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Tubes, a comedy noir about revenge and responsibility, is an original story by Jason C. Tyrrell and J.M.E. Provan that is owned exclusively by Junction Jump. It will be produced during a sevenand-a-half-month production cycle, ending in September 2007.



"The screenplay for *Tubes* is an extremely rare breed – totally unique yet commercially viable. These kinds of projects are few and far between, and when they come along, they're the films that wind up resonating with audiences after the big-budgeted Hollywood knock-offs are cast aside into the dustbin of history. I can't wait to see it when it's done."

- Dave Gebroe, Writer/Director/Producer of Zombie Honeymoon

the *s*tory



A civil engineer on the lam crash-lands his stolen Airstream mobile home in a shanty town hidden on plantation land. He takes up stuffing toothpaste tubes with

the other residents in order to buy the plantation and hide out forever. But when

his boss at the paste company threatens his job to save her own, he vows revenge, only to find that she's got just as much to lose as he does and just as much maniacal drive to get what she wants. His ill-fated quest leads him down a twisted and violent path until his discovery that a man's life and what he makes of it is his responsibility alone.



tuber — a motion picture business plan

why *tuber*? why now?

The story and themes of *Tubes* will speak directly to the modern audience. The conflict between revenge and responsibility is a timeless human struggle, the exploration of which continues to provide



inspiration and insight. The film also integrates several topical issues: the physical and political aftermath of natural and man-made disaster, the burgeoning epidemic of crystal meth production and abuse, the cultural perception and treatment of the poor, and the growing distrust and blame of authority in America. *Tubes* is a movie of the moment whose urgency will draw in a large audience but, like the best stories, will stick with them for years to come.

director's note

The seed for *Tubes* was planted in the weeks after Hurricane Katrina hit. This tragedy devastated a city, left thousands homeless, caused millions upon millions of dollars of damage, then promptly faded into the background of our consciousness as another "newsworthy" event took its place. Yes, there was an uproar over Katrina, though it was as much political as humanitarian. But as the weeks and months passed, life continued on. Now we begin to see the long-term harm to our people and our country that this incident caused, but even still, we flip the channel, we turn the page. The modern media consumer is inured to calamity, unimpressed by violence and destruction. Do we blame ourselves? Are we not



sensitive enough? Or is it that even now, with all of the 21st Century's conveniences and breakthroughs, our world is closer to disaster than ever? As for our engineer, I want to explore what happens when you blame the things in your life on other people. There's an element of self-castration, a powerlessness to that giving up of responsibility that I find tragic. I want to show someone hand over his life to circumstances and then realize, in the end, that he alone is the cause of what happens to



him. And ah...revenge. I've always loved revenge stories and simultaneously found the concept intriguing: how if affects you, how it separates you from family and community, how it covers up for sadness, anger, grief. And as a filmmaker, I find it interesting that, when audiences watch a revenge movie, they root for the hero to do terrible things, things that in another genre would make him the "bad guy." I want to take that idea and turn it on its head.



cinematographer'*i* note

What is a human body but a collection of tubes? Arms, legs, bones, veins and viscera – in truth, the body itself is one giant tube that carries the soul from place to place. And what is the worth of a tube whose contents are gone? This concept explains the evocative nature of the image on this plan's cover...



and why *Tubes* presents such an exciting visual opportunity. Here, we have a story about a man whose mental state – he constructs protective psychological tubes to shield himself from harm – manifests itself in his physical reality. First his trailer, then his bulky sensory-protection suit and, finally, his own coffin. Creating visual environments that crush him inward with light, lens and composition will be a major design objective. Filmmakers have simulated the world of the mind before, but our hero's mind projects out into his surroundings. Contrast that with his dreams

of Southern grandeur, and you have a sumptuous visual environment. In fact, as a film about people running from themselves, *Tubes* is full of fascinating juxtapositions. An upper-middle-class white-collar intellectual in a shanty town; a rounded silver Airstream against a backdrop of tents, trees and

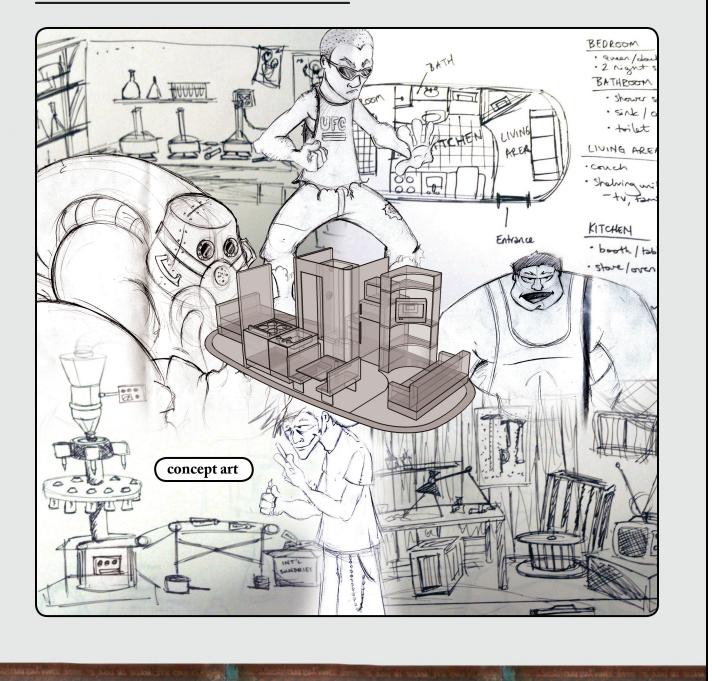
rusted-out cars; the engineer in a bloody hospital gown beside a fragile young woman in a stream; sun and darkness, color and monochrome; sleek, shiny machines against the dirt and grit and earth of the rural South. And this environment of stark juxtaposition is by design – at the start of the story, the engineer views the real world as imaginary, and what he imagines as real. His journey is the reversing of those poles, and my journey is to realize that on-screen.

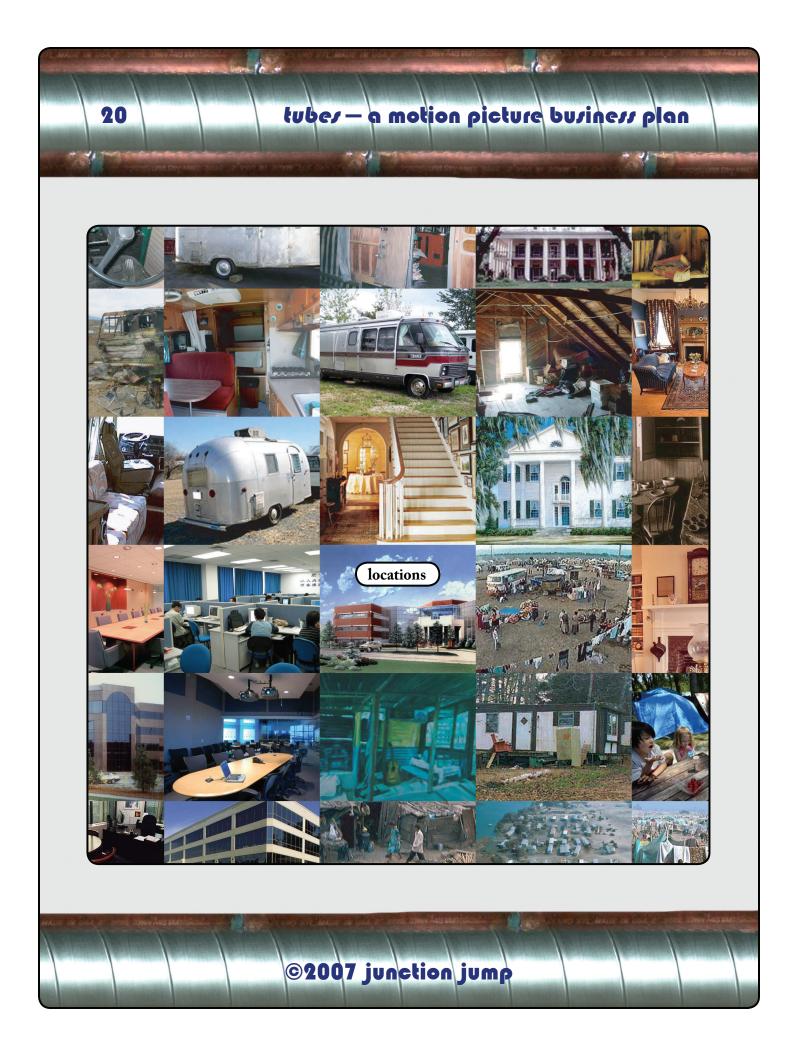






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