

EXIT ROUTE

by

John Christopher

Copyright 2008  
John Christopher  
scarlet.shadowcaster@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The screen is filled with the black silhouette of a man surrounded by the white aura from his PC screen. The man takes periodic drags from a little cigar that he cradles in his left hand while we hear him clicking the mouse with his right.

FULL SHOT. PC SCREEN

On the top left hand corner of the screen reads the words YOUTUBE, below this word is a faded play button centered in a small black video screen. An arrow cursor hovers over the play button followed by the sound of a click.

The head and shoulders of a thin man appear on the small video screen.

MAN

Hey Youtubers its Joey Bee hear  
alive but unfortunately not well...

JOEY (43) is a pale skeleton of a man, his cheeks and chin covered in four day old stubble, dark circles surround two tired looking eyes sunk deep within his skull, beneath his thinning white hair lies a gray patch of scab on the right of his forehead.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I'm coming up on the third month  
passed my doctors original six  
month ultimatum -- but I feel the  
worse I have ever felt since I was  
diagnosed with this curse...

Joey puts his hands behind his head and takes a deep breath.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I feel weak, I feel tired, I feel  
sick, I'm getting sick, my food  
just wont stay down some times --  
or is that just the anxiety -- of  
waiting for death...

Joey sits up proper in his chair.

JOEY

From all the comments made below I  
have come to realize how great and  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOEY (cont'd)  
kind a community we have here, so I would like to ask for your help, I could spend what time I have left in this chair talking to this web cam but I really don't want to, I'm asking you to make me feel what it is like to enjoy life again, I'm asking you to show me a different exit from the one I stare despairingly at now -- this is my last blog, short and sweet, I hopefully wait for your reply.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

MAN  
Mr Blackthorn how you have fallen from grace.

The man places whats left of his little cigar into an ashtray on his desk.He opens a drawer crammed full of cell phones and picks one out.He presses a button and the cell phone comes to life.

EXT. GAS STATION - DUSK

Joey is parked at one of the pumps filling his beat up white ford sierra with gas.

The sound of an unanswered cell phone ringing comes to his attention. He looks around and notices the cell phone lying on the ground at the pump next to his. He walks over to the phone, picks it up and flips it open.

JOEY  
Hello!

VOICE  
Mr Blackthorn.

JOEY  
(pause)  
Yes!

VOICE  
Mr Blackthorn I've just recently watch your heartwarming performance on Youtube and if I was the type of man capable of shedding a tear I would have ...

(CONTINUED)

JOEY  
(interrupts)  
I'm sorry who is this? How do you  
know my surname?

VOICE  
That's unimportant -- I want to  
offer you an exit route -- my exit  
route. Pick a number between one  
and nine.

JOEY  
Who is this?

VOICE  
I'll tell you my name when you pick  
a number -- one to nine -- choose.

JOEY  
(hesitates)  
OK, how about six.

VOICE  
Number six, very good, now press  
six on the keypad.

And Joey does

A SCREAMING TONE PIERCES THROUGH JOEY'S EARS AND OURS

INT. GAS STATION SHOP - DUSK

Joey enters the shop with the cell phone still held to his  
ear and his hypnotic eyes fixed straight in front of him. He  
walks up to the cashier who is a young man in his late  
teens.

JOEY  
My name is Joseph Blackthorn ...

The cashier points to his name tag

CASHIER  
(uninterested)  
Dave.

Joey hands the cashier twenty dollars with one hand while  
still pressing the phone to his ear with the other

JOEY  
And I'm a filthy sex tourist, My  
state of mind warped from all the  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOEY (cont'd)  
sordid degrading filth I spend my  
nights frothing over, the money I  
save from my meaningless job spent  
on a playboy delusion, raping women  
of a third world country by night  
while blending in as the casual  
westerner by the pool of a three  
star hotel by day ...

The cashier stunned by this confession takes a step back and  
stares at Joey.

CASHIER  
Holy shit, man.

JOEY (CONT'D)  
The AIDS that blight my body is  
gods way of letting me taste  
purgatory before the curtains of  
this soulless life are shut and I'm  
cast straight into the pits of  
hell.

Theres a deafening uncomfortable silence between the two  
men.

Joey exits the gas station shop.

EXT. GAS STATION - DUSK

Joey walks back to the gas pump his car is parked at.

He takes the hoes of the pump, lifts it above his head and  
squeezes.

A soaked Joey opens the passenger door of his car and gets  
in.

Joey flips down the small door of the glove compartment, he  
places the cell phone in it and picks out a box of matches.

Joey strikes a match against the rough edge of the box.

Holding the lit match in his hand Joey eyeballs the cashier  
in the shop who is franticly shouting into a phone.

Joey drops the lit match onto his soaked lap.

FADE TO BLACK: