double-door wide entrance. Racking of DVDs are visible through the windows, as well as a few vintage cardboard displays. The sign reads: THE LAST BLU-RAID: Video Rental Store.

HENRY: This is all your fault.

HENRY: Keep Cutting.

#### **Page One, Panel Two**

Inside the shop, two friends in casual attire are centered, tied up back to back in chairs. They are surrounded by Racks of old DVD's and blu-rays. NO MOVIES after 2014. PERIOD. The shop is lightly ransacked.

JACK: Really? COME ON, How could anyone say no to that much food? and over a movie? and how could I have known jar jars were gonna tie us up?

HENRY: It's not just any movie. It's the last copy ever of--

**Page One, Panel Three**

Tiny Panel overlayed on the bottom right corner of panel 2. Closeup of a hand with a knife cutting a rope. SNAP!!

**Page One, Panel Four**

A closer version of panel 2. Jack has an excited look on his face. They are both standing now, by the chairs as the ropes fall to their feet.

JACK: I GOT IT! I ACTUALLY GOT IT. THIS IS SO BADASS.

HENRY: oh my god, alright. watch the shop for me in case they come back.

**Page One, Panel Five**

Over the shoulder (on the left side) of Jack. In the distance, Henry is at the store exit, halfway out, head turned to address friend. One hand holds door frame, as if he's holding on just to say one more thing.

JACK: WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO?

HENRY: I've got to find that tape!

**Page One, Panel Six**

Return to the storefront angle outside. This time Henry is darting out of it, running from left to right.

COPY: (monologue) MAYBE THE KIDS STILL HAVE IT.

**PAGE 2:****Page Two, Panel One**

The corridors of the bunker, Henry running through with a determined face, furrowed brows, due to frustration, and focus, and searching.

COPY: WHAT A MISTAKE.

COPY: WHAT A FUCKING MISTAKE.

**Page Two, Panel Two**

Slightly larger Panel. The right side begins to become sprinkled with pedestrians. It is also clear with a couple stands that he is approaching the market. In the left background a couple more details highlight the "underground bunker" environment.

COPY: what may be the last copy of star wars in existence and you give it away for some cans of creamed corn.

Two mini-panels: Bottom left: VHS TAPE. Top Right: Campbell's Creamed Corn can.

**Page Two, Panel Three**

WIDE PANEL, a sea of heads bobbing through the market. In the left, Henry is peering just above it all. In the right a box outline highlights the location of the two children.

COPY: To the MAYOR.

COPY: The delusional Mayor.

COPY: Stuck in this bunker so long, the children don't even believe in the nuclear fallout above us. Buncha Punkass--

HENRY: KIDS!!!

**Page Two, Panel Four**

On the left, Henry leans in, his hands resting on the kids' shoulders. The young kid smiles.

HENRY: Please tell me you have the tape I gave you.

KID 1: No. We gave it to the mayor

KID 2: Just like you asked.

**Page Two, Panel Five**

Close up, Henry winces while his fingers press/wrinkle his forehead.

HENRY: SHIT.

**Page Two, Panel Six**

On the left, the kids look confused and hurt by the invalidation of their completed chore. Henry on the right is running backwards, headed back into the sea of people.

KID 2: But you said--

HENRY: I KNOW what I said. Just head back to the shop, will ya. "FRIEND" needs help.

**Page 3:****Page Three, Panel One**

As Henry wades into the crowd, a group of youthful protestors holding signs up are seen. SIGNS say shit like "Nuclear FAKE-OUT" "No more lies" "Let's go see the sun" and "BUST THE BUNKER."

COPY: The mayor really thinks a FUCKING VHS tape will settle their nerves. Like a binky for a baby.

**Page Three, Panel Two**

He continues his search, some protesters' signs are on the ground, their backs turned to us, as their hands are pressed against a storefront window. On a TV in the window plays AVENGERS, illuminating the halo around the young viewers.

COPY: But what if he's right? What if it could?

**Page Three, Panel Three**

Jar Jars stomp the shit out of the mayor. The mayor wears a white suit and looks just like John Hammond from Jurassic Park. His cane and hat and all.

COPY: Doesn't matter now, the jar jars have probably already gotten to him.

**Page Three, Panel Four**

A shot of the vault in the store, the door is half open, but we can't see inside it.

COPY: No, you'll find him. AND the tape.

COPY:: you'll put it back in the vault.  
FOREVER this time.

**Page Three, Panel Five**

WIDE PANEL. A completely decimated earth's surface, totally orange in color, a nuclear wasteland.

COPY: well at least until we can return to the surface.

ON the right over the panel is Henry'S head, shocked looking to the right.

**PAGE 4:****SPLASH PAGE**

The mayor, laying on the ground. covered in blood and black tape from a broken VHS Tape clutched in his hand. the iconic star wars slipcover lies there too. The Mayor has a black Eye, a swollen lip, blood dripping from his ajar mouth.

HENRY: (from off) FUCK.

## **PAGE 5:**

### **Page Five, Panel One**

Henry Kneels over the mayor, surrounded by the legs of an uncaring crowd. He props the mayor's head up in his left hand.

HENRY: No. No, no no.

Mayor: I...

Mayor: I'm sorry. So sorry.

### **Page Five, Panel Two**

Henry eyes the tape from above. this low angle perspective makes the tape appear big, it shows the gravity of the situation consuming Henry.

HENRY: It's... It's okay, try to breathe.

### **Page Five, Panel Three**

The Mayor winces in pain, but is mustering enough energy to tap his coat pocket.

Mayor: I \*cough\* I have a plan B.

### **Page Five, Panel Four**

Henry reaches into the coat pocket, pulling something halfway out. It's revealing itself as folded paper.

HENRY: What's this?

### **Page Five Panel Five**

Over the Shoulder of Henry, a shot of the paper unfolded. It's a detailed blueprint of the bunker.

Mayor: It's a map. \*cough\* A map to THE LAST REEL.