

EXIT  
(PREVIEW)

Written by

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INT. MALL - DAY - FLASHFORWARD

The regular hustle and bustle for a Saturday morning. Though nearly every shop is visible behind brightly lit glass, a storefront between LUSH and URBAN OUTFITTERS is totally opaque. Just a plain white door with sandblasted windows. The door opens and DUDLEY MAXWELL (30, Caucasian, balding, glasses) exits. In his left hand he is holding a pair of women's black flats.

INT. DINER - LATER - FLASHFORWARD

Dudley eats a club sandwich. The flats are on seat beside him.

INT. CAR - LATER - FLASHFORWARD

Dudley drives. The flats sit on the passenger seat.

INT. HOUSE - LATER - FLASHFORWARD

Dudley lies in bed on his back, unable to fall asleep. His eyes stare at the ceiling. The flats sit on a window sill in front of an open window.

INT. AIRPORT GATE - DAY

Dudley sits near the help desk at GATE 32. He drums nervously on the handle of his suitcase. He stares at the clock behind the help desk. He checks his phone. No notifications.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Dudley splashes cold water on his face. A quiet ping from Dudley's pocket. He whips his phone again and sees a spam email notification. Dudley swipes it away and replaces the phone in his pocket.

INT. PLANE - LATER

Dudley checks his phone again. Nothing.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.)

As we prepare for take off, be sure to power down and put all electronic devices into airplane mode.

Dudley begrudgingly put his phone on airplane mode.

INT. PLANE - LATER

The plane lands. Dudley frantically takes his phone out from his pocket and turns off airplane mode. He watches as it reconnects to the network and searches for a signal. A text comes notification pops up from "MOM". He opens it and it reads:

LEFT THE HOSPITAL. FEELING OK. [THUMBS UP EMOJI]

Dudley relaxes and breathes a sigh of relief. He is the only passenger sitting still, while every other person around him moves about the cabin grabbing luggage and trying to get off the plane.

INT. TAXI - LATER (SUNSET)

Dudley sits in the back of a taxi. He points to a gray house up ahead.

DUDLEY

It's this one right here. You can pull into the driveway.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

Dudley rings the doorbell. Moments later, JANIS MAXWELL (70, buzzed gray hair, glasses) answers. She's in a wheelchair. Dudley bends and hugs her.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The two sit at a table. Dudley has a plate of pasta in front of him. He doesn't touch it.

JANIS

I got lucky. They said if I'd been even, a step higher, the bone would be broken. They made it quite clear I'm not going to be on my feet any time soon, but I suppose that's not the worst thing.

DUDLEY

Mom... I'm so sorry. I wish I could have been there.

JANIS

It's fine. You have more important things to do than wait for your mother kick the bucket.

DUDLEY

Well I had some time to think on the plane, and I realized that most of my work can be done remotely. I could move into the guest room and-

JANIS

Oh Dudley please. You don't have to.

DUDLEY

No really! I already texted my supervisor, and she said that as long as every thing is moving forward, they're-

JANIS

Dudley, what are you talking about?! You have your own world, and this isn't it. Don't let me pull you into my aimless lifestyle.

DUDLEY

But what if something else happens.

JANIS

Then it will happen and that will be it.

DUDLEY

But mom, I don't want you to...

JANIS

What...

DUDLEY

I don't want you to die alone!

Janis gives him a fake smile and reaches for his hand.

JANIS

Thanks dear.

INT. GUEST ROOM - LATER

Dudley lies in bed. He can't sleep. He tosses and turns.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Dudley, now wearing pajamas, walks down the basement stairs and turns on the light. He opens a closet door, which is filled with items from his childhood. He pulls out a box.

Dudley examines various papers from the box. Drawings, report cards, a picture of him and his mother. One piece of paper reads:

WHEN I GROW UP I WANT TO BE AN: ACCOUNTANT.

He laughs. He hears soft footsteps from above him. He doesn't react for a moment until it hits him: *is his mother able to walk?*

DUDLEY

Mom?

The footsteps stop.

DUDLEY (CONT'D)

Is that you?

Dudley rushes up the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Janis is standing, holding a glass of water. She is at a loss for words.

JANIS

I thought you were asleep.

DUDLEY

I thought you were...

Dudley stares at her legs, confused.

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**CONTACT ME IF YOU'D LIKE TO READ MORE!**

-Danny

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